MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

JANUARY 2001

#212 $3

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 146, 148, 150-151, 153, 156-163, 166, 168-175, 177-181, 184-204, 206-209 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–**NO LATER!!!**
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We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

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COVER: Mike Thorn

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
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Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617
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TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

V/A-Violent Hornsby SXE-CD
ADAMANTUM-When It Rains-CD
GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS-10"
POISON IDEA-Best Of-CD
V/A-Russia Bombs Finland-LP
RAWRIDE/ANARCHY CONDOMS-EP
GLOOM-Speed Noise-EP
HUMAN DESPAIR-Cry Out Fist Up-EP
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-Ahora-EP
V/A-Sudden Impact-LP

JEFF HEERMANN

A-FRAMES-Neutron Bomb-EP
REGISTRATORS-Imagination World-45
JET BOYS-Ready Jet Go-CD
MORNING SHAKES-Piss Off Daddy-EP
CLONE DEFECTS-live
SUPERHELICOPTER-Destroy-EP
JOHN SCHOOLEY'S 1 MAN BAND-45
CECELIA ET SES ENNUIS-EP
PINKZ-USA-45
JUMPIN' BEANS & WILLIE-Popcorn-EP

TOM HOPKINS

GYOGUN RENDS-LP/U.S.V-LP
PICTS-EP/A-FRAMES-EP/PEEPS-LP
SCALPLOCK/SHANK-EP/GSMF-10"
JUMPIN' BEANS & WILLIE-Popcorn-EP
AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ-EP
RAWRIDE/ANARCHY CONDOMS-EP
NATION OF ULYSSES-LP/PINKZ-45
BLACKMANWHITEMANDEADMAN-EP
JOHN SCHOOLY'S-45/ECLIPSE-10"
DEARBORN SS-EP/SELBY TIGERS-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

SUPERHELICOPTER-Rock and Roll-10"
REGISTRATORS-Imagination World-45
JOHN SCHOOLY'S ONE MAN BAND-45
MORNING SHAKES-Piss Off Daddy-EP
CONTENDERS/BACKSTABBERS-split-LP
PINKOS-To My Valentine-EP
CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS-EP
PINKZ-USA-45
ROCKET 455-Crossed Eyed-45
PENETRATORS-Kings of Basement-LP

ANDREW SCOTT

JET BOYS-I Don't Need Your Love-45
AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ-EP
PINKZ-USA-45
REGISTRATORS-Imagination World-45
FUN PEOPLE-The Art(e) of Romance-LP
NATION OF ULYSSES-Embassy-LP
HASIL ADKINS-live in Chicago
CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS-EP
THE WONTONS-Snake Eyes-45
CLONE DEFECTS-live

RAY LUJAN

BONECRUSHER-Follower-CD
SELBY TIGERS-Charm City-LP
PEEPSHOWZ-Meet the Peepshows-EP
LONDON-Punk Collection-CD
REGISTATORS-Imagination World-CD
THE CROOKS-Just Released-CD
PINKZ-45/SPITFIREREVOLVER-EP
SPECTATORS-For Your Future-CD
WONTONS-Snake Eyes-45/TUULI-live
SHE-MALE TROUBLE-Burner-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

HARDSHIP-Stray-EP
THREE FOUND DEAD/ELBOW DEEP-LP
UNITED SUPER VILLIANS-LP
GORDON SOLIEMOTHERFUCKERS-10"
VOORHEES/KILL YOUR IDOLS-split-EP
MY MINDS MINE-Between Soothing-LP
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-Ahora-EP
GLOOM-Speed Noise-EP
NATION OF ULYSSES-Embassy-LP
V/A-SUDDEN IMPACT-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

BLACKMANWHITEMANDEADMAN-EP
RADIO 4-live
HARDSHIP-1995-EP
GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS-10"
FUN PEOPLE-The Art(e) of Romance-LP
SCREEN OUT-Despair-EP
VOORHEES/KILL YOUR IDOLS-split-EP
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-Ahora-EP
NATION OF ULYSSES-Embassy-LP
AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ-EP

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TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible– one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

- GROOVIE GHOULIES/DIALTONES-live
- BONECRUSHER-Followers of a Calling-CD
- THE DOGS-Charlie-EP
- TAZERS-Don't Classify Me-LP
- SOUL BOYS-Coffin Bombs-EP
- BODIES/TRUST FUND BABIES-live
- THE BODIES-Addicted Generation-EP
- GYOGUN RENDS-Fish Eyed-LP
- FILTHY THEIVING BASTARDS-CD
- SUBWAY THUGS/BUTCHERS-split-LP

ARWEN CURRY

- WHAT HAPPENS NEXT-Ahora-EP
- BOTTLES & SKULLS-Amped-EP
- HUMAN DESPAIR-Cry Out Fist Up-EP
- MORNING SHAKES-PIss Off Daddy-45
- NATION OF ULYSSES-Embassy-LP
- SCURVY DOGS-Can You Afford-EP
- AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ-EP
- DEARBORN SS-Dying on the Blue-EP
- ECLIPSE-Jehovah's Congress-10"
- V/A-Critical Pedagogy-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- COFFEIN BOMB/SOUL BOYS-split-EP
- ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS-Zero-CD
- DAMAGED YOUTH-Time To Destroy-EP
- ANTISEEN-45/THE DRUNKS-Ruin It-CD
- V/A-Russia Bombs Finland-LP
- BONECRUSHER-CD/PATRIOT-CD
- AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ-EP
- BUTCHERS/SUBWAY THUGS-LP
- STYRIAN BOOTBOYS-Bootboys 96-EP
- V/A-Punch Drunk Two-LP

MIKE THORN

- V/A-Russia Bombs Finland-LP
- AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ-EP
- TUOMIOPÄIVÄN LAPSET-EP
- THREE FOUND DEAD/ELBOW DEEP-LP
- U.S.V.-LP/POISON IDEA-CD
- Y-EP/BORN DEAD ICONS-live
- GLOOM-EP/DEARBORN SS-Dying-EP
- WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-Ahora-EP
- GORDON SOLIE-10"/ECLIPSE-10"
- FROM ASHES RISE/FUN PEOPLE-live

MAX WARD

- V/A-Sudden Impact-LP
- V/A-Russia Bombs Finland-LP
- SCALPLOCK/SHANK-EP
- AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ-EP
- TUOMIOPÄIVÄN LAPSET-EP
- HUMAN DESPAIR-Cry Out Fist Up-EP
- DEARBORN SS-Dying on the Blue-EP
- MY MINDS MINE-Between Soothing-LP
- GLOOM-Speed Noise-EP
- EVERY BAND I MET/SAW IN JAPAN

RYAN WELLS

- REGISTRATORS-Imagination World-EP
- JUMPIN' BEANS AND WILLIE-EP
- GYONGEN RENDS-Fish Eyed Soul-LP
- A-FRAMES-Neutron Bomb-EP
- JOHN SCHOOLEY'S ONE MAN BAND-EP
- PINKZ-USA-45
- TAZERS-Don't CLassify Me-LP
- FIRST ALERT-Thrills and Spills-LP
- SUPERHELICOPTER-Rock and Roll-10"

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

- ANTISEEN-SABU-45/SPIDER BABIES-LP
- PEEPSHOWS-Meet The Peepshows-LP
- REGISTRATORS-Imagination World-45
- BULEMICS-Product of America-EP
- MORNING SHAKES-Piss Off Daddy-EP
- DIALTONES/DEMONICS-live
- JET BOYS-Don't Need Your Love-45
- SELBY TIGERS-Charm City-LP
- PEEPS-LP/HASIL ADKINS-45
- PINKZ-USA-45/WONTONS-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- Class War #80
- Doris #16
- Hate #8
- Plastic Bomb #32
- Welfair? #3
- Direct Hit #1
- East Village Inky #9
- Martyrs and Other Fuckers #1
- Suburban Voice #44
- Zine Guide #4

ZINE SHITWORKERS

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Henry Yu

ZINE CONTRIBUTORS

Mykel Board
Nathan Berg
Bill Florio
George Tabb
Ted Rall
Renae Bryant
Dave Emory
Erin Whupass
Mark Murrmann
Mark Hanford
Felix Von Havoc
Jose Palafox
Queenie
Scott Soriano
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Adrienne Droogas
Stuart Schrader
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Canderson
Chris Mess
Tim Brooks
Jeremy Gewertz
Martin Sorrendeguy

ZINE COORDINATORS

Arwen Curry
Mike Thorn
Andrew Scott

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jsesu Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit, Maximum Crime Stories, *Atttitude Problem*, "Pioneers—Northwest Noise."

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids, *Strange Fruit*, "Scumpit—Florida," "Pioneers—Heartbreakers."

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes, "Uncle Sam & the Swastika,"

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards, "Pioneers—Instrumental Madness, Damned."

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag, "Knights of Malta."

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze, *Migraine*, "Pioneers—Richard Hell."

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten, *Sty Zine*, "Pioneers—Kuro," "Progressive Vision for Social Change."

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp, Info shops and radical bookstores, "Pioneers—Siouxsie."

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Economics special issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats, *Rust*.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites, "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbombca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall."

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, Slug & Lettuce zine, Suburban Voice zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB–Electric Eels."

#205/June 2000. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition Records.

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers, *Nose Dive*, "25 Things to Know About the War in Colombia."

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores, *Short, Fast & Loud!* Tantrums, "ASCGB—Nasty Facts."

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City Records, Prank Records, Countdown to Oblivion, *The East Village Inky*.

#209/Oct 2000. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone, "A Brief History of the Student Anti-Sweatshop Movement," *Coagula*, scene history of New England.

#210/Nov 2000. J Church, *Profane Existence*, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB, *How to Stage a Coup*, "Scumpit—Florida."

#211/Dec 2000. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles, *Rumpshaker*.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested. in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff? We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

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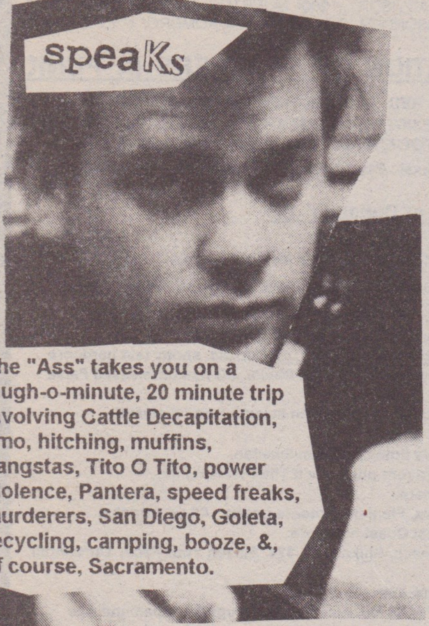

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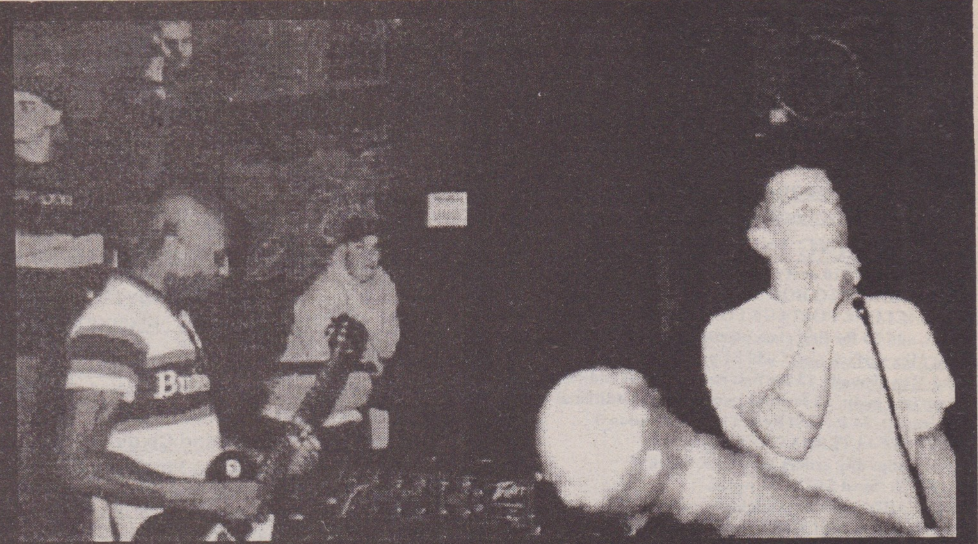

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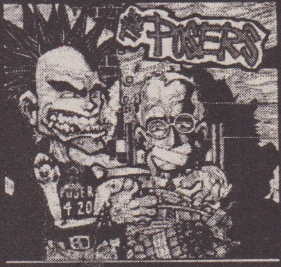

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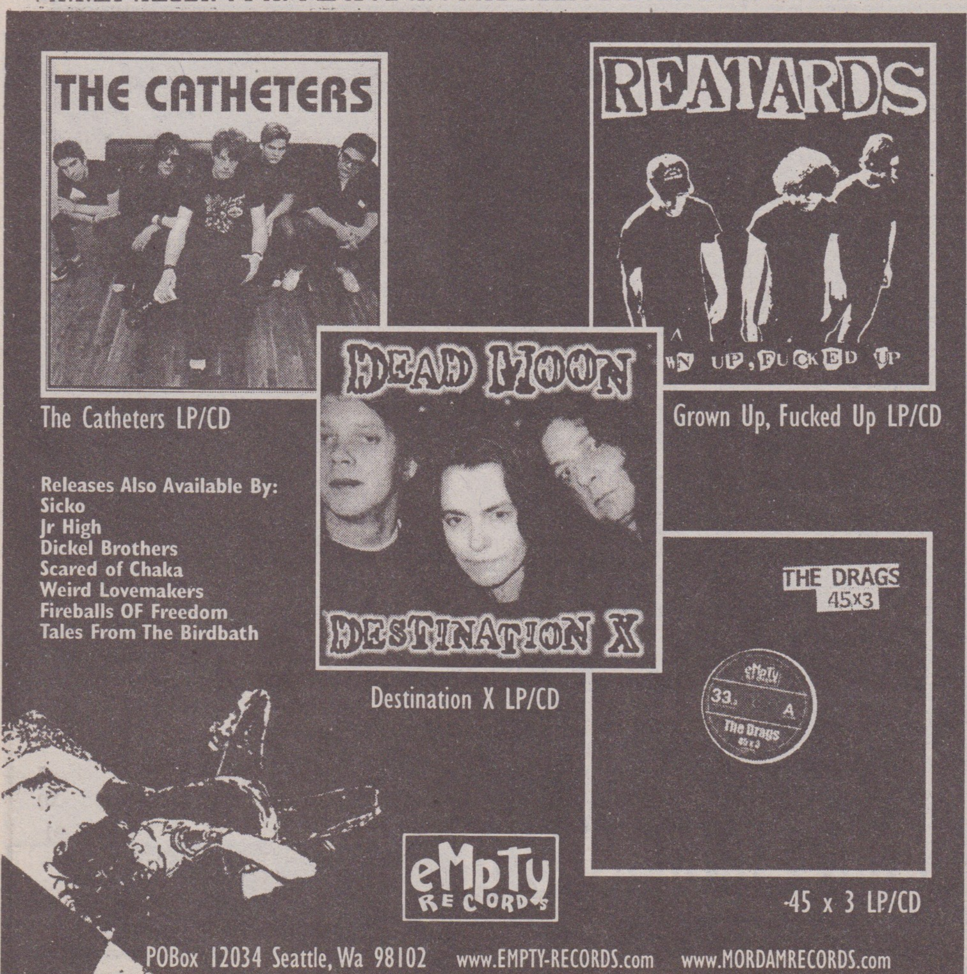

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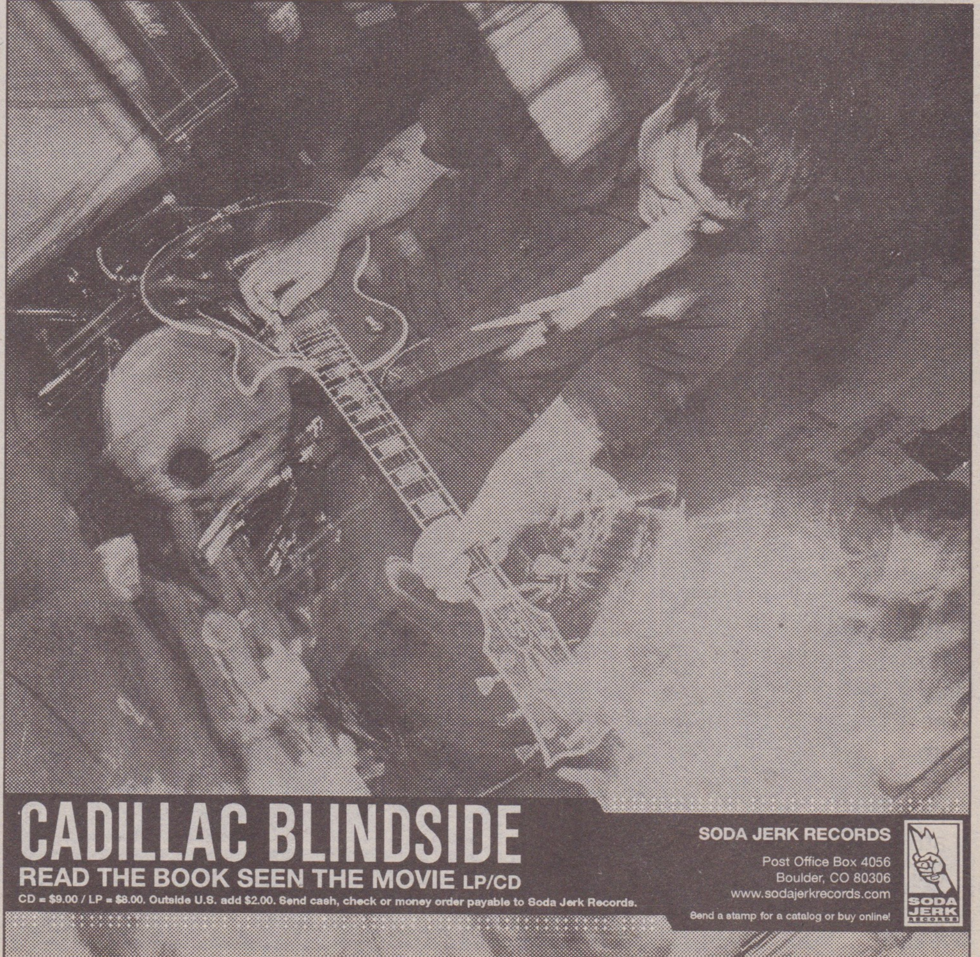

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LETTERS

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Hey *MRR*,

This is in response to Richard & Ginger's interview with Pezz in the Nov. issue. I really enjoyed the interview, but there was one comment I couldn't let slide without a response. It was concerning a discussion about how CDs cost so much, and how they are supposedly marked up from $5 to $20, and how retailers supposedly make so much money off of selling CDs. I don't know about corporate stores, but I've been employed at a college town independent record store for five years, and have learned a thing or two about the "business". For our general pricing guideline, we roughly multiply the cost of the CD or record to us by 1.45. Thus, a CD that cost us up to $13.10, would sell for $18.99. That's also not including many of the new releases we sell for only a couple of dollars above cost. I totally agree that all of the middle-man bullshit sucks, especially when you're an artist trying to sell your stuff (as I've been there before). I hope I'm dead the day you can't walk into a decent record store and flip through the bins because of a bullshit new technology. So in other words, don't open a record store if you're hoping to get rich. Support your local independent record store!

Jennifer Cotner

MRR -

Pinhead Records from Argentina, who you have listed in issue # 211 as putting out a Good Clean Fun CD is a complete rip-off. I sent them $80 for some CDs and for an ad in a zine that was supposedly coming out over 2 years ago, and after they got the money, they never replied to any more emails. Jim from MooCow Records has had similar experiences with them, as have other people who I've talked to. Their email address that is printed in the review (pinhead@teletel.com.ar) no longer works. I have talked to people in Brazil that confirm that the guy is definitely a rip-off. Hopefully, no kids will send money to the guy hoping to receive a CD, because chances are, they'll never get anything from Pinhead. If you *do* hear from this guy, please have him get in touch with myself (Anton from Underestimated records), and Jim MooCow... Thanks!

Anton/ Underestimated Records

Dear Maximum Rocknrollers and Rocknreaders,

Thanks for running my article on Florida punk in the November 2000 issue. I had no idea how long it was until I actually saw it in print! To my delight, many bands members have come forward to offer information since the article was published (and simultaneously was posted on my web page.)

The coolest instance occurred the day after I posted the article on my web page, when the singer of Hated Youth walked into my record store, introduced himself and gave me a tape of 10 unreleased songs from 1983! You'll be happy to know that I am working with the band now to release the 1983 demo in its entirety on 7" vinyl. Singer Gary Strickland has so many interesting stories to tell. I can't wait for his liner notes to arrive! The record should be out by the time you read this.

I have also been contacted by members of Roach Motel, The Cichlids and The Trash Monkeys, all with tidbits of info. Bob Fetz, singer of Roach Motel tells me that he is in the process of putting together a Roach Motel discography CD. In any case, I have a lot of new info to add to the article, so check it out in the "News and Special Events" section of my web page from time to time - www.soundideadistribution.com.

I have another reason for writing in today, as well. I am sick of hearing people say that *MRR* sucks or that it's not what it used to be or whatever. Well, maybe *MRR* does suck. Maybe *MRR* is not what it used to be. But if that is the case, it's because the scene isn't what it used to be. *MRR* is largely based on contributions from the scene. *MRR* is for the most part what people send in. If there is something you think is lacking in *MRR*, get off your ass and send it in. If there are no bands as challenging and thought provoking as The Crucifucks or BGK, why don't you form a band as challenging and thought provoking as The Crucifucks or BGK and give *MRR* something to write about? You could say that MRR mirrors the international punk/HC scene. So, if the content of *MRR* sucks, it's up to you to make it better.

I'm sad to see the departure of Ryan Richardson's column. It was by far the most informative and entertaining feature *MRR* has regularly carried in several years. But this new guy, Henry Yu, is absolutely brilliant as well. If you could just bring back Eric Yee, I would do backflips from here to 'Frisco. Punk rock is getting to the age that it needs people like Ryan, Henry, Eric and Felix Havoc to help preserve its history. One of the best ways to do this, besides writing about important bands and records from the past, is by making tapes (or CD-Rs) of "the classics" and just fucking giving them away to the kids. As much as you might want to punch out that snotty 15 year old kid next door in the Lagwagon shirt, wouldn't it be more constructive to hand him a Crucifix cassette?

Many aspects of punk rock are far better off than they were 10, 12 or 15 years ago. Distribution is better. Records are easier to find and have not gone up significantly in price in the past decade or so. The internet makes it easier to find stuff you're looking for and to communicate with people all over the world.

In all seriousness, I believe that we are on the cusp of another great era of hardcore/ punk or whatever stupid label you wanna give this music we love. Remember how bad U.S. hardcore sucked from 1986 to 1990 or so? And then bands like Rorschach, Born

Against, Citizens Arrest, Go!, Nausea, Christ On A Crutch and Resist came along and gave the scene a much-needed kick in the ass. I think it's about ready to happen again.

If you read this whole thing, go out and treat yourself to an ice cream cone or whatever it is you dig. Sorry I'm so long winded. Now you know how my girlfriend feels. Thanks,
Bob Suren/ PO Box 3204/ Brandon, FL 33509-3204/ sndidea@ix.netcom.com

Hey *Maximum*,

Just got issue #210 and saw the letter from Andrew Elstner in reference to my column of issue #208 about the recent mass demonstrations of the anti-capitalist movement. First I'd like to say thanks a lot for reading it and taking the time to think about the points raised, and also thanks for agreeing with me on the majority of the piece.

I'd just like to point out in regards to his saying that I shouldn't "concede to the thugs viewpoint" so easily that actually I didn't. I merely suggested a way that these people who obviously won't change their minds as to the effectiveness or lack there-of of property damage can go about their "protesting" without jeopardizing a genuinely hopeful movement. I went on in the column to say that I didn't think property damage was effective at all and gave my reasons why. But the real reason I'm writing this letter is in response to the response written by Casey R. where s/he(?) states that the violence/non-violence debate is "tiring".

Basically I don't see how such an important issue can be so easily swept aside no matter how much it has been raised. As well covered as it is, there has been no clear answer to the debate and there has been no real change to the social order either. To just ignore it as a non-issue is insane if you truly want real change. Not only that, but cowering behind a lame attempt at calling the people who call for a bit of order and some tactics on protests to make the movement strong some sort of fascist is an inanity that can only lead to the constant messes we find each time a group of us rise up to say a big "fuck you" to those in control. Arrests, media-manipulation, and an overall anti-message of the original intent.

It is not mimicking authoritarian power structures to try and make the movement a cohesive one and the right to be violent at a protest should not be some leftist sacred cow if all it causes is trouble. All I am saying is that following "a set of standards" at a protest is not becoming a power hungry capitalist, but a way to make the days actually work and not just end with another front page full off riot cops and flames.

We have to truly open our minds to all the alternatives within the movement and genuinely rationalize out the best method for success, not just stick to a dogma of pseudo-open-mindedness if it's consequences are holding us back!

Thanks for the letter Andrew, and Casey, please think about the bigger picture when you defend violence at demos. Give my column another read if you want, it's available online at my band's website, along with loads of free downloadable MP3s and shit, at http://www.academymorticians.com.
Thanks,
Dan

Dan,

Indeed, there still is "no clear answer" to the debate you mention - different groups still feel different tactics are appropriate. Hopefully you realize that "the right to be violent" - your name for smashing chain store windows, looting, etc. in which no one is injured - is like every other "right" in that it is taken, not bestowed by benevolent liberal protest leaders. I would think that city streets are free, public places. How are you going to "try and make the movement a cohesive one," achieve a "bit of order"? If it's by policing other protesters, you will rightfully be called authoritarian and "power-hungry" - be you capitalist or socialist minded. Jeff M.

Hi,

I am writing from "Little Asia" in West Rogers Park, Chicago, where Jews and Arabs live with Pakistanis, Indians and more. The day Palestinians began what Arafat and the Palestinians openly called a "fight to take Jerusalem" not the " We are so irate about a Jew visiting the holiest sight in Judaism war", a van pulled up to a rabbi and fired five rounds and little Arab-Nazis fired marbles at Jews on the street. They teach their children Nazi-filth from Henry Ford and Hitler to the Czarist "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" in their countries, then they start violence and carry placards with the star of David=Swastika on them. Husseini, the mufti of Jerusalem killed more Arabs than most and they let him rule the temple mount!

This is not about justice. The history of Arab maltreatment of Jews is far longer than the three decades since the "occupation"of the west bank where the majority of Jewish holy places are. 1967 was the first time since the seventh century Jews could approach the tomb of the patriarchs in Hevron. Arabs, according to their own historians killed 5000 Jews to plunder the temple mount where The Domes of the rock throwers is. I was turned away for being a Jew, but that is okay with you human rightists ("They took it, it's theirs") to keep the Jews out of and those who preach the murder of Jews every night in. Has anyone not noticed that if the Palestinians accepted the offer of control of this plundered sight and equality in Jerusalem that Jews had never received from Arabs, there would be no fighting? They got more offered at the last summit than the Arab and other Muslim conquerors gave the Jews living in Africa and Persia or in the holy Islamic sight of Medina, where Mohammed massacred the Jews, who risked their village of Yathreb to save his life for not joining his faith and rebellion. The men dug their own graves and were beheaded and their wives and children sold into slavery (prostitution).

Palestinians and Israeli neighbors have consistently rejected peace and chosen to try to ethnically cleanse Jews from the Palestine that had torn down synagogues or removed their roofs in time for the rainy season. Yet they take no responsibility for any of the tragic consequences of their hate filled wars against the Jews who have as much right to be there as the majority of Arabs who could not even fill out the old city walls until new Jews joined old Jews and brought with them money and jobs for many new Arab arrivals. Some very kind and tolerant, but more were seen celebrating the news of the holocaust in the streets, then denying it like Nazis, denying Jews were Jews, denying Jews the right to own land or later enter under the rule of Britain while Arabs continued to stream in freely. I am sad for the moderate Arabs who suffer from Israeli excesses but if Jews don't have the right of tolerance to live equally near their plundered holiest shines, that we expect for all here in America, why reward the intolerance that created the suffering in the first place? How can one punish Jews for finally defending themselves and not getting rioted out of another country by hate-filled militants. They, of all people, have that right. After 1929 in Hevron the Mufti's followers destroyed the older Jewish community murdering 69 and maiming hundreds more by hacking off limbs for putting up a small divider in front of the western wall. By 1947 a half of a million Jews were rioted and plundered out of the entire Arab world. When do they get their things back? When do the destroyed Jewish villages on the West Bank get to be rebuilt? Why do you whitewash the Arabs' bigotry and imperialist hypocrisy then blame Jews for defending themselves? Most Arab villages along the Jerusalem corridor were obliterating the only supply line keeping the 200,000 Jerusalem Jews alive. What else could the Jews do? Where would all of our refugees go? Right now women and Christians are persecuted in the Arab world. Jews will never rejoin that list. We have had enough! If they attack, we will fight back or all of our struggles mean nothing. Let the Arabs have all they have conquered from Morocco to Iraq. How would Islam like it if we stole Mecca and preached hate from it? Enough.

Arabs have displaced Bedouins, Berbers (the true "natives" of north Africa), but Jews will not give the world another holocaust to mourn. If we are given no choice but to fight or be victims, of course we will fight. Most Israelis want peace, but not at the price of intolerance that is anything but human-rights oriented. Even secular Israelis are having second thoughts now that Arafat has exposed himself by using riots to get what the peace process could not: complete usurpation of all Jewish shrines and the small Jewish quarter of the old city. Islam has plundered or desecrated other people's holy sights over Asia and spread anti-Jewish hatred as far away as China where Chinese Muslims despise Chinese Jews and all others with the arc of the centuries old Synagogue now firmly in their mosque in Quai Fung. Palestinians have now stabbed to death a Jew reading Psalms at a bus stop in England. And attacked dozens of synagogues in France. Your complete ignorance and one sided article is more typical of the mainstream media and just encourages the Palestinians to fight and reject peace and equality for plunder for the umpteenth time. Jews won't play victim again to make hate sympathizers happy. If they won't give us justice, what do the Arabs expect? It's their own fault they don't have a country and the fault of the 22 Arab nations they came from for not letting them back in making them pawns stranded to do the fighting that the others could not win with. If it takes forever to get reasonable Arabs to make peace with, then that is how long we will wait. But it is mostly hatemongers that suffer now, not the Jews. I guess we will have to be damned for defending ourselves instead of damned if we don't.

Israel came out of the Jewish "Intifada". Arafat spends three days freeing militants, using the Palestinian media to encourage rioting and encouraging hate and rock throwing on Jews on Rosh Hashanah and they blame Sharon for the violence, as when the Christian Arabs massacred Muslims in Lebanon just as the Muslims had done during the same period. By the way, the media was all over Sharon for the massacre. I was in high school at the time. Why did you assume otherwise? Too young to know? I don't mind Israel's being blamed for their excesses, but the Arabs should be blamed for theirs and not be treated with a double standard. They were going to turn Jews over to Hitler from all Arab countries except Morocco!

Why should America abandon Jews to these people for another occupation of Israel, the only non-dictatorship in the Middle East? Hasn't centuries of Arab and Christian abuse been enough for the hypocritical tyrannies at the UN? In Israel there is an expression, "human rights activists care about everyone's rights but the Jews." As they shed their crocodile tears about the holocaust they condone centuries of continuing Arab hate minds. I do not want moderate Arabs to suffer and I know that Arabs and Jews helped each other in the worst of the conflict. When more Palestinians are like the kind ones that I have met, there will be a Palestine, peace and equality. The popular extremists and terrorists in their culture have destroyed that dream for now. I have been taught to like Arabs and always give them a chance and they have given me a chance and we got along nicely. We sang Floyd tunes and they did not care where I was from. They have produced those who have helped Jews and even rescued Jews from riots. Sadly, they are a minority. The occupation did not help, but they attacked Israel and did not respect the rights of Jews at their holy places. Arabs just ripped down Joseph's tomb and he isn't even sacred to them. I hear they will turn it into a mosque. It fits their long pattern and there is no excuse. We need more moderate Arabs, not more Jewish victims. Even the Fourth Reich series mentioned Arab conspiracies and supporters years ago. Why don't you care about all abuses and not just Israelis's? And let's face it, those whose propose peace without accounting for the rights of Jews is anti-Jewish. I want rights for Muslims to but they make it hard and want it at more of the centuries cost to Jews. It is arrogant to plunder Jewish holy places. Cool Rocks article though. Sincerely,
Dan Spero (half-bred Jew)

PS. Who wrote your anti-Israeli/Jew article? Why was it not credited? I signed my name. It was a young Arab, right?

Dear Mr. Spero,

Thank you for your lengthy response to my article. It is wholly deficient. It would take more space than we have here to review each of the falsehoods, exaggerations, and facts taken out of context that you present. Given your wild and rambling tone, however, I trust that readers will draw their own conclusions about your accuracy. Instead, I will review several of your tactics – tactics all too common from supporters of Israel – and explain why they fail.

First, you throw out a number of alleged historical facts. Many supporters of Israel do this, because they know that few Americans are prepared to contest such claims. The truth, however, is undisputed by serious historians (including many brave Israelis: during the 20th century, Zionist settlers illegally displaced hundreds of thousands of indigenous Palestinian Arabs. They accomplished this through means that ranged from evictions to terrorist bombings to all-out war. They were well-funded, well-organized, and well-armed; the indigenous people were not. Arab states attacked the self-declared Israeli state in 1948 for the express purpose of stopping a particularly brutal wave of anti-Palestinian terrorism that began in *late 1947. They were defeated, as they were again many times. Israel seized what became the Occupied Territories in 1967 and immediately began building settlements on confiscated land as a means to prevent the creation of any Palestinian entity. Israeli human rights abuses have been well-documented by countless historians and human rights groups. Palestinians are the world's largest refugee group.*

Second, you make a false equation between people who are anti-Semitic and Palestinians who are fighting their oppressor. As I explained in my article, it is morally consistent to oppose both Israeli abuses and anti-Semitism (which includes abuses against Jews in the Middle East, such as the discrimination today against Jews in Iran). That a small fraction of Palestinians express anti-Semitic views is no more revealing of common Palestinian opinion than the extreme racist Israelis in the Kach party are representative of Jews. Indeed, each of the main bodies of the current Palestinian resistance – the PA, Fatah, and the Tanzim – have expressly made demands that everyone interested in human rights supports: Israeli withdrawal to the 1967 borders, removal of the illegal settlements, an end to illegal military occupation and land confiscations, an end to discrimination against Palestinians within Israel, and a creative solution regarding the refugees' right to return to their stolen property.

Third, you make false charges against Palestinians: that "they" – as you say – are motivated by irrational hatred, are in league with nazis, or carry some sort of historical determinist viewpoint where each of them believe that they are re-living battles of the ancient past. This sort of monolithic racial stereotyping is both incorrect and immoral.

Fourth, you make the incredible claim that "it's their own fault that they don't have a country and the fault of the 22 Arab nations they came from for not letting them back in." As noted in brief above, the Palestinian Arabs dispossessed by the Zionists (and later the state of Israel) are the indigenous people of the region, along with the tiny number of indigenous Jews who lived in Jerusalem and three other towns. They did not come from elsewhere, save for the relatively small number who stayed on after the Islamic conquest in the 7th century or immigrated during the Ottoman years. It is the fault of Israel (and the pre-state Zionist settlers) that Palestinians have been displaced.

Fifth, you mention a few acts of violence against Jewish civilians in an effort to discredit the Palestinian cause. If this were the standard for discrediting a cause, however, Israel would have no support at all; its crimes (and that of pre-state terrorist groups like the Irgun and LEHI and the brutal Hagadah militia) dwarf the violent acts against civilians carried out by Palestinians over the years. Again, this is well-documented in the historical record. Finally, if we were to adopt your standard, we'd have to reject many just causes over the years simply because some individuals involved in those causes attacked civilians. Indeed, we'd have to believe that Native Americans who revolted against the invader and black Americans who revolted against slavery were "wrong."

Finally, and perhaps most revealingly, you assume that I must be a "young Arab." Your assumption of my age is condescending and false. I read MRR back in the 1980s when it reported on abuses in US-allied states such as Guatemala, and for that reason I was happy to be invited to write the article on Israel. Your assumption that I am an Arab – with the implication that the opinion of an Arab is somehow worth less than the opinions of others – is racist. In truth, I am not Jewish and I am not an Arab, but that is irrelevant.

One last item, and this is for the readers as well. I propose a simple test to determine if you and other supporters of Israel are racist: (1) do you believe that a supernatural being (a god) has deeded Palestine to one ethnic group, and not to another? (2) do you believe that Palestinian refugees should continue to have no right to return to Palestine, but that Jewish immigrants from elsewhere should continue to be granted instant citizenship? (3) do you believe that because one ethnic group lived in parts of Palestine 2000 years ago, its descendants have a right to displace others who, for the most part, have lived there since ancient times as well (they too are semitic peoples)? (4) do you believe that a state with two ethnic groups should be explicitly dedicated to just one of those groups? (5) do you support the settlements and the military occupation of the Territories, even when the people of the Territories oppose both? If you answer "yes" to any of these questions, you are a racist.

We should continue to stand up against popular opinion, the US media, and the US government and demand a just and fair solution to the conflict in Palestine. I hope that you will reconsider your support for Israel, and join the many thousands of Jews here in the US and in Israel who call for equal treatment of Palestinian Arabs. Sincerely,
Tait Graves/ Palo Alto, California

Dan,

Tait wrote a real response, so I will be brief. Reading your bullshit made my stomach upset. Anyone who thinks Israel gets a bad deal in the US press must expect nothing but slavish, unquestioning devotion from the media. (If it weren't for US foreign aid, there would be no Israel, but you would never learn this reading American newspapers.) The Palestinians have the rocks; the Israelis have the guns, planes, missiles, etc. - in the recent rioting, more than 10 times as many Arabs as Jews were killed; a ratio that's held true in every account I've read since I started following the Palestinian situation a few years back. This is what you call "defending themselves"? Yeah, European settlers did a lot of "defending" when the US was founded too...

What sickens me is the idea that any mention of how fucked Israel is (dude, it is quite fucked) must be coming from "young Arabs" or anti-Semites. Tait's name is at the bottom of both of his articles, and Hanan Ashrawi is credited with the piece critical of Secretary Albright. Read carefully Dan, and maybe diversify your history books a little. Jeff M.

Hey *MRR* -

I don't normally respond to things that I read. But as I read an article in the *MRR* News #210 on abortion, I got pissed and felt I needed to be the one to respond. So this is basically my ranting and raving that I want to share with anyone willing to read it.

I personally have had an abortion, and while it wasn't the funnest thing I've ever done, I had to. I'm already a single mom, I use protection and take the pill, so when I got preganant again, am I supposed to go ahead and have another bastard child? I can barely afford the one I have. We have enough for me to pay daycare so I can work every day of my fucking life, with no time to spend with my one child. So instead of bringing another child into this where there is no time for them, I had an abortion.

Now please tell me, anti-abortion people out there, what is wrong with what I did? Absolutely nothing. See, if I was an anti-abortionist, I suppose I could bomb the abortion clinic instead. The I could kill or injure a doctor, some women, and their unborn child. Not to mention the families that they might already be providing for losing that member of their family. Now, which one seems like it needs to be examined just a little bit more? I believe abortion should definitely not be used as a means of birth control, but you can't make it fucking illegal. We would just go back to the coat hanger abortions. It's going to happen, like it or not. At least let it be safe and sanitary. One day your daughter could be at one of these devilish clinics, maybe you could bomb her, set fire to her in there. I could never do that to my child. Let's take care of the kids that are already here before we start fucking with the ones that aren't even born yet. Think about it for a minute. Thanks -

Gail

Dear MRR readers,

A few months back, I picked up the "Punk Parenting" issue of *MRR*. At the time, my daughter Ceara was only about a month old. Crazed as I was about being a new parent, I was reassured by the stories I read in that issue. Having shaped my social/ political views within the context of the punk scene for the past fifteen years, I was worried about being able to stay true to some of my ideals. Reading those stories got me to thinking that what is most important as a parent is not to feel like you're alone, facing the challenges that the status quo poses. There are a lot of parents out there who don't want to raise their kids on TV, consumerism, and other evils that threaten the minds of our little tykes. I've done a lot of talking about the generations to come who will inherit our mistakes. It's totally a different thing when that generation is propped up on your hip, depending on you so much!

So, I figured that it was time to do a zine for parents who are trying to think outside of the box. It's a tough job, but I wouldn't trade it for any other. I'm looking for submissions for the first issue. I don't really have a theme or a direction, but I'd just like to see what comes in and go from there. Birth stories, your kid's first show, dealing with folks who doubt you, teaching your values - whatever you want to write about. Use whatever format you like (typed, handwritten, email...). Let's get some kind of community going! And let's have some fun doing it! You don't have to be a mohawk-mania punker to contribute, just sincere!

Well, now the baby's crying, so I have to go. So write me! Really! And if a zine like this already exists, well, I guess now there will be another one!

Brendan/ 305 Mill St./ Winston-Salem, NC/ mrgannon@usa.net

Folks,

I'm putting together a collection of essays for a *Punk Reader*. The purpose of the book is to spread the word about diy politics, music, aesthetics, subjectivities, and art. This is not a zine or a zine reader; there are already great ones out there. Instead, it's more of a conventional book, which will explain and teach about punk to a wider audience.

Needed: writing about diy, anarchism, veganism, animal rights, dumpster diving, squatting and/or punk houses, music, style (or anti-style), authentic punk vs. unauthentic punk, punk collectives, trainhopping, gay-les-bi and punk, survival skills, Earth First!, ecology, farming/ organics/ GE food, Food Not Bombs, drugs, religion, spirituality, views of the Mainstream, ideology, philosophy, subjectivity, socialism/ communism, the market democracy (the post-Cold War hegemony), what is a punk, on being a punk, on punk happiness, corporate/ commodified culture, why you became a punk, stealing/ scamming, sabotage, non-violence, the Spectacle, the State, the System, prisons/ cops/ (in)justice system, the diversity of punk, tolerance, punk orthodoxy, punks and Whiteness/ race, punks and class, on calling oneself or dressing as a "punk" or not, older punks, technology, why/ where/ how/ who/ what/ when of punk, punk by other names, resistance/ revolution/ revolt, commodification of punk music/ style, strategies for punk, instructions on living the punk life, feminism, the history of punk, history of any of the above, the future of punk, et cetera.

Also needed: web urls and book/ essay titles for "further reading" section. Much desired: artwork (drawings, photos, cartoons, comix). International stuff welcome, but we'll probably emphasize North American punk stuff. Zines are enthusiastically welcomed, but please include a note pointing to the most relevant pages, because I don't have time to read every zine cover to cover. Divergent views on punk are encouraged. Poetry could be a great inclusion, if it's explicitly about punk topix.

Not needed: personal diaries, recipes, music reviews, stories, racist/ sexist/ homophobic crap.

About me: I'm an anarcho-punk, born in 1969, grew up in Berkeley, was lab partner with Aaron Cometbus in biology (he was a punk, I was an alterna-dork), I did my Ph.D. in anthropology on Seattle punx. I work at the University of Colorado (Boulder). I am an activist, and I see punk as a powerful source for a better world. I'm also an academic and I will include several academic essays: hopefully I can get contributions from Noam Chomsky, Jeff Ferrell, Stephen Duncombe, Noel Ignatiev, Lauraine Leblanc, etc. I'm doing this my way with help and suggestions; if you don't like it you can diy!

Please include your conditions/ restrictions (if any) for publication, your contact info, and a little about yourself. All submissions subject to editing for space. I can't return your stuff, so send copies, not originals. Send me questions/ concerns/ comments if you like. In solidarity,

Dylan Clark/ 3090 Broadway/ Boulder, CO 80304-3150/ USA/ dylan@spot.colorado.edu

Department of Corrections

- In issue #209, the address for the Legion of Doom 7" should have been: Nick Carroll / 6200 78th Ave. N. / Brooklyn Park, MN 55443.

- In issue #210, the address for *Urban Guerrilla* should have been: PMB 419 / 1442A Walnut St. / Berkeley, CA 94709.

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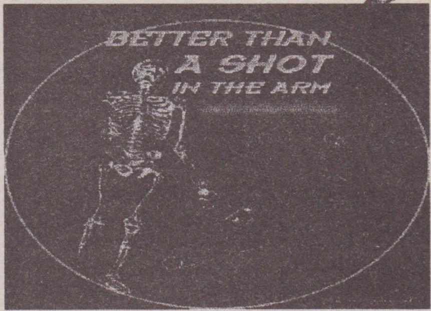
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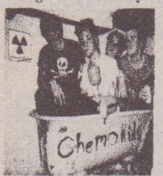

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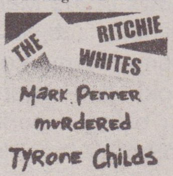

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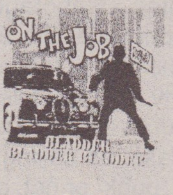

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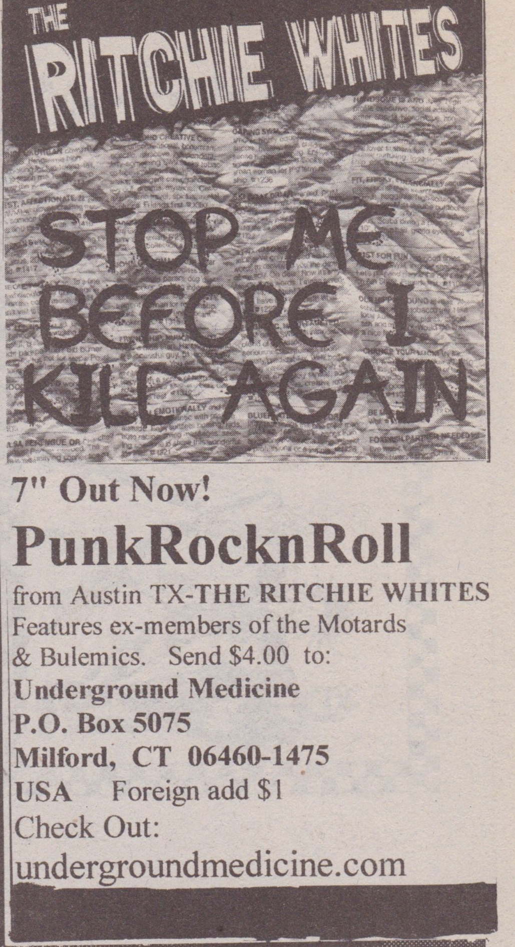
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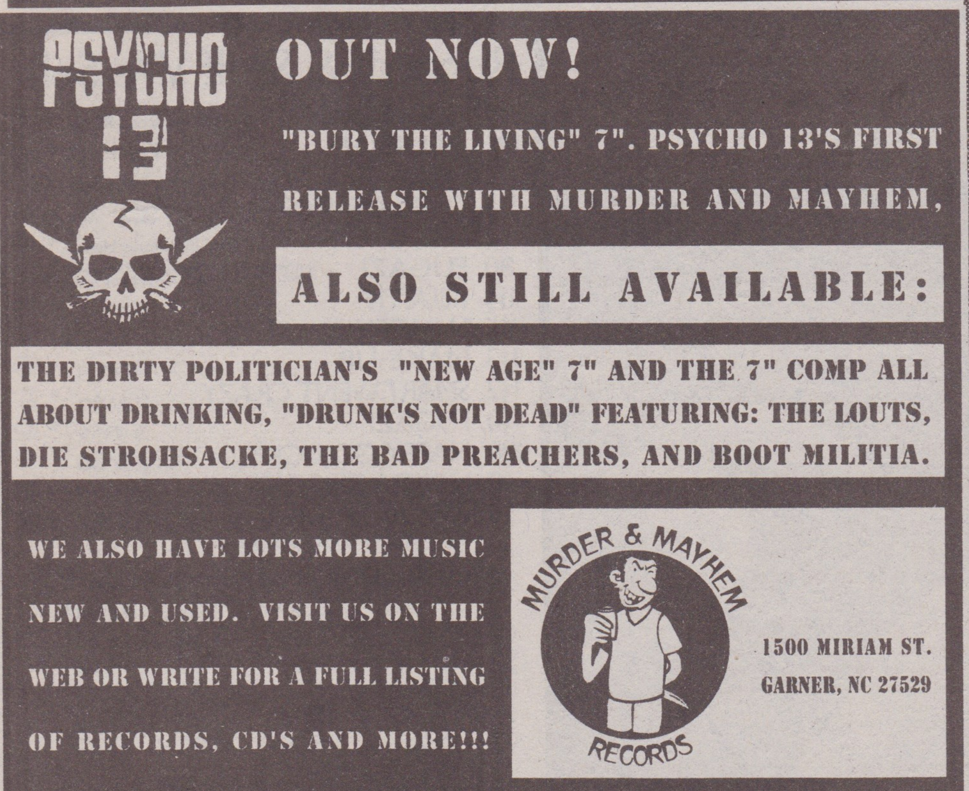
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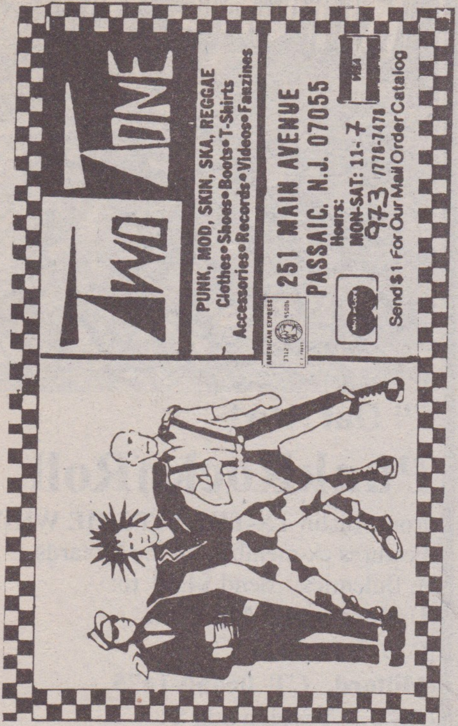

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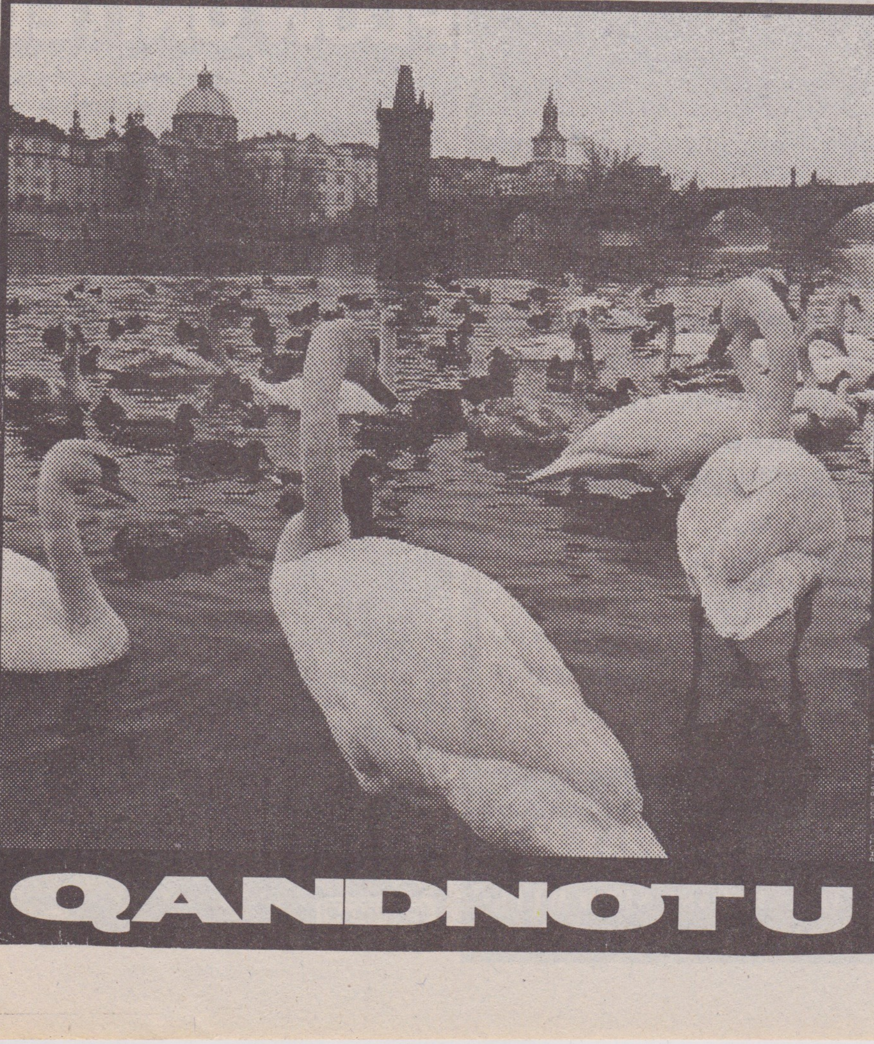

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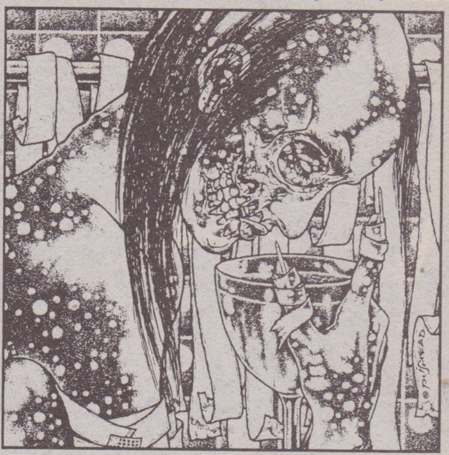

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COLUMNS

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

It's more surprising than a brainy punk rocker. The Yankees, this year's aging klutzy Bronx bunglers, enter the World Series through sheer chutzpa. As I write, they've just won the first game. They might win it all. The Mets, a better team with a better record, deserve the win. But the Yankees... ah the Yankees.

It's as thrilling as a Kenny G concert. For the rest of the country, the subway series will probably rate behind C-Span's book review show. Here in New York, they predict war. Families split. Father against son. Brother against brother. Even the girls will get into it. Domestic violence will increase, they say. This show of show, between two teams eight miles apart, steals headlines. It's all we're talking about. This meaningless game between teams that are so close, consumes our lives for a while. It brings passion to the everyday emptiness called living.

It's more agonizing than being butt-fucked by the Chicago Bulls. Watching this subway series of a presidential election, eight miles of difference between the candidates. Stretched, pulled, manipulated out of proportion. By the time you read this (unless you're reading it electronically), the election will be over. Though Bush is slightly ahead in the polls, I'm afraid that when push comes to wire hanger, abortion fears will put Gore in. What a waste! Right now, it's all we're talking about. This meaningless game between teams that are so close consumes our lives for a while. I guess it brings passion to the everyday emptiness called living.

I'm teaching a private student, Kenji. He's a college guy who works in micro-biology. His English needs a little brushing up, especially in articles and prepositions. He also wants "more vocabulary."

Today we discuss "pet peeve." I explain that mine is people who stand shoulder to shoulder on escalators. Inconsiderate blabbers, too lazy to move to the right or left to allow walkers to pass. Worse, when you manage to shoulder your way by, they're in a huff.

"Well, excuse you!"

I shake with anger. Imagine driving a thick-bladed Jason-style meat-knife. Shliff! Up to the hilt. Again and again.

"I'll give you excuse me." I say as the blade penetrates the diaphragm. I excuse myself again with a slash to the throat. Another excuse me ends all chance of reproductive success... Whoop, a short daydream.

"And what's your pet peeve?" I ask Kenji.

"Other students, they act so young. If you say anything against their experiment, they think you hate them."

"That ain't young," I tell him, "that's America." I see it over and over. People who are otherwise reasonable completely identify with their ideas. Attacking those ideas is like attacking them. Republicans, Democrats, Punks, Feminists, Vegetarians, Jews, Mets fans. It doesn't matter. They're all unable to separate themselves from their beliefs.

On the bisexual mailing list. We discuss families. Romantic love. Marriage. I talk about how romance blinds one to the truth. How it's painful. How people IN LOVE, are simply in love with a projection of themselves on someone else. How that projection will inevitably fail. How that projection is false and selfish.

It's like I take a shit on the Sistine Chapel floor. The Green Bay Packers are no less defensive than those married or "in love" list members.

"How can you say that?" "What are your qualifications?" "You don't know. You're not married." "I quit the list. I can't take the hostility."

What is it? Why are reasonable people so attached to *love*? Why is their stake so big that they can't discuss rationally? If they were secure, if they could trust their loved-one, if their relationship were the kind of love they say it is, then my challenge would be nothing. It's not so radical to say that romantic love is the projection of yourself on someone else and your later attraction to that projection. Love is a lie, a sham, a trick that must either change or come to a bad end.

Love in the Western World said this more than a quarter century ago. Romantic love itself has been coming to a bad end since before Romeo and Juliet. You can agree, disagree or refuse to discuss it. But unless your relationship hangs by a thread, and this "challenge" disturbs that thread, there's no reason to be bothered by it.

What is it about love? Why do people murder each other over it? Why do they jump in front of trains, take Prozac or heroin, or shut themselves up for fifty or more years in its name? How can one passion cause so much havoc?

I've put my head through a wood door, traveled halfway around the world, thrown up, confined myself to bed for a month, all because of this evil emotion.

What gives love its power is what gives voodoo its power. We believe in it. The same people who would shout down the lies of Bush or Gore or NBC, swallow to the balls, the lies of Shakespeare, Goethe and Hollywood.

It's more frustrating than a limpie at an orgy. Blank. Nothing. I sit in front of my computer. Time to write. I'm trying, riding on the bus to my folk's place in New Jersey. Usually almost empty, today it's filled with jabbering McDonald workers. Even in silence, I have a hard time concentrating. With the constant buzz of worthless chitchat, my fingers move on automatic pilot. I type mindlessly, hoping that somehow I'll squeeze some meaning into the keyboard. A heaviness overtakes me. A brain numbing, just this side of headache. A begging to close this machine, take my coat, wrap it into a bundle, press it against the window and lay my head on in. Excuse me. I think I will...

The place: Times Square. The year: 2099. Under the dome, a million people wait for the hyperball to drop from the Space Sparkler, through the stratosphere, into the center of Times Square.

I stand with my girlfriend Fanny Futze. We stand in our t-shirts and jeans in the climate controlled square. We've been there for eight hours. Fortunately, waiting is easier than it was in centuries past. New advances in technology allow us to piss at will. Our underwear absorbs the liquid, changes it to a dry mild sexual stimulant, and allows it to rest odorlessly against our arousing genitals.

Though stimulated to about 90 degrees, I'm not happy. Fanny is talking to a man at least ten years younger than me. He's a skinny guy with a wisp of a goatee and deep-set brown-black eyes. His long hair frames a face that looks like it came off the cover of an alternative rock CD. The two of them are animated in their discussion. The young man stretches out his arms as if he's talking about a huge fish. Fanny responds by slamming the heel of her hand against her forehead, throwing her head back, and laughing a deep throaty laugh.

As they talk, I feel a pain in my chest. Not a pain exactly, but a kind of pressure, as if my lungs suddenly need twice as much air. As if my heart will break through my ribs. As if my jaw will freeze in a permanent clench.

"She doesn't even notice," I think. "I'm just standing here. I could be a fire hydrant, a tree. She goes on and on with that idiot...."

My mind rumbles as it has so many times in the past. running like a hamster on a wheel. Repeating the same thoughts, the same visions, the same "just let him try ..." and "so what if his dick is bigger..."

Suddenly Times Square lights up. As bright as daytime. The million crowd looks up together. The Space Sparkler hovers overhead. The bombay doors open. The hyperball, a glowing gelatinous mass, like a miniature sun, slowly begins its descent.

The crowd shouts. TEN. NINE. EIGHT. I gaze to the side. What was that? Did Fanny's hand brush against that idiot? What's she trying to do? SEVEN. SIX. She doesn't care. She's not even looking at me. She's looking at the sky... but that's not where her mind is. She's thinking about HIM. FIVE. FOUR. THREE. He's smiling at her. I can't believe he's smiling at her! That fucker. I'll kill him. TWO. ONE. An immense cheer rises from the crowd as the hyperball seems to melt on the street, sending iridescent flames dancing around the crowd.

I'm having none of it. I've walked off in disgust, alone. Depressed. Quit. Chucked the whole thing.

Now it gets fuzzy the days merge with the years. Ideas, thoughts, experiences pass like a video on fast forward. During this time I realize I was a moron. A dope. Acting like an asshole. So what if Fanny wants to be friends with someone else? She has the right. It was probably innocent. There I was, acting like a jerk. No wonder she hasn't called today, this year, the next.

I've devoted my life to a cure. Switched my studies from Pre-Post-Post Modern Art to Medicine. Dedicated my life to ending the plague of jealousy, anger, and lonely pining. My goal: nothing less than saving humanity from the evils we've suffered since Cain killed Abel, and Romeo and Juliet killed themselves.

In the split second encompassing the next two decades, I do nothing but study the brain. I run experiments, dissect, try more psychoactive drugs than a presidential candidate. I measure, test and measure again. My notes fill a dozen twenty-gig hard drives. More. I read history. Study the tragedies. Learn about what drives people to hate each other, or feel envy or pain.

The final step I can't do myself. I've written exact directions. Locations down to the neuron. Diagrams show the procedure, every inch of the way, including what to do if something goes wrong. But it won't go wrong. I've got 100% confidence in Doctor Entlassen. We've worked together on the last stage. We've practiced on corpses and computers. Unfortunately, we couldn't experiment on animals. They lack the raw material.

Time comes to a halt again. It's 2135. I lie on the operating table. Dr. Entlassen looks over me, patting me on the shoulder.

"You're sure you want to go through with this?" he asks.

"You know the answer to that," I answer. "This will work."

Dr. Entlassen places the trans-dermal anesthesia between the toes of my left foot. In two seconds, I'm out.

I now watch the scene from space. From somewhere outside my body, above. I see myself laid out on the operating table. I see the good doctor preparing the equipment around me.

Using the pinpoint accuracy of tandem shmasers, the doctor sets the depth and pushes a small button. There's a faint buzzing. A vague smell of ozone rises into the air. He destroys exactly thirty nerve cells deep within my brain. Then a nurse rolls me out to the recovery room.

In an hour or so I awaken. I'm back in my body. Slowly, I open my eyes and then squeeze them shut again against the light. The reality of what happened seeps into my consciousness. I run my thoughts around my brain feeling for the missing part, like you might run your tongue around inside your mouth feeling for a missing tooth.

At first, everything seems the same. It's as if nothing's happened. Lash by lash, I open my eyes. The room comes into focus. It's beautiful. The walls. They're not like I remember them. The pale green vibrates with color. Everything is dancing. The linoleum floor shimmers with a hidden energy. The curtains fluttering over the windows move with an erotic grace.

"How do you feel?" comes a voice from behind me.

I turn my head. Dr. Entlassen looks different. Dazzling. The sun reflects from his baldness into a halo. His curved spine and pot belly form a perfect vessel, a magnificent roundness. I've never seen such a beautiful human being.

"I feel fantastic," I tell him. "The world has never looked so good... I have never felt so good... Things have never been so wonderful..."

Months pass. I record my new life. I record how I never feel jealous. I never get angry. I never pine. I'm never depressed with that deep lung-heavy sourness.

The world has become a better place. People are incredible. There is nothing to fear. Of course, small things still go wrong. I miss a teleporter connection. The battery in my tooth phone goes dead. At one time, these would have made me furious. They no longer bother me. What little anger there is passes like a wave in a swimming pool.

After six months of watching for negative side effects, of meticulously recording every impression, feeling, physical activity, Dr. Entlassen and I are ready to announce our findings.

We stand before the members of the press to make our announcement.

"With the help of Dr. Entlassen and a lot of research, I've solved humankind's most pressing problems," I say. "Up until now, we've used brain-deadening drugs or even radical surgery to correct depression. Our answer to aggression was the same. Or worse, we'd throw the aggressor in jail."

I stop to clear my throat.

"I've devoted years to studying the origins of aggression, depression, and jealousy. I've tracked down exactly why we feel so miserable so much of our lives. I've followed the paths of fear, of hate, and of sadness. Those things come from the need to protect what we feel closest to and the pain of loosing it. I've tracked down envy, and bigotry. The former comes from an unfulfilled longing, the latter from prejudices shared with people we never want to leave. I've learned from the deaths of Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Iseult, and jungen Werther. What was behind those literary deaths and the thousands of real life deaths just like them? The causes all point to the same place."

I touch my index finger to my forehead.

"And I've had that place removed... Dr. Entlassen will explain."

I'll spare you the medical details. Dr. Entlassen gives them all. The shmaser positioning, the twin tunnels, the precise internal cell destruction. He then turns the floor back to me.

"So in conclusion," I say, "my life has become perfect. Not the irrational blissfulness of lobotomy or religion. Not the drooling thick-headed ecstasy of drugs. But a sharp, creative completely clear exhilaration. I can now know, understand and appreciate. I can now have unfettered respect for people no matter who they are..."

From the back of the press-briefing room a young man wearing a retro-suit and tie raises his digital finger.

"Excuse me, Mr. Board," he says, "I may have missed something. But could you explain exactly what was removed from your brain that made you so perfect?"

I laugh. "Of course," I say, "I thought that was obvious. I've removed the worst burden ever to fall on the human race. I have ended more than a million years of torture... I have removed the capacity... no the requirement... of falling in love."

There's a slight gasp in the crowd. A murmur rises among the reporters. It's hard to make out what they're saying. Something about "last stop." Ah, now I understand.

LAST STOP! WAKE UP! TIME TO GET OFF THE BUS.

Whoops. I pack up coat and computer, and head out the bus door. It's a long walk to where my parents live now. I take the first step.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*As if you needed ANOTHER reason not to vote for Gore dept:* On August 15, the Colombian Army killed six children with US bullets from US guns. The Clinton administration, with Gore's enthusiastic support, is sending $1.3 billion dollars in military aid to Colombia under for the purpose of "fighting the war on drugs." I wonder what drugs those kids were using.

In any case, on Aug. 23 President Clinton, again with Gore's enthusiastic support, waived Congressional human rights requirements put on the aid. The Colombian Government has failed to meet human rights conditions stipulated in a 1.3 billion dollar US aid package, but who cares? Right?

—>My pal Irwin sent me this from the NY Post. I've edited it for length:

A former Lithuanian mushroom farmer will open a theme park in September called "Stalin's World." It's dedicated to the prison camps of the former Soviet Union.

The owner, Viliumas Malinauskas, promises that visitors to the tiny Lithuanian village of Gruta can "thrill to guard towers manned by actors, gasp at roads built from logs like those that Stalin's slaves constructed, and swoon at huts where workers slept between backbreaking shifts."

Twenty-eight members of parliament have signed a petition trying to stop the opening of Stalin's World. They said it's in the worst possible taste and more than a little offensive to Lithuanians who died resisting Stalinist oppression. But efforts to stop the plan are unlikely to succeed.

The former collective-farm manager has invested more than $1.2 million in the project and the government is not expected to shut it down - especially if he generates money in an area previously known only for its marshlands and wildlife.

—> *Don't you just love feminism dept: The New York Daily News* reports that Westchester school officials suspended a sixth-grader who recited a "rude" poem to two girls on the playground.

The boy was suspended from class at the Chatsworth Ave. School in Mamaroneck for saying, "Roses are red, violets are black, your chest is as flat as your back." His parents offered to have him apologize but the school district said he had violated sexual harassment guidelines.

The kid's lawyer (how much did THAT cost?) said that the child "had never heard the term sexual harassment and may not even know what sex is."

I say, it's about time he learned.

XXX HIRAX MAX

Didn't get too much stuff mailed in to me this month for the column so it will be a shorty. I did pick up a ton of cassettes on the WHAT HAPPENS NEXT Japan Tour, but most of them were purely thrash/dis-core kinda stuff, so I decided to review them in my column in the *Short Fast & Loud* zine. I used to do a demo-only zine called *Mosh of Ass*, but due to increasing responsibilities elsewhere, I decided to turn *MOA* into a section in Chris Dodge's zine. If you get a chance, check it out.There's a shitload of tape reviews in that.

Speaking of the WHN Japan tour, we have so many people to thank that it would take up entirely too much space here, but we did list it on our website (www.yourmother.com/whn) so check that out if you'd like. I'm constantly bombarded with questions of how the tour was, and I can only say that it was a complete success, especially for being booked 100% DIY. But that has nothing to do with our own capabilities, but more to do with the sincerity and dedication of the people who helped us out. We are eternally grateful to all those who put in so much time and effort.

One thing that I noticed over the past couple of tours that I was on is the differences between Japan and the US (well, duh!). What I'm referring to is as far as booking shows, touring, etc. Unlike the US, you can't just throw a show in a rented-hall for $3. Most of these shows take months to plan, and the clubs that the DIY punk shows are at, still have to be rented for $1000-$2000 for one night, thus the ticket prices are any where from 1200 yen to 2500 yen (a lot of the Japanese bands can still lose their ass this way, even after 2500 yen tickets). A lot of "Western" bands never see what went into getting their show setup, or how hard it was to accommodate them when they stayed at their house. "Crashing" at people's houses is not like it is in Europe or the US. Don't expect to just go and be able to crash on someone's floor. Not only is it extremely rude to assume that (I've seen 100 US bands expect such things when touring there), but most people in the scene do not have the floor space for 3-4 people to sleep.

There are a billion differences to discuss, everything from what is considered DIY, what it means to be anarcho in Japan, gender roles, the straight edge scene, why there are a million good bands from there, etc. It's fascinating and a shock all at the same time while touring there (a shock because of the affluence of Japan, which affects the punk). In the end, I can't help but feel completely indebted to all the people who busted their ass for us....since every time I go there, I get a little more wise to how much hard work it takes to have something like a show for a foreign band happen.

On a personal level, I've finally come to a conclusion about touring. On the one hand, it rules.....to see all the great bands, to meet so many people, etc. Plus the amount of soul searching that you can do on tour is tremendous. I have always come back with a new perspective of myself (almost always negative, but forcing me to change something about myself) after touring. But, I have always associated touring with traveling. This is completely incorrect.

It is possible to travel after a tour (since you're already in another country, why not) or to even set aside a bunch of days in between shows to go out and sight see. But the mere fact that your purpose there is to go play in front of people, to sell merchandise, to stick to a strict schedule, to sound check, to set-up and break down your equipment, etc is to stifle your ability to really travel. It's a conflict between you as a person, and you as a member of a band.

Don't get me wrong; it's fucking awesome to go play different towns/countries, but don't fool yourself that by seeing the inside of the club/squat and hanging around with only punk kids that you somehow experienced the culture or history of a place. I have always thought that the highlight of touring in a band was being able to travel. But it's not at all. I leave most countries with a sense of failure, since I was right there, and didn't get to see shit, or meet people that wanted to talk about something other than some INFEST bootleg.

But enough of that shit. This past Sunday I went skating at various spots around SF while listening to the RAZORS EDGE and SLAPPING BIKINI's LPs. No matter how old I get, skating ledges while listening to thrash always inspires me.

OK, enough of this cut and pasted emo-poetry zine crap, let's cut to the fucking tunes. Let's go!

First things first: the new issue of *Engine* is out. Matt has been a friend for a long time, and I'm always amazed at his ability to write such damn good intros and other tidbits. It seems like a different person sometimes. This time around, *Engine* has interviews with: MK-ULTRA, THE FEEDERZ, KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS, CRUCIAL RESPONSE Records, BENUMB, DAHMER, and a billion other bands. Plus their are some good features on old zines, a wide variety of reviews (all DIY punk/thrash-no fucking Victory promos in this zine), etc. Damn good zine. The zine is $3us, $5 Europe, $7 Pacific Rim. Engine, Po Box 64666, Los Angeles, CA 90064.

The new incarnation of Canada's SOY is PERUKE. PERUKE are zany-ass fastcore/grind that is loose but entertaining. Their CD entitled *Please....Mess with Texas* is pretty damn funny. Write them at: Doug, 301-2634 Quadra St., Victoria, B.C., V8T 4E4 CANADA.

Got a tape from HAYMAKER who you will be hearing from very shortly. It features ex-members of CHOKEHOLD / LEFT FOR DEAD etc, so you know its gonna be a blend of politics and in your face hardcore. Good shit, very mid-tempoed, but enjoyable due to the straight forward no BS approach. Word on the street is these guys are giving GORDON SOLIE their run for their money live. HAYMAKER, Po Box 57342, Jackson Station, Hamilton, Ont., L4P 4X2, CANADA.

THE PEOPLES WAR from Memphis just sent me their demo and its damn raw southern hardcore. They bare the triple X so I'm supposing their straight edge, while their sound is very similar to the style of HAYMAKER (see above).......straight forward, raw, heavy, hardcore. Good shit. Write em at: Po Box 11552, Memphis, TN 38111.

I wish I had more international sXe tapes to review...but nothing has really come in. In Japan though, I did see FACE OF CHANGE (one of my favorite youth crew bands from Japan) and SETPOINT..both of whom were awesome. If you get a chance, try to get any of the FOC releases, one of which is the new full length from Soulforce from Spain. Oh, which reminds me, there is a new WxHxN / OVERTHHHROW split CD on Soulforce. The WxHxN tracks are from a live radio show, and OVERTHHHROW was an obscure side band from the HHH guys. They did super fast crossover thrash back in the '80s and put out an incredible demo...which is featured on the CD. I wish I could say more, but we haven't gotten our copies yet.

Ok, send in them sXe demos, or any demos for that matter, and I'll check ya next time. Max c/o 625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413 USA.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

For many of us, the first exposure to hardcore and punk outside our local scene or a mall record store was the radio. In the early '80s I was fortunate enough to live in Washington, D.C., tuning in every Wednesday for Tom Lyle of Government Issue's radio show and every Sunday night for the *MRR* radio broadcast. I went on to have a WMUC show myself in 1987, but was canned for repeatedly playing punk records with obscenities. Now I'm a DJ again, together with Abbi and Jason (THD records) every Thursday from midnight to 2 a.m. on KFAI, 90.3 FM Minneapolis, 106.7 FM St. Paul and KFAI.org on the net. KFAI is a community radio station in Minneapolis. There hasn't been a punk show on KFAI since the late '80s. My new interest in punk on the radio brought me back to those days in the early '80s listening to *MRR* radio. Those shows were awesome, like a one-hour comp record every week. Plus they used to interview bands on the air. I know I speak for a lot of people who got exposed to a great deal of incredible punk music, especially from overseas, by listening to *MRR* radio. So I asked Sean and Arwen if *MRR* had an archive of the old radio shows. The answer surprisingly was NO! That's right, for whatever reason there is no archive of the *MRR* radio shows. I appeal to all the old DJs and collectors out there to get in touch with me or *Maximum* if you have tapes of the old shows. I have located about twenty from 1982 from one of the old KFAI DJs, but there are hundreds more out there. It is hoped that these can be converted to digital format and made available on the Web for today's listeners. Recall that *MRR* had access to just about every punk record ever made. Looking at the playlists of the old shows, most of the songs played are from records that are very expensive collector items now. Making this music available again could help shed some light on legendary and obscure bands for today's listeners. The best thing is that it could be done for virtually nothing, the cost of reproducing old radio shows on cassette or MP3 are negligible. So please fill my mailbox with lists of old shows — they were numbered — so send a list of which numbers you have to PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Or contact *MRR* at maximumrnr@mindspring.com Thanks!

We return now to the continuing adventures of Code 13 in Southeast Asia. Last month Thailand, this week, Malaysia and Singapore. For those of you who slept through geography class, Malaysia is a country in Southeast Asia that consists of the southern chunk of the Malay peninsula and part of the Indonesian archipelago. Most outsiders only know of Malaysia as the home of the Kuala Lumpur towers, the world's tallest buildings (featured in the Sean Connery movie *Entrapment*). Malaysia has the most active punk scene in Asia outside of Japan. At least as far as I can tell. I think gigs in Indonesia are a lot bigger, but Malaysia seems to have more of a DIY ethic with the accompanying infrastructure. As a result, many Malaysian bands have 7"s, tapes, and CDs out, and these are starting to be readily available in the West. I'd have to say the Malaysians were some of the most organized, hospitable, and dedicated kids I met anywhere on tour. Being punk in a place like Malaysia is more than just a fashion, its something that is taken pretty seriously. Malaysia is a country filled with paradoxes. A former British colony, Malaysia was the scene of a guerilla war in the years following the Second World War. The British effectively crushed a leftist guerrilla war in a conflict that foreshadowed the American involvement in Vietnam. Indeed, during Vietnam the Malaysian "emergency" was frequently studied to find out how the British had "won" a guerrilla war in Southeast Asia.

Malaysia is a multiethnic country. The population is about 50 percent Malay, the other half is a mix of Chinese, Indian, and indigenous tribes. This makes for a very exciting and diverse culture. I think I ate the best and most varied vegetarian foods in Kuala Lumpur than anywhere else I've ever been. Malaysia is technically a Muslim country and this was my first time in the Muslim world. However, since only maybe half the population is Muslim, the country is fairly tolerant. There are, however, religious police who enforce Islamic law. The punks drink mainly in the tourist district in Chinatown as they cannot drink in the Muslim Malay areas without running afoul of the police. They can't have tattoos, either! At least not legally.

Malaysia is technically still a third-world country. The government is trying desperately to make Malaysia into a fully industrialized nation like South Korea or Singapore. Malaysia's economy is now based on manufacturing rather than resources. Unlike the Philippines or Thailand, Malaysia makes its own cars, computers, etc. There is a rather pathetic attempt to make the biggest city, Kuala Lumpur, into a sort of showcase of economic development. Hence the twin towers. The futility of such a gesture is obvious. Kuala Lumpur has no shortage of either land or office space (unlike say Midtown Manhattan where high rise office towers could be justified), there is no need for super huge office towers, especially since most of the rest of the city is two- and three-story buildings. Rather, the buildings stand as two giant pieces of propaganda, showing the world Malaysia is ready for the capitalist big leagues. The airport was similar. Way bigger, and fancier than any airport needs to be. Yet it was built way out of town in the middle of a jungle. Another example was the mass transit system. A space age monorail running across the city, far nicer than most Western cities. The transit system was deserted, though, as it is too expensive for most people to ride. We didn't see much of Malaysia outside of the big cities, but I have a feeling that there is still a great deal of poverty and inequality outside of the spruced-up showcase city. The Faustian bargain here is that progress comes at the expense of the environment and the rights of the Malaysian people. The media is still controlled by the government and there is no free speech or freedom to organize labor as we would know it in the west. The rapid pace of development has also paid little heed to the disastrous affects on the environment. Furthermore, the rights of the indigenous peoples have been trampled to exploit resources in their homelands. The government keeps promising that sacrifices are necessary and that freedom will arrive after Malaysia is fully developed. I find that hard to believe. Like the state is some benevolent and paternal organ that will one day give up its control over the population. "Okay, Malaysia is fully developed, now here is your free speech." I think the people will be waiting a long time for the state to hand that over.

Compared to the Philippines, Malaysia is much more technically advanced and prosperous. It really didn't feel like a third-world country at all. More like a second-world country. The standard of living is modest but comfortable. At least in the cities. The Malaysian economy was hard hit by the Asian collapse. As a result, Western currency goes really far here. As in Thailand, basics like food and drink were very cheap for us.

Kuala Lumpur had quite a few Western tourists. We even met an American student who came to our show. Outside of the center of town, though, we saw no Westerners. That said, Malaysia seemed more alive and happening due to its multi-ethnic character. There was a certain cultural monotony in Japan and the Philippines, similar to what you experience in the central Midwest. Every street in every town seems the same.

Malaysia was much more conservative than other Asian countries. The influence of Islam meant no sex tourism, pornography, etc. Drugs were available but more underground, unlike Thailand, which seems to market sex and drugs as two of its major attractions. Kuala Lumpur is very clean and modern, with new construction going on everywhere. In the city center is a market where you can buy bootlegs of every American movie or computer software a day or two after it is released in the US. Bootleg consumer goods are a major industry in SE Asia. Kuala Lumpur and Hong Kong are full of fake Rolexes, bootleg CDs, and fake brand-name sportswear. The punks all hang out at a restaurant in the

Central Market Mall downtown.

We were nervous about entering a Muslim country, especially since out passports are all stamped from our visit to Israel. But customs was a breeze. In fact, there was nobody working in customs when we arrived. We just picked up our luggage and guitars and walked right through. We were met by Ahmad and Weng, the guys I'd been in contact with by e-mail from the states. They and a posse of other local scenesters took us to the Central Market to hang out with the punks. In Malaysia they can only have gigs on weekends, so we were there for several days before and after our shows. The Malaysian punks were all really cool, very dedicated people. Malaysia has one of the best punk scenes in Asia, I think because the DIY ethic has really caught on here. In Malaysia the mainstream of punk is crusty hardcore and grind. Malaysia also has a huge death metal scene. I think most kids there get into hardcore from metal and grind. There are some older punk guys in the Kuala Lumpur scene, notable Joe Kidd and the band Carburator Dung, who have really helped shape the Malaysian scene in a positive and productive direction. It would have been very easy for less scrupulous people to have built a scene here that was totally commercialized and superficial. Instead, the scene here is politically aware and dedicated to DIY principles. The Malaysian scene could be a model for countries like Thailand with small, emerging hardcore scenes. Few Western punk bands have played here. Fugazi and Rollins played Malaysia and Singapore in the early '90s. Warsore from Australia has played in Malaysia. Unholy Grave from Japan has toured Malaysia and Power of Idea was on tour in Malaysia the same week we were. If you are in a band and touring Japan or Australia I would really recommend trying to play in Malaysia, especially if you can arrange it as a stopover from Japan to Australia at a low price.

Our first show was in Johor Bahru, which is Malaysia's second largest city, on the border with Singapore. We played Johor Bahru in the afternoon, Singapore at night then back to Kuala Lumpur to play the next day. It was a pretty wild ride. We left Kuala Lumpur at midnight and took a night bus to Johor Bahru, took a cab to a guys house, and slept for a few hours. Drove from there to the gig in Johor Bahru, and before the show was even over we drove to a bus station and took a bus to the border. At the border we took another bus to the border checkpoint. There we stood in line forever got our passports stamped and boarded another bus that took us across the causeway into Singapore. There we got out and waited in another line to get our passports stamped on the Singapore side. We then boarded another bus, then a taxi to our gig. We played the gig, then boarded a taxi and repeated the three-busride border crossing in reverse. Back in Johor Bahru we took a taxi to the bus station and then boarded another bus back to Kuala Lumpur. We got back in Kuala Lumpur, took a taxi back to our crash pad at 6 the next morning, slept for a few hours, and played again. I don't think I'll ever see the inside of so many buses and taxis in such rapid succession ever again.

The Johor Bahru show was at like 1 in the afternoon at a club decorated in a "jungle" motif. The club was on the third floor, and we played in front of a big bay window that overlooked a golf course. A few times while we were playing I turned around to look at the drummer and busted out laughing at the peaceful golf scene outside the window

There is something of a quarrel between the Johor Bahru and Kuala Lumpur scenes, which leads us to a discussion of another paradox in the Malaysian scene. Many of the punks have difficulty rationalizing punk values with Muslim values. Therefore, you have crusty DIY hardcore bands with anti-war lyrics and graphics, yet they thank Allah on their records and have conservative Muslim views. Abortion and gay rights are hot issues in the American scene,, but even more so in this conservative Muslim country. I don't want to get in between Johor Bahru and Kuala Lumpur in their quarrel, but one of the main issues the Kuala Lumpur crew kept bringing up was the more conservative nature of the Johor Bahru crowd and their refusal to take a stand on abortion or gay rights. I think a lot of bands in Malaysia do like Oi bands here and just try to stay away from political issues in general so they don't have to defend their conservative views to a largely leftist, liberal punk media. I know some people think that's a tragic violation of a right-wing band's free speech, but since I'm part of the left-biased punk media, I have little sympathy for right-wing punk in general. If they don't like the biased punk media they can start their own fanzines.

Back to Malaysia: Power of Idea, who had played with us in Japan and helped set up our tour there, had booked a tour through some guys from Johor Bahru. We had gone through some guys from Kuala Lumpur. It was only at the last minute that we got these guys on the same page and managed to play the show. It was a great gig, very high energy. Like I said, the kids there are mainly into crusty hardcore. As far as I can tell the mainstream of punk here is Doom, Extreme Noise Terror, Resist, Disrupt, and local crusty grind bands. They were really into our set, and it's a shame we had to leave before Power of Idea played. We arrived in Singapore later that afternoon, following the bus and taxi rides outlined above.

For those who don't know, Singapore is one of the two truly rich city-states in tropics, the other being Hong Kong. These two cities are like outposts of Western style capitalism in a belt that circles the globe of poverty and subsistence agriculture. Singapore industrialized very rapidly and is now one of the richest countries in the world. It is very uptight and conservative and has lots of stupid laws. It is illegal to chew gum, litter, not flush a public toilet, etc. in this country. There are stiff fines for every breach of public etiquette. Singapore was very clean and modern, more so than anywhere I've ever been except the central business districts of a few US cities.

Punk shows are very hard to book in Singapore because slam dancing is illegal. Not wanting to deal with the police and stiff fines means most pubs wont do punk gigs. Our gig was in, of all places, the atrium of an upscale shopping mall! This has to be one of the strangest shows I've ever played. The place was packed with over 600 kids. The sound and stage were very professional. The whole shindig was sponsored by some sort of dot-com. These guys virtually brought the show to a stop by throwing free hats and t-shirts off a balcony to the side of the stage. One minute I'm standing in front of a 600 kids, the next minute, five kids, as the other 595 jump for the free whatever dot-com shirts.

The other thing that was fucking strange was that there were all these skinheads there. These guys were all dressed in the traditional UK skinhead style, boots, braces, bleached jeans, snapcaps, etc. I haven't seen so many skinheads at a punk show since the late 80s. Some Oi cover band played before us. And in the true skinhead tradition a bunch of these guys had to stand on stage while we were playing and scowl. These guys kept starting fights, the last thing I expected in uptight Singapore. I guess in such a conservative society shows are the only place kids can cut loose. I expected the slamming and stage diving but not late-80s-style skinhead violence. I hope those guys all go to England and get beat up by real skinheads. Skinheads aside, the show was a lot of fun, due to the big, enthusiastic crowd. This show was what I imagine playing the Warped Tour or opening for Rancid or Green Day must be like. Playing punk music in front of hundreds of kids who've never heard your band but are into it because someone told them it was cool. I hope some of those kids open their eyes to the DIY hardcore scene and are exposed to an alternative more substantial than Oi covers and Limp Bizkit-type bands. I did actually talk to some of the more educated and observant people I met in all of Asia that afternoon in Singapore. Let's just say they were in the minority.

We got paid really good for this gig — about $500 — and headed back to Kuala Lumpur. Singapore does have an active hardcore scene. I think it tends to lean more towards commercial US "hardcore" like Victory and Revelation-type bands, though there are some cool bands and zines from the Lion City. Oi fans can check out the local cover bands, too.

We got asked the same questions about twenty times a day by different people. Not bad questions on their own, but over and over you have to memorize a response. How is the scene in Minneapolis? Has the scene died since *PE* quit? How many bands are there in Minneapolis? Etc., etc.

At the gigs we were given the star treatment by the local punks, but on the streets we got hard looks from the locals. I had to convince myself not to have the "what the fuck are you lookin' at?" attitude, reminding myself that we are the only tattooed white punk guys these people had ever scene and ,therefore, something of a curiosity. What pissed me off the most was people on the streets trying to fondle my tattoos. I mean, Americans are rude, but we generally don't touch people without asking them. I know we were exotic to them, but I don't go around looking under dudes' turbans and shit over there. There were girls at our Kuala Lumpur gig wearing punk t-shirts and patchy pants while wearing the Muslim scarves over their faces. I didn't think it was my role to criticize their culture; I have Western imperialism and Christianity to answer for, even if I think that Muslim shit is pretty wacky.

A lot of people were interested in our merch but we sold very little. Actually, by this point, we had very little to sell. Most of it had sold in Japan. I wish we had mailed more ahead. Especially to Singapore, where the kids had plenty of money. A lot of people didn't know what 7"s were, only CDs and tapes. Ahmad of ASAS distro had released an excellent local version of our discography on tape with a nice lyric booklet. Seriously, his tape was better and more complete than the CD we did ourselves. So in Malaysia most of the kids knew our songs pretty well. If you are a band planning to play over here, definitely get your Malaysian friends to do a cassette version of your releases locally. Most kids here can't afford imported records and CDs and vinyl are not very common formats. Most of the small distros here depend on trading. Therefore, the kind of music that gets distributed is on small DIY labels from the US, Japan, and Europe as opposed to Epitaph or Fat. A lot of kids in the third world do fanzines, distros, or tape labels as a way to get music from abroad. It seems like the only people who write back and want to trade are from small DIY labels. The Internet has probably helped a lot of kids here learn about hardcore scenes outside of Malaysia. I'm really glad *PE* is back in action. This magazine has been really important in spreading DIY ideas in SE Asia. *PE* and *Heart Attack* were quite well known, but the *PE* esthetic and politics seemed to prevail. *MRR* was a distant third, due to its high price in Asia (it costs a lot to ship). I hope more of these kids get access to the Internet and can check out free versions of *PE* and other zines, thus eliminating the need for shipping paper zines around the world.

Our gig in Kuala Lumpur was one of the biggest and most energetic of the tour. Kuala Lumpur has a pretty big scene, and all those kids packed into a small theater in an underground shopping mall to see us. This gig was super hot and the walls were dripping with condensation. It was really hard to play since there were so many people on the stage. I know it's cool to stand on the stage, but it sucks when every song sees the guitars get knocked out of tune, and people keep stepping on the pedals, turning off the distortion.

We had a great time, and the kids really got into the gig. There were tons of stage dives, and I just about went blind from camera flashes. We played a long set, and I think the crowd actually started getting worn out before we did, as the stage dives dwindled in frequency as the heat increased. There were a few kids with mohawks and leather jackets, but most of the kids here looked pretty clean cut, like American hardcore kids. I'd have to say Malaysia is one of the only places you can be punk as fuck in flip flops! Also in town when we played were four Swedes, two of whom were in Counterblast. It is really cheap to travel in SE Asia for Westerners right now. If you are a pot smoker there is the added bonus of lots of cheap weed. If I could afford it I'd drop everything and backpack around SE Asia; you could go a long way on little cash once you got over here (and I'm not even a pot smoker).

The next day we went swimming at a waterfall deep in the jungle, which was quite relaxing after all the travel back and forth to Johor Bahru and Singapore. That night we boarded the plane for Australia.

We had a really good time and made pretty good money toward our travel expenses in Malaysia and Singapore. I'd have to say, I liked Malaysia the most of the SE Asian countries. The scene there is right up to the level of most European countries as far as bands and gigs go. The people were great, organized, and dedicated to hardcore. In fact I'd rather play Malaysia than some European countries like Italy or France.

If your band plays crusty hardcore or grind you should start trading with the kids in Malaysia. Remember these kids don't have much money and it trades very poorly against Western currencies. If you are going to write to Malaysian kids, send some IRC's.

Don't be afraid of demo tapes from Malaysia. Most of the bands here do a better job on their cassette releases than American bands do on their records. I hope in the future Malaysia can be more integrated with the US, Japanese, and Australian scenes as far as trading records and touring bands goes. It would be great to see a Malaysian band tour the US or Japan someday.

My Mother Wears Combat Boots

Jessica Mills

Last column, I left off talking about going back to work because I just couldn't play the role of Mom 24-7 anymore. Since then, I've been working part time and when I'm at work, Dad's on baby duty. This, our first attempt at balance, has been working quite well for all three of us.

Instead of dedicating this column to a discussion on the importance of sharing childcare responsibilities, I'll just tell you how that first day went for Baby and Dad while I was away at my job's teacher and student orientation meeting. I need a good laugh; although I like our new arrangement, my teaching job is keeping me busier than I'd like to be and with busy comes stress.....

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I was only gone three hours, but each of those hours brought a new surprise to the new Dad on duty.

Things were fine. Baby was crawling around on the porch like she always does while Dad was keeping an eye on her and trying to get something done at the same time. (Mistake #1 – it's either impossible or twice as hard to get anything done when on Baby duty.) When he looked up to see what had her attention, he noticed something hanging out of her mouth. Reaching into her mouth with the standard parent-finger-hook-maneuver, he fished out an earthworm. And it wasn't one of those hard, shriveled earthworms. This one was an alive, wiggling one. Where it came from, we still don't know—never saw one on the porch before or since.

Needing a change of scenery, they ventured off to the big patch of grass in front of the apartments a block away. Baby loves to be outside and was having a grand time playing with twigs and leaves. I guess Dad forgot that this is also the big patch of grass where most of the apartment tenants walk their dogs because what else besides twigs and leaves did Baby find to play with? You guessed it, dog shit.

Dad caught her hand just in the nick of time. Imagine the scene all slow motion style... Baby grabs turd. Baby wonders what this new toy is. Baby is happy about discovering something new and wants a more intimate acquaintance with it. Baby smiles with mouth wide open to greet her new friend.

But here comes Dad with an urgent interception like he's sliding into home plate, "Nnnooooooooooo," grabbing her hand just as the prized fresh turd is about to become a snack.

Safe! But now how to deal with the mess a block away from home?

He scooped her up and hustled back towards the house. Baby, of course, is persistent in trying to get her shit-smeared hand into her lonely, empty mouth. He said it was a real battle trying to carry her all the way home, wrestling her small but strong arm down away from her face, not to mention finally getting to the front door and struggling to get his key out of his pocket and into the doorknob to unlock it. Somehow he did it without a smeared shit catastrophe and without dropping Baby.

With Baby cleaned off, things were relatively calm for a while until Dad just happened to look out the window in time to see our car about to get a ticket. He yelled out the window, "Hey, wait!" as he grabbed Baby and dashed downstairs to negotiate with the parking ticket guy. The guy wasn't a complete dick like most of them around here are, but he insisted that the car needed to be moved pronto.

Move the car. No problem, right? Wrong. As Dad went to put Baby in her car safety seat, he noticed that it wasn't buckled down. Useless when it's not buckled and impossible to buckle with a Baby in your arms, Dad had to bang on the neighbor's door and ask him to hold Baby for a minute.

Dad got the car moved, but for some reason Baby needed to throw up that very minute and did so all over our neighbor who was holding her. This wasn't a little baby spit-up episode either. He said she started coughing, really hacking, and all of a sudden she just projectile puked all down the front of him. *Oops, uh, thanks for baby-sitting. She's never puked like that before, I promise.*

Within a minute of Dad helping wipe the neighbor's shirt off, out comes the across-the-street neighbor in whose vast, empty yard Dad just parked the car. "You can't park there without asking! You have to ask first! Blah, blah, blah..."

With sweet Baby in his arms and feeling totally frazzled and worked over, Dad humbly apologized, explained and smoothed things over so the car could stay in her yard for a while.

When I returned home after my relatively leisurely meeting and he told me all that had happened during the last three hours, I of course had to laugh and feel a little sorry for him, but in my head I was thinking, *"Welcome to my world. I've dealt with this new parent craziness for six months straight."*

"Really," I asked, "a live earthworm *and* a fresh dog turd? Just last week I was grossed out having to pull a whole, dead roach out of her mouth."

And here I thought her first punk band could be called THE ROACHES. It's nice to know she's got some options.

P.O. Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604, yardwideyarns@hotmail.com

P.S. Thanks to all the punk rock mommas who have gotten in touch—please continue to do so.

TECHNOLOGY REPORT

SAM MCPHEETEAS

ROUTS AND REROUTES

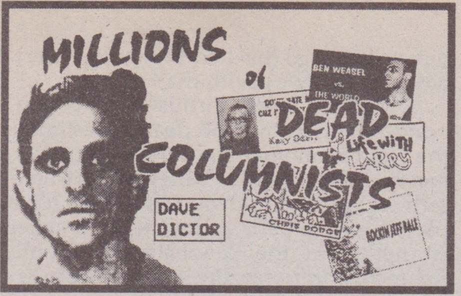
There's an old episode of *Star Trek* I'm proud to report I don't remember the title of. The fellows land on some strange planet immersed in a bloodless war. Little proto-email attacks float back and forth between two warring nations. The casualties of virtual bombs line up politely at suicide booths to uphold their part in the process. Somewhere in there, if I remember right, is a really terrific Outraged White Man monologue by Captain Kirk. Writing now from this strange no man's land between Halloween and Election Day, it strikes me that the American media have perhaps had this episode in mind while covering the current round of violence in Israel. After a month of grotesque distortions in which the Palestinians have been accused of "waging war against Israel" (despite a death toll that stands, as of this writing, at 168 Palestinians to five Israelis) various editors have latched onto a sideline "internet war" that sprang up in late October, in which Islamic and Jewish websites were hacked and counter hacked. The story has been overreported with a quaint "at least they're not shooting each other" spin. My guess is that these defaced websites are probably closer to the cryptic gang graffiti one sees from the freeways in LA—incomprehensible to outsiders, orders of doom for those in the know.

Not to say there's no science fiction here. What will ever serve as a more potent symbol of technological superiority than the images of people fighting with rocks against automatic weapons? It might not be Cortes versus the Aztecs, but Israel's technological superiority over their internal and external Arab neighbors—in firepower, gadgets, intelligence—is nothing short of breathtaking. This is a country with less people than New York City that has been able to build, test and maintain a nuclear arsenal in almost complete secrecy. Among a string of ultra secret intelligence enclaves within the Israeli military, the Israeli CIA—Mossad—stands out in technological skill and audacity. When Syrian president Hafez Assad traveled to neighboring Jordan for a state funeral, Mossad agents secretly rerouted his toilet, stole the man's piss and shit, and ran a full analysis, correctly diagnosing him as terminal (he died 16 months later). Maxwell Smart couldn't have gotten away with that!

The big losers in this violence too new yet to be named—besides, you know, 168 dead Palestinians—are the champions of the New Economy. The Tel Aviv internet community runs a close second behind Silicon Valley in start-up e-companies. Israel's high tech sector, on an upward trajectory for most of the '90s, has been placed in dire peril with October's violence. According to globalist mythology, the New Economy should've been the miracle pill for recovering warzones. Ireland stuck to this script, and their internet-fueled development is surging (if you have a few minutes to kill in a train station or airport, flip through any current business magazine and you're bound to find an ad with three beaming, nubile ravers in shades inviting you to "catch the eBuzz in Ireland and profit"—a blond, pasty young chap, flanked by babes, stands in the back with one pant leg rolled up). Israel, with the most computer engineers per capita in the world, lucked into this boom partially because of the high tech, super aggressive culture of their compulsory military service. For most the '90s, the formula seemed to be working for them as well. Ten years ago their economy was heading for the rocks. But while "peace" reigned, high tech and accords saved the day for those Israelis of affluence.

Trickle-down technology was supposed to satisfy the Palestinians. When the Palestinian Authority was awarded a coveted ".pl" internet suffix (the ".com" for nations) the story was packaged as evidence of the eMiracle uniting the holy lands. But what good is a national web address to a "nation" that doesn't yet exist, whose chief technological triumph was the construction of one cinderblock airport? The "Good" Palestinians were to be taught basic web coding, although the majority of Israel's software engineers are still imported from India. Israel celebrated its own technological mastery by updating the Apartheid era internal identity checkpoints with a new "biometric" ID system. Now local Arabs can shave fifteen minutes off their daily commute from Gaza to West Bank by submitting to fingerprint or iris identification. Imagine living in Cleveland and having to pass through a security check *and* retinal scan before you could visit your ailing grammy in Cincinnati, and you start to get the picture. The triumph of the Oslo accords was partially the triumph of the new economy, the cracking open of new markets. Peace, Israelis were told, would mean duty free malls and Indian-reservation style casinos along Gaza's Mediterranean shores. These days US high tech companies with Israel branches are wondering aloud if they should start packing those staff members off to Dublin.

Writing from early November, it looks like Israel's high tech hopes have been dragged down the loo with the peace process. Neither were of much use to the Palestinians. What they need is the same type of international mass movement that sprouted against South Africa in the 1980s. But the particulars are much more complicated this time around. The Palestinian leadership is a big part of the problem. Of course there is little technological development in Arafat's invisible nation when only two percent of their public budget makes it through the sieve of rot that is PLO leadership. Arafat has stolen $400 million from his own dirt poor constituents. His corruption and tyranny take their cue from general middle eastern political culture. Jordan is a tightly managed monarchy and Egypt is hostage to its own Islamic Pat Robertsons. And for as much as I condemn the burgling of the man's turds, Syrian leader Hafez Assad was by all accounts a homicidal brute (he made his name in 1982 by wiping out 30,000 civilians in one sitting). The US supported or turned a blind eye to this lack of political development for decades because that's what Cold War logic demanded. These days the conspicuous absence of democracy in the non-Israeli middle east is written off as a "cultural difference," as if the entirety of the Arab world were one homogenous, unripe biomass, not yet mature enough for democracy. Israel uses this inconvenient political reality for its own propaganda, claiming (sometimes accurately) that Arabs have it better under their roof than in any other bordering nation. Marty Peretz—*New Republic* editor and best buddy of the vice president—recently described Arabs as "societies that cannot make a brick, let alone a microchip." Of course the Americans are offered slim reasons to pony up the cash or political will to level this playing field. For the last twenty years, Hollywood Arabs have been either dagger wielding terrorists out to blow up Arnold Schwartzenegger or bumbling, camel-cuddling buffoons out to stymie Brendan Frasier. Who'd want to invest in that?

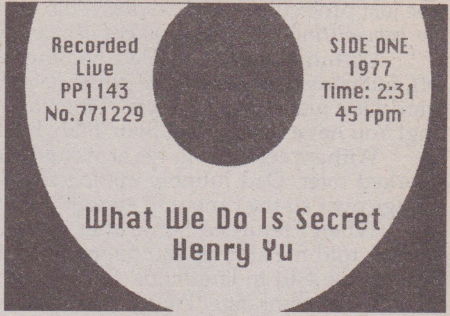


Are All Men Bastards?

Well, for better or for worse, here we go. In the past few weeks a varied array of women friends on two continents have written me to state that 99 percent of men are bastards. One dropped to 95 percent, but all three really wanted to share how men really suck. How they are cold bastards, sexist slime, and truly fucked-up assholes. The percentages are high or higher than I want to believe, but I'm pretty much aware that many men are selfish and egotistical and have no problem doing the hump and dump, whether after a one-nighter or after 25 years of marriage. This is true and it does suck, but I swear girls, women aren't all caring saints, and there is a kind of double standard, women's prerogative thing going on. It's all okay by me. This is not earth shattering. Camille Paglia talks about stuff like this all the time, and that women can't expect to have it both ways without getting called on it. Feminism and women's and girl's stuff can be worked out amongst yourselves without my three cents. Truly.

What I want to delve into is the other side of the coin. What Chris Rock talks about in one of his skits, that 90 percent of women want to sleep with ten percent of the men. It's true. The Paul Newmans, Robert Redfords, Tom Cruises, Brad Pitts, Will Smiths, Mick Jaggers, Bon Jovis, Axl Roses, Leonardo DiCaprios, Freddy Prinze Jrs, Kid Rocks, and those N Sync-kind of dudes make out big time, while the other ninety percent of guys wait around praying for their lucky day. This is not ground-breaking news, nor is it a male call to arms or any of that crap. I just have to get it out there when my female friends sound off to me on the piggishness and loutishness of males.

What I want to say is that females help shape our behaviors, whether it's in our mother-son relationships or just standing around watching the alpha males get hit on and get more than their share. Guys snap watching Sean Connery be James Bond. They snap watching Motley Crue and Poison get supermodels and Heather Locklear. So women, realize it now if you don't know it. Guys sometimes go years without making love. They try to flirt, they wait and hope, quite often to no avail. These guys aren't sexist pigs. They are lonely dudes without that special aura, rock star swagger, or twinkly Mark McConnaugh charm. They are the ones standing at the back of the shows, who do shitwork at your favorite zines, and are told dozens of times how they are liked like a friend and that is all. I've lived through all this myself. Until I was 25 I only had sex with a few females a few times. In those years I prayed for it, I begged for it, fell in love for it, and even occasionally got it. I always appreciated it a hell of a fucking lot. Then at the age of 26, with MDC's rise to attention in punk rock, my stock went way up. All of a sudden little cuties were shagging me backstage before the show, under the stage during the show, and even on the stage after the show. It was unreal (and very ego building). I'd like to think my years of sexual poverty made me try to act like a gentleman, to appreciate it. But to be honest I wasn't perfect. At times I was insincere and I knew I was getting over. I forgot names of people I slept with. Sometimes I knew two or more love interests were gonna be at the same show. I ducked people, got caught at it. I brought V.D. home to my girlfriend after a tour. All that crap. And here I am on the other end of things, over 40, not so many tours, and things have certainly slowed down again. Nobody comes on to you when you're teaching, not the way they did for you when you were headlining the US. So what does all this mean? I think it's a plea for the little guy out there that is quite neglected. I think for women who are seeking a real relationship, there are some good male souls out there. They may not look like Keanu Reeves or the singer from the Goo Goo Dolls, but they are out there and hungry for a real relationship. Take a chance, break the mold, discover males who aren't so jaded. I hope Solstice finds you warm and under some mistletoe with a warm, deserving special someone. ...Mdcops@hotmail.com or Dave Dictor PO BOX 142, Glen Cove, NY, 11542



Hyped2Death

(This month's column is a bit abbreviated 'cos it's deadline time and I'm still here in Austin, TX the day after Ryan Richardson's wedding, nursing the obligatory hangover and musing over the prev night's proceedings, spent muchly in the company of a handfulla high profile record scum, various Austin riff raff and a bevy of beautiful gals. It was a genuine hoot. But getting right into the nitty-gritty, I devote this ish as a brief foray into the brave new world known as **Hyped2Death**).

While most of us collector scum (tykes *and* geezers alike) are *students* of Punk and New Wave (myself included), at least one, by my reckoning, can rightfully claim *professor* status. That man is **Chuck Warner**. What sets da man apart from us mere mortals? Not the fact that he is a Yalie and a minister, tho those're pretty unique qualifications in our circle. Chuck's a *professor* of Punk and New Wave because he's been around longer than most (as his hairline'd testify to), spent more of that time amassing a shitload-and-I-mean-shitload of records of the genre, spent more of that time listening to said shitload, has the brain capacity to retain said shitload, has got a god-given-ear for "talent" in the genre (in a microcosm defined by a "so-bad-it's-good" aesthetic), and has done heaps-o-post-doctoral-level-research in tying together regional scenes and forming family trees. But ass-kissing aside, Chuck's the proud papa of a project (er, obsession) called **HYPED2DEATH.**

What is **HYPED2DEATH**? Well, a lot can be gathered from Chuck's web site, which I urge you to check out pronto (www.hyped2death.com). I don't wanna rehash its contents, but for the sake of enlightening you shmoes without internet access, I'll devote a coupla paragraphs to eloquently explain the gestalt of the shebang.

First, the prequel. Eons ago, in order to help him peddle totally obscure who-the-fuck-are-they records off of his dizzying sale lists, Chuck put together an informal set of mix tapes of some of these records as a listen-before-you-buy sales vehicle. However, after watching countless-and-increasingly-meaningless punk compilations (Killed by Death, Bloodstains, etc) dribble by purposelessly, except to fund-one's-latest-record-purchases, Chuck's most recent logical step has been to leapfrog the throngs and legitimize these tapes. Towards this effort, Chuck has created the **Hyped2Death** label.

The **Hyped2Death** label is an umbrella for several series of comps that cover different genres and geographies. The **Hyped To Death** series compiles North American punk and its close kin (pop-punk, art-punk, etc); **Bad Teeth** is its UK kissin' cousin. **Homework** is North American DIY ("Do It Yourself"). DIY is an aesthetic defined by the hopelessly outré, including defiantly uncommercial songs, charmingly untalented/not-ready-for-prime-time-and-likely-never-will bands, songs that coulda been hits had they not sounded like they were produced either under water or filtered thru a vacuum cleaner, or some combo thereof. **Messthetics** is its UK equiv. Finally, **Teenline** compiles power pop of the whitest bread variety, with a twinkle of twee. Several other series are currently in various stages of pre-production.

What sets the Hyped2Death label apart from its lowly predecessors? Let us count thy innovations, which are bountiful.

First, despite their bootleg nature, the comps are as above ground as they possibly can be. www.hyped2death.com is manifestly authored and compiled by Chuck, whereas other comps don't dare to betray their compiler's name ('cept for the Back-To-Fronts by Peter P.). The web site is friendly to the bands that it plunders.

Bands can sign in to the web site and, as a lo-fi royalty payment, get free copies of the comp that their song is on. On the other hand, they have the option to remove their song from future incarnations of a comp. They can add a link to their own web site should they have one.

Second, the web site has the liner notes and track listings of all the bands on the comps. If liner notes get updated, they're a print command away. Some comps, such as **Messthetics**, have already been "released", yet their liner notes are not yet done! Accessibility from the web site enables this early release deal. While Killed By Death liner notes ranged from Johan's broken english (and too many "I don't know anything about this mystery band"-isms) to the pseudo broken english (hilariously aping Johan) of his fellow bootleggers (adding more humor and more knowledge), **Hyped2Death** liner notes are a big leap forward, discussing bands regionally and with heaps of family tree and scene info.

Third, while preceding comps have decreed '77-'82 (some later comps have sacrilegiously slid the backend out to '83) as the hallowed era of all things most collectible and cool, the **Hyped2Death** comps have unapologetically bucked the trend and included tracks that were released as late as '89, simply because they seem to have tunneled thru the college radio and MTV miasma, and come out smelling like roses (rather than Teen Spirit), dripping in full time-warped splendor.

Fourth, older comps have sported a haphazard sampling of tracks. **Hyped2Death** comps, since they originally accompanied Chuck's alphabetized catalogs, are also assembled alphabetically. Tho tracks on a specific comp are not alphabetized, the comp itself covers a portion of the alphabet ("R-Z" for examp). Oddly, Chuck began the series with the letter R and is working his way back to the beginning of the alphabet after hitting Z. Presumably this is a historical quirk in how his comps originated.

I also might add that Chuck's comps tread lightly where others have tread before; i.e., rather than act a wholesale replacement for any comps of yore, these comps are truly complementary to your current collection. In some ways I'd rather have one definitive set of comps rather than the slipshod happenstance that currently exists today, but at least this is unobtrusive and doesn't kill any prior investment made in comps.

As I have focused on the GOOD of **Hyped2Death**, which are indeed plentiful, I should touch a bit on the BAD and the UGLY.

The BAD mainly consists of some filing errors in the comps, which can vex the anal. For instance, a comp billed as tracks off of 45's might contain an LP track or two on it. Conversely, a comp billed as LP tracks might contain a 45 track. I've noticed at least one instance in which a record sleeve was reprinted on the cover of a comp which did not contain any tracks from that record. Invariably, these are either historical quirks or oversights in production and to most of us, mere annoyances rather than major problems. Certainly the starting of the series with the letter "R" rather than at the beginning of the alphabet is one of these!

The UGLY is really what might vex the purist. **Hyped To Death #1** begins with MIKE REP AND THE QUOTAS' "Rocket To Nowhere", which is mighty cool, but it is an edited version from the record. Furthermore, it was re-EQ-ed and digitally cleaned up to be more "listenable". There are other "edited" tracks on some of the other comps and Chuck makes no apologies for this, and views the magic of the digital era as a godsend to this noise: he is the final arbiter of good taste.

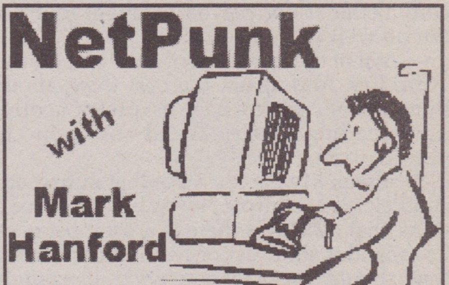
As a sometimes skinny dipper into both purist and anal waters, I find the BAD and the UGLY aspects of the **Hyped2Death** comps to be eminently tolerable, and don't leave me wanting to wash my hands so many times my skin falls off.

Lastly and most importantly, let's get to the music. I gotta say wholeheartedly that there are a great many worthwhile tracks on all of the comps, and there are a criminally large number of records in there that I hadn't heard during 15 years of collecting. **Hyped To Death** really cuts a wide swath thru the punk canon, from art-punk to pop punk to punk-wave (to use but a few of Chuck's own extensive and widely imitated jargon). Certainly it transcends the more narrowly focused Killed By Death sound. And despite its non-punk leanings, I find **Homework** to be the most interesting series of the bunch, a lasso around the oddball recordings of the era and surely a sign that, as one **Homework** band the TWINKEYZ once sang, there's "Aliens in our Midst".

These series are a survey over the broken terrain of Punk and New Wave's early years. It cannot represent a definitive "collection" by any means simply because many of these obscurities may never have belonged together in the first place. The landscape pre-CMJ, pre-Spin, pre-MTV was dotted, with few records and fanzines and bands crossing the great divides of our nation. Copping the attitude was all it took. Active imaginations took it from there. I'd kill to get to the bottom of the true musical influences of all of these bands!

All of these comps will eventually be reviewed individually in our MRR review section, so be sure to check them out over the next coupla issues. I would recommend that you buy the whole shebang in one fell swoop, tho that'd set you back a coupla bills, which ain't typically financially feasible for many of you. In that case, I'd recommend that you methodically buy one or two at a time with the intention of owning all at some point. These comps can be ordered from Underground Medicine mail order (www.undergroundmedicine.com) or perhaps directly from Chuck hisself.

In the next ish I hope to publish the Collector Scum Year End Poll. Until then, love letters go to specialcharge@yahoo.com or to MRR: Attention Henry Yu. A parting shot is aimed at Keenan Lawler, the lamest eBay seller this side of Kentucky. Anyone with the balls to charge over $13 postage to mail one record a dozen states away deserves fudge. Spam him at Klaw@Konstant.com and tell him I sent ya. Over and out.



First things first... back in 1998 when Tim Yo died, I put up a memorial page for him at http://www.cruzio.com/~hanford/memorial/. Over 500 people have posted to that page in the last two-plus years, most talking about what *MRR* and Yohannon meant to them. Unfortunately, I made the mistake of asking everyone who made a comment for an e-mail address, which was posted on the comments page. Now, it seems that certain unscrupulous punk businesses have "farmed" those addresses, and are sending unsolicited e-mail to them. The biggest offender was Rotz Records, who are now on my shit list and will never be mentioned in this column again. I've taken the addresses offline to keep this from occurring again. Apologies to all that got junk mail.

I'm a sucker for free stuff. When I heard that Radio Shack was going to be giving away a free barcode scanner (you know, the same technology they use to scan your groceries) called the :CueCat I ran right out and picked one up. I assumed, correctly as it turns out, that once the hardware hackers got their hands on them, there would be a lot of interesting things happening. The makers of the :CueCat, Digital Convergence, have been issuing warning letters from lawyers to hackers saying that messing with the free hardware they are giving away, or writing software that talks to that hardware, is somehow breaking the law. Most of the hackers are giving the company the big middle finger they deserve.

So, go to your local Radio Shack and pick up a free :CueCat or two. Don't install the software that comes with the scanner — it allows Digital Convergence to track what you scan. Instead, head to some of the websites that follow.

The webpage on Dissecting the :CueCat at http://air-soldier.com/~cuecat/ is pretty interesting. Included at this site are pictures of how to take your cat apart and mess with the circuitry to disable or modify the tracking number. There is also a few links to other programs that will work with the scanner.

Another site with a tutorial on "How to Neuter your :Cat" by taking it apart and messing with the circuitry is http://cexx.org/cuecat.htm . This site also has a fairly good set of links, which includes one to Azalea QTools at http://www.azalea.com/QTools/ which has a program that will let you make your own barcodes. The implications of this are interesting. If I created a barcode with information (such as a web address) in it, I could stick it in this article and you could scan the barcode and end up on a page full of related links or whatever. Kinda cool, huh?

The final :CueCat site I'm going to mention is FlyingButtMonkeys (http://www.flyingbuttmonkeys.com) which is a repository for news and information on both the cat and the site owners legal hassles with Digital Convergence. Take a look.

In the past I've mentioned foreign websites that I checked out but couldn't get much of an impression of because I couldn't read the language. All that may be over now that I've discovered Babelfish by the internet portal Altavista. Check out http://babelfish.altavista.digital.com/ . This utility will translate a website to and from English, Spanish, French, German, Italian, and Portuguese. It actually doesn't do a great job, but it translates well enough that you can usually figure out what a webpage means.

You may have noticed that I've not mentioned one single punk rock website so far, so for the rest of the column that is all I will mention. I got e-mail from the guy at http://punkasfuck.com/. He's looking for geeky punks who know html, SQL, or PHP to help him build his website into a resource for the punk community. Give his site a look and give him a shout if you think you can help.

I ran across the website of the Virginia band Strike Anywhere (http://www.strikeanywhere.org/), probably due to a posting I read on the punk-list. This is your standard band website, with photos, a discography, upcoming shows, etc. The best part of the site is the free mp3 files, which are CD quality (which also means they are huge and take forever to download). Raging melodic punk / hardcore, better if not played through your shitty computer speakers, but oh well...

All of the same sort of stuff is at the website for the SoCal band Third Try. And again, the best thing about their site is the mp3's, though their photo page is pretty cool too. Spend a few hours downloading their brand of pop punk at http://www .thirdtry.com/ .

Break My Face is a site that at first appears devoid of content. A quick visit to http://www.breakmyface.com/ would lead you to think that all that is there is a want list of rare records, a handful of links, and a short list of historic punk bands. It is the list of bands that should provide you with interesting reading. Included are scans of rare records and bios of the bands in question. Also, be sure to visit the section on Dangerhouse records. Worthwhile.

Okay, I'm going to wrap up this month by mentioning some online radio shows. I've mentioned some of these before, but with more people getting faster modems and with increases in audio technology, these are worth mentioning again.

Antenna Internet Radio has made it to this column before, and with good reason. They put out new shows every week in a variety of styles. Worthy of note in this mag are Dirtnap Radio and Gift Wrapped Crap, both of which are punk shows, as well as Japan-O-Rama, which ranges from Japanese noise to pop, and Sonic Attack, which plays everything from old psychedelic to the Misfits. Get to the shows via http://antennaradio.com.

Another rocking radio show is RNR Punk Rock Radio at http://punkradio.cjb.net/. You'll hear stuff from Ramones, Templars, Quincy Punks, Antidote, Slaughter and the Dogs, and more — and that's just in one weeks worth of stuff. Their archives of old shows are up as well.

And finally, I might as well plug my own streaming music stuff at http://music.diehippiedie.com/~hanford/ where you'll find shit from my record collection including The Chiefs, Iron Cross, Jackshit, The Freeze, Decry, Shattered Faith, Wipers, and more. Enjoy.

Okay, that's gonna have to do it for this month. I've gotta go do some real work. Don't forget to check out these columns at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/ or send e-mail to me at netpunk@diehippiedie.com . Have fun with your :CueCat until next time around... See ya.

PIERRE LE PEW

by John S Ringhoff

Hi mother fuckers! I am the greatest man on the planet. You cannot argue this. Nobody is as special as I am. I have received numerous awards, medals, and trophies. Today I will be sharing my victories with you so you too can bask in the glow of ME.

I was born in Modesto, California, a town known for the bands the Meat Shits, Kid Guitar, and Grandaddy. When I was born a cow was slaughtered and fireworks went off in the sky to let the world know I was now on the planet. Much like Jesus Christ and Annikin Skywalker, I was born from immaculate conception. I didn't even have real parents. I was born out of a flower. That was the inspiration for that one lady who does the photographs of children dressed up like flowers except I was much cuter than any of those fucking babies in her pictures. God I hate babies. How could people think they're cute? For the shit of christ babies are NOT cute. They are ugly fat little monsters who will grow up to be those people who don't know how to walk and in crowded places will stop right in front of me in the sidewalk to look at something and will block my path. God damn them. Anyways the general public was then led in a single file line where they could pass me and witness me in my innocent babyhood and could leave offerings of cheese and salami which are my favorite foods. They also left money, beer, and pictures of Kate Winslett, things that I am very fond of.

I did not have a normal childhood because the king of Modesto did not want me to come in contact with the adle pated dimwit waterhead children of the town. So I was raised in a futuristic dome where I was taught about philosophy, karate, and mathematics. I never caught on to the mathematics part. I am terrible at numbers and would rather have people ripping me off and lose money than bother counting things. As a small boy I had my head shaved, wore robes and had the deep voice of a grown man. I could command orders, condemn people, wave my arms around and laugh. My favorite game as a child was called "I am fucking god and I will chose who will die now." This is how the game worked: I would be carried on a rickshaw and would be followed by a group of gladiators. I would cackle and point at someone I flew by and the gladiators would then decapitate them. Old, young, fat, skinny—I spared no one. I was Caligula reincarnated. I also bathed in the blood of virgins and ate dinner outside so I could watch the nightly impalings. Oh how I miss those days of childhood innocence. I soon grew from boy to man. At the age of ten I entered an academic decathalon and won. I then had sex with 10,000 women.

This is all I will share of my story for today. Next month you will hear the stories from my high school years. But I would like to also take this time to bring you up to date on the latest holiday albums that are being made this year! Oh boy! The holidays are here! Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and Hanukkah are right around the corner!! As per usual, all the popular bands are getting into the holiday spirit by releasing holiday albums! Who could forget such classics like The Jackson 5 *Christmas Album*, The NKOTB *Christmas Album*, and *Christmas At Luke's House* by Luke from 2 Live Crew? I know I sure didn't! Here's a sneak peek at what's coming out this year: *THE SPOOKY SOUNDS OF RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE!* Oh man, I cannot wait for this one! The political rock rappers from Los Angeles are putting out the creepiest, spookiest, bone chilling Halloween album next week. And it's probably their last album ever because I heard they broke up! The first half of the album will be guitarist Dan Morello making spooky noises with his guitar while Zack de la Rocha tells spooky stories that will be sure to keep you checking the closet for monsters every night before bed. The second half of the album is going to be spoken word by that Mumia guy. I don't know much about Mumia but I'll say this; I really don't know if he killed that cop or not but the important thing is that he should be back in Cuba with his father. Keeping a family separated like that can really mess a kid up.

THANKSGIVING WITH OLD DIRTY BASTARD: ODB from the Wu-Tang clan will be putting out a CD for this neglected time of year. Apparently there is no music on it, just him drinking a 40 and listing all the things he's thankful for. Here's a sample: "Um, shit man, yo I'm thankful fo my niggas, fo pussy, um bitches, shit man, did I say my niggas yet? Oh yeah, I can't forget about Burger King! BK! I'M THE ORIGINAL BLACK ASSHOLE EATER! HAPPY THANKSGIVING!" A VERY DANZIG CHRISTMAS: This album is the soundtrack to the animated kid's special to be aired on TV the week before Christmas. In the animated special Glenn Danzig travels back in time to witness the birth of the Christ child and learns that there's more to Christmas than popcorn and tinsel.

That's the end of my column. Send me something. John S Ringhoff 4446 Finley Ave #201 Los Angeles, CA 90027. Johnr@whiskyagogo.com

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

The CrimethInc. Center for Pretentious Revolutionary Epistemology

Do you ever spend a whole day without talking to another human being? Do you only talk to people who might entertain you? Do you avoid someone unless they have useful information for you? Do you ever spend a day without gathering information? Do you gather most of your information from human contact or from technology and machines? Do you predominantly make judgments based on information directly from other humans or on information mediated by technology? Do you ever try to find some quiet place where you just sit down and think? Do you ever distance yourself from your friends, families, and lovers to ponder things? Do you sift the information you gather and come to a decision when you are alone? How do you create your knowledge from judgments you make and based on information you gather?

How much does technology affect the way we use, gather, and process our information? The growth and change of human civilization is intertwined with the technology we use and the information we think is important. Yet today we stand at the cusp of a time where our interaction with technology and information threaten to extinguish our humanity. Instead of collecting information through technology to make judgments and decisions that connect us socially, we use our information to compete with each other, to sell in the marketplace, to expand regimes of knowledge and reinforce an apparatus of discipline that continues to separate us as living, feeling, loving beings.

In the past epochs of human history, knowledge was used to develop techniques and habits to help connect us socially and to better let us survive by manipulating a hostile world. Today our machines manipulate us, our information becomes a precious commodity, covered under property laws and subject to police violence, and we can no longer differentiate the ways knowledge and information serve to help us make judgments. We have even lost the will to decide, leaving it up to our machines, or becoming so paralyzed by the sheer mountain of information available that we could never hope to assimilate it all.

But somewhere in the past, we knew that knowledge, judgment, and information were different things. Today it is our use of machines that tells us differently. Formerly, we used knowledge to make judgments or decisions and to live our everyday lives. We collected information, holding it close to us, questioning whether it was truthful or not in order to one day perhaps change it through a judgment or a decision into some kind of knowledge. Today our information is mediated by the machine and the market. Any kind of autonomy we have in using information to connect us falls out as more and more our lives are filtered through computers, televisions, the media, and the cybernetic world where information and knowledge become commodities for exchange or tools of manipulation.

Before the hegemony of the machine age, decisions were made based on information created through human contact. For instance, someone tells you your partner is cheating on you. Or you discover evidence of ground pollution in an empty field next to your neighborhood. This is information. We use information to build our investigations, to add to an understanding of the situation. When we have collected enough information, we make some kind of active decision. You confront your partner, and they admit that they have been sleeping with someone else outside of your monogamous relationship. You share your information with other people in your neighborhood and you organize against the chemical factory nearby. You now have some kind of knowledge here: your partner is cheating, the chemical company is polluting. Yet what is the link between acquiring information and actively using knowledge? Isn't it the very decision to use your information to confront your partner or organize people against the chemical company that brings you this kind of knowledge?

We use information to make judgments. Now you have to decide whether you want to stay with your partner, change the relationship to a non-monogamous one, or break up. You have to decide whether you want to do something about the ground pollution or move out of the neighborhood. Making a decision or a judgment incurs costs. You might decide to never confront your partner or the chemical company because of the cost. When we weight the costs and benefits of acting on information, we make decisions and judgments. These decisions are based on our memories of a past set of outcomes of decisions we have made. If in the past your confrontations with other partners had healthy results, or your community organizing stopped polluters, the past set of outcomes will help to dictate what kind of decision you will now make.

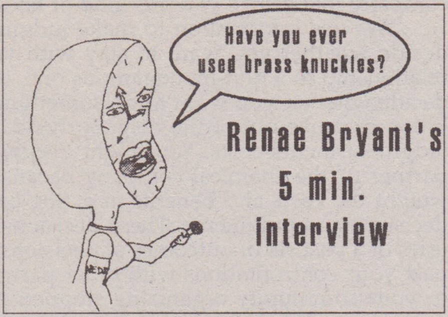
Thus, the accumulated set of decisions we make changes limited bits of information into active decisions. These sets of decisions help us acquire certain habits. You realize you weren't hurt that your partner slept around. You stay with them. You realize non-monogamy is a habit we acquire, just as monogamy is. You organize your neighborhood. You realize corporate malfeasance needs to be addressed. You develop habits to address the issue wherever you can. These habits then become a kind of knowledge to which our mind and body respond. Probably the reaction you had when you heard from your friend first about your partner cheating on you or when you first found out about the polluting is indicative of the kind of knowledge your body and mind already have about monogamy or corporate malfeasance.

What happens though when acquiring information begins to feed into our acquisitiveness as a capitalist culture? We no longer collect information for creating a set of habits that connect us socially and culturally to other humans. We collect information to trade and exchange. We collect and create information to sell. Information becomes a commodity thrown into the exchange of the market. Gradually we lose the power to use information to make decisions that affect our own lives. We are swamped with so much information that we don't know which bits of information will help us to make judgments, which pieces fit into our prior experiences. In fact, our prior experiences more and more involve technologically mediated information where our habits and our ability to make active decisions come to rely on a technical apparatus that has a life of its own. And indeed, it is a life apart from and outside of our lives as organic, active, decision-making beings.

We live in an age where information threatens to outstrip knowledge. Our civilization's capacity for processing information grows prodigiously every day. However, our body and minds' capacity to use information toward knowledge, to create habits and make decisions, to have an active part in living our lives, wanes. The growth of systems and technologies that process and create information thrive through technological advance. Machines live much of our lives today, our appetite for information surpassing our desires to live as connected, decision-making beings.

Rebel, you cyborg lovers, you information hounds, you collectors of useless, manipulative technologies. Develop your networks of information outside of the belly of the technical machine. Make judgments and decisions based upon the workings of your body in conjunction with and in conflict against other organic bodies. Revolutionary epistemology means developing ways of using information and knowledge that reconnect us as humans, rather than separate us through the workings of the market and the cog mechanisms, the virtual space of the technological world. Use your information to revolt, use your knowledge to make active decisions to fight the world around you that pacifies and paralyzes. Trade information as a gift, not a commodity. Know which information is useful to your decision-making abilities, know which is useless and tied to the world of machines. Know, judge and act, thus, we will regain our humanity and tear down the soulless mechanical heart of the machine age that threatens to obliterate the last vestiges of revolutionary epistemology. Remembering the days of yore when our connections as organic beings meant more than the machines that eventually came to dominate our lives, we will learn how to live and judge, to sift information and create active lives in which we pursue our desires, social change, and our perpetual happiness.

Supplied by the CrimethInc. Worker/Intellectual Think-Tank for Obscurity and Obfuscation, 118 Raritan Ave. Highland Park, NJ 08904. eboehme@eden.rutgers.edu


Have you ever used brass knuckles?
Renae Bryant's 5 min. interview

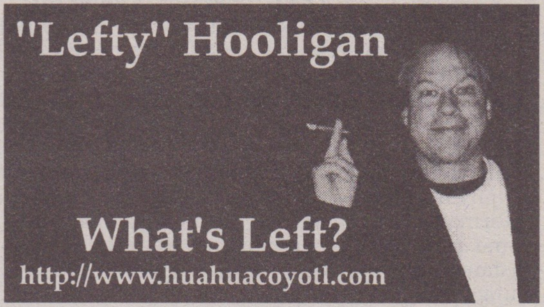
This column is going to be a rant on academia and how most of it is pure bullshit.

Way back in September I started the Master's Program in Education with an Administration emphasis that will also earn me my Tier 1 Administrative Credential. I decided to get a Master's for two reasons: 1) I want to leave my options for future career advancement open (just in case I want to be the California State Secretary of Education one day :), and 2) It is the only way to move up the salary schedule as an educator. The later could have more to do with the schooling choice than the prior. Now, I could have chosen a "fast track" Master's from a private university like National or Chapman, but out of pride or stupidity I chose to go back to the same UC. Now it is November and my life consists only of teaching children during the day, attending class (seminar), and reading after class and on the weekend. This quarter I took 14 units. I have three 20-25 page papers due and one ten page paper due. Life is extremely narrow in its focus. I even dumped the "best-friend/boyfriend" to concentrate on the task at hand.

Now don't get me wrong, everyone should get as much schooling as they can. I am not trying to discourage the academic route at all. I'm on it, so that would be hypocritical. I just can't believe the fucking rhetoric and intellectual posturing that goes on. It makes me want to puke. See, one of my courses is the history of education. I am one of only two graduate students in the course; the other 17 are Ph.D candidates. They definitely have this "I am the researcher, you are the practitioner" attitude. I love the reading for the class, but I can barely take the way the professor conducts the course. He doesn't lecture. He lets the Ph.D students ramble for days. He poses questions, lets everyone debate the answer, and never gives us an answer to the question he posed. Then the unforgivable happened. One of the cunt-rag Ph.D candidates asserted that she was having a "blonde moment." At that moment I really felt like giving her a blonde moment, free of charge, over my lap with a nice leather paddle. Fucking bitch.

(I promise I'm almost done complaining.) Anyway, I have been feeling really stressed and worried that maybe I won't cut it. That I don't "fit in." Then I had to remind myself that I never "fit in" at school. Whether it was junior or senior high, the junior college or the university...I was always the weird smart chick. So, I decided that I had something prove. When you have something to prove and a chip on your shoulder it just about gives you a certain advantage. That was proven last week. I had taken a essay midterm that lasted an hour and a half on one question. I had studied all day, trying to know as much as I could from the professor's text and supplemental readings. I went to class and wrote for the entire time allowed. Feeling confident, I turned the essay exam in. The following week the class met. He said he had graded the essays and would return them at the end of class. So after close to three hours he gave us a speech about what he had expected from the essays. I listened to him and thought, "Oh, shit I'm going to get a 'C' and he's going to tell me that I need to rethink my academic career." So, after a spell he picks the essays up and states, "and the golden halo goes to Renae Bryant who received the highest grade in the class." I felt like I had been crowned Miss America. I put my hand over my mouth, just like all the beauty queens do, and stood up to receive my paper. I couldn't even look at it. I could tell by the looks on my peers' faces they were just as shocked as I was. It seemed that having a blonde moment wasn't as bad as they thought.

Sorry for the academic anecdotes, I'll try to refrain in future columns from complaining as much. School has kept me from seeing as many shows as I'd like to. I'm lagging on my zine and four-band-split project but plan to use December and January (break time) to tie up loose ends. I am also trying out for a band this week. Two of the guys from Tongue, one ex-Angry Samoans guitarist and one ex-Circle One guitarist make up the band so far. I don't know any of them that well so we'll see what happens. I miss singing and writing (lyrically). I'm missing being an active member of the punk scene too. As usual you can reach me at webmistress@ontherag.net and po box 251 Norco, CA 92860-0251. Thanks to those that contact me. One positive comment can usually keep my spirits up for at least a year. I know that my active/semi-active participation in this scene is making a difference to someone.



Welcome to the 21st century.

Yep, I'm one of those people who believe that the new century and the third millennium began on January 1, 2001. I'm well aware of the arbitrariness of chronological dating, of Jesus probably being born in 4 bce, of the changeover from Julian to Gregorian calendars, and of the overhyped Y2K bug lending January 1, 2000 an especially apocalyptic dimension. Given that we use the calendar we do and that there was no "year zero" however, the first day of this month is properly the start of the 21st century.

I admit I'm quibbling over details here. There's no cosmic "end of the world" or "beginning of a new age" scenario involved in my belief. In the disagreement between the popular notion that the common era's new century and third millennium began last year and the view held by more scientifically oriented folks like Arthur C. Clarke that it began this year, I side with the latter is all. New years in general inspire individuals to make life changing resolutions that they rarely keep, and a new millennium tends to compound this practice. I don't make new year's resolutions, though I do have a couple of fantasies I'd like to see play out in this new century.

The first is a personal one. In the next five years, I'd like to find a way to stop working for somebody else and to devote my time solely to writing. I've always resented having to work for a boss eight hours a day five days a week just to survive. I notice this horrible waste of my time and energy in wage labor much more, now that I'm trying to do the final rewrite on my second book while keeping down a full time job. Simply trying to balance this rewrite with all my other writing projects, to include this column, demonstrates to me how little free time I have, thanks to capitalism. And I'm not even factoring in a social life. Finishing the rewrite and actually publishing my second book is only the beginning of this project. Permanently reclaiming my time and labor from the back breaking, spirit crushing, soul destroying exploitation of wage slavery is my top personal priority.

My second fantasy has to do with politics. Last column I discussed my ambiguity as to whether to consider myself part of the Left, or to see the Left as the left-wing of capitalism and encourage radical elements to abandon the Left for a new revolutionary movement. Putting aside the debate about developing such a movement inside or outside of the Left, I would hope that a new revolutionary movement could emerge in this new millennium.

I wouldn't be "Lefty" Hooligan of course if I didn't have a basic sense of how this can be done, starting with consciously facilitating common practice and theoretical cross pollenization between a variety of radical currents. I include anarchism, council communism, libertarian Marxism and autonomism, as well as certain forms of democratic socialism and decentralized syndicalism in this process. I exclude the variety of left and post Trotskyist and Maoist tendencies, about which some folks sympathetic to this approach might take issue. I consider it essential that any overarching theoretical framework for a new revolutionary movement grow out of shared practice, and not the other way around. And finally, I think that this process, in order to succeed, must take into account the failed success (or the successful failure) of "real existing socialism," both Leninist and social democratic, not to mention those forms of historical socialist practice outside of these two main orthodoxies, such as cooperativism and communalism.

Quite a daunting task. A number of recent attempts along these lines can be cited, among them the discussions that followed the breakup of England's Class War Federation, and the Radical Chains project, in particular the essays "Escaping the 20th Century" and "Beyond Kronstadt-The Bolsheviks in Power" which can be found on the web (start from http://www.hre.wmin.ac.uk/guest/radical/RC-INTRO.HTM). In my view, this is the only worthwhile direction for revolutionary socialism to take in the 21st century.

No doubt paleo-Leftists will consider my proposals the delusions of a middle class dilettante playing at revolution. Not quite accurate as to the class I'm afraid. I've been a wage slave all my working life, when I wasn't consciously trying to avoid work altogether. It's been only in the last nine months I've earned a wage that would make me comfortably "lower middle class," perhaps even "middle class" by the sociology taught in American colleges and universities. Still working class by Marxist standards, and that's without citing the *new working class* theories of Mallet, Gorz, Aronowitz, *et al.* It's best not to confuse these troglodytic Leftoids.

For these grim types, a true revolutionary is born of poverty, misery and fear, and filled with anger, hatred and rage. It does no good to argue with them that most of their revolutionary idols—from V.I. Lenin through Fidel Castro to Ho Chi Minh—came not from "the oppressed of the oppressed," but from the middle and upper classes. This issue of motivation is crucial, for while I often regard Ernesto "Che" Guevara as the perfect left-wing fascist with his admiration for Peron and his Stalinist practice, I do think he hit the nail on the head when he said: "the true revolutionary is guided by feelings of great love." During the heady days of May/June, 1968 in France, Daniel Cohn-Bendit remarked that the only reason to be a revolutionary is because it's a better way to live. We'll need to reconstitute revolutionary motivation as well if we ever hope to transcend the shambles made of socialism in the 20th century through the realization of various 19th century socialist ideologies.

Ralph Nader's upset showing in the November elections was a pleasant prelude to the 21st century, especially because of how it lost Al Gore the election, thoroughly pissed off the Democrats and precipitated a national electoral stalemate. Now my ultraleft comrades will pillory me for having anything positive to say about electoral politics or *bourgeois* democracy. Yes, I did take fifteen minutes out of one day in November last year to vote for Ralph Nader, but I did it without any illusion that third party politics can salvage America's two-party faux democracy or that elections really, substantially change anything. I enjoyed Nader's campaign for the monkey-wrench factor it offered; for the spanner Ralph threw into the works of the Democratic Party in particular and the electoral process in general. For the first time since I was old enough to vote, I've been utterly and completely entertained by the consequences of my miniscule contribution to the electoral process. I only wish Pat Buchanan had done the same with the Republican Party.

Certainly Nader played the spoiler. A tiny bit of the pleasure in casting my ballot for old Ralph came from imagining the likes of Larry Livermore wringing their hands and angrily cursing the likes of me for wasting our vote and electing Bush. Of course, in California, a vote for Nader didn't much matter. But in many crucial states, the Nader vote percentage would have thrown the election to Gore, had it gone to him. And while all of this is irrefutable, in the final analysis it wasn't Nader who cost Gore the election. It was Gore who did a damn good job scuttling his own campaign. Initially running double digits ahead of Bush in the polls in many areas, and during a boom economy nationwide no less, Gore plummeted to neck-and-neck so fast, even his die hard supporters should have gotten vertigo. Most of that went to Bush by the way, not to Nader.

Woodward and Bernstein brought down President Nixon by publishing a series of newspaper stories that initiated the Watergate Scandal. Yet neither the press nor Congress caused the destruction of Nixon's presidency. Nixon's own criminal behavior accomplished that. Similarly, Nader brought Gore's presidential campaign up short. Yet had Gore not been such a remote, robotic, born again corporate suckup, 3% of those of us who voted last November wouldn't have cast our ballots for someone with even fewer social skills than Al Gore.

The Greens didn't get their 5%, and so won't be eligible for Federal funding next election, which might be just as well. When a third party manages to get Federal funding, there's a general "dive for the money" to quote Alexander Cockburn. Witness the fate of the Reform Party torn apart by Pat Buchanan's pyrrhic coup. I'm not entirely convinced that Pat's negligible showing in the polls was all due to his public gutting of the Reform Party however. I wouldn't be surprised to find out Buchanan came to a silent understanding with the Republicans not to seriously challenge Bush's campaign. For those honestly concerned with the negative effects of a Bush presidency, remember there's virtually a tie between the two parties in the House and Senate, with the Republicans barely retaining their control of both. If Congress operates at all, it will have to compromise so heavily that any legislation that does pass will be diluted bipartisan drek. In turn, the Supreme Court argument has been answered, again by Alexander Cockburn; to wit, there's really no way to tell the politics of a Supreme Court judge from the politics of the president who appointed said judge. And Bush, having won by the slimmest possible margin in the electoral college and actually losing the popular vote, is hamstrung by the lack of a popular mandate. Finally, and perhaps the most important point in this quickie electoral analysis as we enter the 21st century and the third millennium, even with a "peoples candidate" running over half the people in this country eligible to vote didn't bother.

I'm writing this commentary in the midst of the electoral deadlock that is seeing the presidency being decided by court challenges and vote recounts. Bush appears to have the electoral edge as of this moment, and I prefer to take a "worst case scenario" with regard to the final outcome. But while I write this commentary from the perspective of a Bush win, this country still doesn't have a president elect. Because of the production schedule imposed on MRR by our distributor, this column for the January issue has a deadline of the first or second week in November so that the magazine can be printed and distributed by the first two weeks of December in order to be on newsstands and in stores by January 1. If I'm wrong in print by then, you can read the corrected column on my website at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. Believe me, I didn't change much.

Another thing I did just before this millennium's new year was take a hundred dollars in five dollar bills and walk along San Francisco's Market Street handing the money out to down-and-out street people along the way. I can imagine alt-reactionaries like Larry Livermore and Jeff Bale berating me for being such a bleeding heart and for encouraging folks who won't work to remain unemployed. Considering that something less than 20% of every dollar given to charity actually makes it down to the people who need it, I decided to cut out the bureaucratic middleman. "They won't buy food or pay rent with the money," I can hear those arthritic punk pundits say. "They'll just buy drugs and get wasted." To which I counter, so what? Because I can afford sixty dollars for an eighth of good grass, I have the privilege of occasionally escaping reality and those street people can't. If anything, their reality is much harsher than mine and so I don't begrudge them spending my handout on a fifth or two of rot gut wine or a couple of forties of cheap malt liquor.

My reasons for dispensing this personal charity start with the fact that I once was homeless myself. From 1979 to 1981 in San Diego I went on a two and a half year drinking binge during which I dropped out of graduate school, remained too drunk to keep a job, lost a place to live and alienated most of my friends. I won't bore you with the personal problems that lead to me staying drunk from the time I woke until I fell asleep or passed out each day during that period of my life. Suffice it to say that getting off the street and back on my feet had little to do with pulling myself up by my own bootstraps and a lot to do with the help and generosity of the few good friends who didn't abandon me during my drinking binge.

Since I personally loathe work, I really have no problem in encouraging others not to submit to it. I completely identify with the sentiment behind the old Yippie! demand of "full unemployment for all," and that even older Wobblie song "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." Actually, I wouldn't wish wage slavery on my worst enemy, but I can be reasonable. If I can't have the abolition of wage labor, I'll settle for a guaranteed annual income for everyone.

I also managed to finish my website in time for the next century and the new millennium. The Amoeba Collective built the first basic page, which was posted by October 1 of last year. I was able to fool around with the html coding and construct the multipage website you now have access to at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. It's got the "lost" column, my current column, a column archive, and select radical links. I post my latest column on the month it appears on the newsstands in *MRR*, so there's no real advantage to checking out the website early.

Originally, I intended to use the website to publish a column I didn't run in *MRR*. Not because *MRR* censored it, but because the magazine probably would have suffered endless grief from our distributor, who might have refused to sell the issue. I'm talking about the "lost" column, which you can read on the web. Within a month of posting that original one page diatribe, the site quickly evolved into a repository of Hooliganalia. I tinker with it all the time, and I'm generally impressed with the web's ability to post and store my propaganda. It's there as long as the bills are paid, and then it's a matter of how persistent I can be advertising my site. Like four times in one column.

Rock'n'roll is almost fifty years old at the beginning of the 21st century and the common era's third millennium. Rock's bastard child punk is around twenty-five. Rock began when rhythm and blues, and country and western music moved to the city and cross fertilized. Punk rock began as a back-to-basics reaction to how overproduced and uninspired rock had become by the middle of the 1970's. I'm a little older than rock'n'roll, and most kids who call themselves punks these days weren't even born when the Ramones and the Sex Pistols vied for the dubious distinction of having started punk rock.

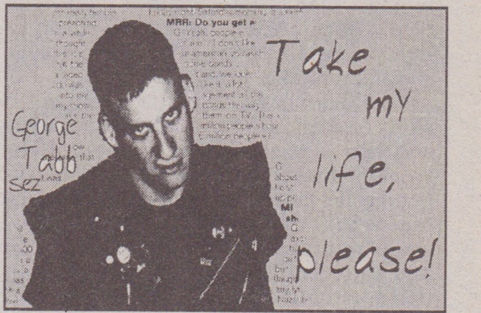
No, I'm not about to declare either punk rock or rock'n'roll dead, or even seriously ill. Perhaps in eventual danger of becoming an insular, incestuous musical ghetto after it has exhausted its commercial potential in the case of punk rock, but that's another matter. Punk might even have one or two more DIY mini-revivals left in it before it inevitably becomes a musical backwater. There are plenty of tiny self-perpetuating, self-involved musical subcultures out there. There are even kids who still become Dead Heads for fuck's sake, well after a wasted Garcia's long overdue death and his fossil band's past due demise. There's no reason punk rock can't continue for decades to come as an isolated, inbred musical enclave, much like Dixieland jazz or psychedelic rock or Broadway musicals. And just as people continue to enthusiastically form barbershop quartets or Gregorian chant choruses or swing bands, there will be kids in the 21st century who will eagerly band together to play basic, aggressive, three-chord rock'n'roll while rabidly insisting "punk's not dead."

Even though I acknowledge that punk rock revitalized both rock'n'roll in general and my interest in rock music in particular, my identity is not wedded to punk rock, nor is my life dependent on punk's continued existence. Of course I write for that punk rock bible *Maximum Rock'n'roll*. But I actually have quite eclectic musical tastes; enjoying select ska, reggae and hip-hop within the rather nebulous category of popular music, while making frequent forays into classical, jazz, even gospel music. In turn, my broad musical preferences are an apt metaphor for my equally catholic political beliefs. Whereas "Lefty" Hooligan is my vehicle for a type of Marxism that usually adheres to a left communist line, I draw my politics from wider sources, to include left anarchism, syndicalism, democratic and libertarian socialism, autonomism. and libertarian Marxism.

I'm an ultraleft columnist for a punk rock 'zine whose musical tastes are not limited to punk and whose political beliefs transcend rigid left communism. This basic tension, some would call it a contradiction, will continue to find expression in this column into the 21st century and the common era's third millennium. I'm the first to admit that moving between a sectarian ultraleftism and narrow punk aesthetic on the one hand and a more inclusive socialism and catholic musical appreciation on the other hand produces inconsistencies and confusion. Gertrude Stein's remark that "consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds" doesn't go far enough. Inconsistency, contradiction and paradox are fundamental to human existence.

It's November 16, 2000 as I sit here contemplating the upcoming new year. It's the day I lay out the columns section for *MRR* #212 and my last chance to sneak in a final word on the electoral furor through which we're still living. For all I know, Gore might be president by my next column. It's remotely possible, depending on how the recount in Palm Beach County and the various Democratic Party and voter initiated lawsuits in Florida turn out. Considering the end-of-the-year changes, uncertainty and chaos that shook up everything from this magazine's distributor to this country's presidential elections, maybe there is something apocalyptic to the turn of the century and millennium after all.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book. *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com.



A few years back I'm lying on my side, with my pants below my knees, and I feel the cold white paper that's on the table against my skin.

"Just relax," says Dr. Hurle, "this won't hurt a bit."

But I know it will. It does every time he does it. Every time he puts on that rubber glove, lubes himself up with K-Y, and sticks his forefinger up my ass. I try to relax, but the thought of a finger up my butt makes me uncomfortable. Especially the finger of a fifty-something year old man.

"George," says the Doctor, "relax, if you don't, I won't be able to get up there."

I try to relax my asshole enough so that he can stick his finger up there. He tries to get in there a couple of times, and finally has to use some more lube.

"Ouch," I exclaim, "that fucking hurts!"

"Sorry," Dr. Hurle kinda of mumbles, and starts to poke his finger around the inside of my small intestines. I moan in agony, and swear at him pretty loudly.

"I'm almost done," he says, and then feels around for my prostate. Just like I knew he would. He finds it, and starts to touch it. I scream loud, and he asks me if it hurts. I tell him "yes." He tells me it is inflamed, something I already figured, and then he removes his finger. Slowly. As he pulls it out, I feel like I am having a bowel movement right in front of him. I feel humiliated.

"Here's something to wipe up with." says Dr. Hurle, as he hands me a wad of tissue. I wipe myself and hand him back the wad. He looks at it, and me, and then throws it into a garbage can with the "bio-hazard" logo thing on it.

"Well, George," starts Dr. Hurle, and I know what he is gonna say next. He's gonna tell me I have an enlarged prostate, and to quit drinking so much, and fuck more often. "You have an enlarged prostate. You should really consider consuming less alcohol, and you should strive for an active sexual life."

I just look at him. He tells me the same thing every time. And every time I say I'll do what he says, but then, don't. I mean, hell, less drinking, more sex? I wish. And if I was having all that sex that he wanted me to have, then I don't think I'd drink so much. But, well, since during that time in my life, I wasn't having a lot of sex, with other people, anyway, I drank a lot. It was kind of like the chicken and the egg. Cause versus symptom. My penis versus a beer.

I start to pull up my pants, and then remember I forgot to ask Dr. Hurle about one thing.

"Umm," I stutter, "Dr. Hurle? Can you look at my, um, err, penis, there may be something wrong with it." There was, but I didn't want to tell him. There was something really wrong. It was all red and sore, and was a bit bloody, up near the head of the damn thing. But you really couldn't see it when it was shrunk up in fear from a finger up the old ass.

"What seems to be the problem?" asks Dr. Hurle, and I see in his eyes from behind his wire frame glasses that he really doesn't want to play with my penis today.

"I don't know, you should look at it. I don't know what's wrong with it. It just hurts."

Dr. Hurle sighs, and then begins to examine my pecker. At first he feels my testicles, weighs them in his hands or something. Then he pulls on the head of my penis, and he sees the sore on the top of the shaft.

"Holy Cow! Dr. Hurle exclaims. He's old fashioned like that.

"What?" I say, looking at him in his white doctor jacket, with stethoscope around his neck. I look at him, and feel my heart begin to race. He's nervous.

"George. You have Herpes. And from what I can tell, this is a very severe case."

I start to swallow quickly, and get very nervous. He releases my penis, and tells me to pull up my pants. I sit up on the table, and do so.

"George, I have never seen a case of Herpes like this," says Dr. Hurle, "I want you to go see a specialist. Dr. Rector. He's a urologist. He'll know what to do."

"That's it?" I say to him as he starts to leave the room.

"Yes. Go see Dr. Rector. I'll give the information to the nurse up front. I'm so sorry for you. Remember, don't drink so much, and have a more active sex life."

I look at him as he says that, and he quickly excuses himself and tells me to have a nice day.

That night at home, I'm eating dinner with my mom and stepdad, Nick.

"So George, what did Dr. Hurle have to say today at your physical?" my mom asks me as I eat my hamburger on a roll with lettuce, tomato, and mayonnaise.

"That I'm totally fine," I lie to her.

"How's your prostate? Still enlarged?" she asks. I hate when my mom asks about my prostate.

"Yeah, still enlarged, and, umm, there is something else."

Suddenly my mom gets that look of panic in her eyes. Like when I fell off my tricycle when I was three. Or when I took my guitar on stage, and hit some jerk in the face who kept undoing my shoelaces.

"What? What's wrong?" she demanded. And I could see she was almost near tears. Moms.

"Nothing," I say, "nothing really, only I have, umm, errr..."

"What, George?" says Nick, trying to make me say it so my Mom doesn't have a heart attack waiting for me to sputter out that I have Herpes. The Big H. V.D.

"Well," I begin, "Dr. Hurle says I have Herpes. I don't.."

Suddenly my mom is in tears. And Nick is staring at me, in shock. I don't know what to say, so I just try to comfort them both.

"It's no big deal. It's only Herpes. It'll go away. Really."

My mom stops sobbing enough to say, "George, my son, has Herpes. I have a child with Herpes. My God."

I feel awful, and want to go home and crawl under my bed and hide.

"George, what did Dr. Hurle say?" asks Nick, trying to be the logical, sensible, and a know-it-all, as usual.

"Well," I start, "he says I have a terrible case of Herpes, and to go see Dr. Rector."

"My son has Herpes," sobs my mom, "now he'll have to advertise in the back of the *Voice*: 'SWM with Herpes seeks SWF'", and with that, she starts to cry some more.

I guess Herpes was a big deal back then.

I try to comfort her and tell her it's nothing, but she won't listen to me. Finally Nick calms her down, and says that we should wait and hear what Dr. Rector has to say. I feel so sick I can't finish my hamburger.

A week later I am in Dr. Rector's office, looking through magazines like Modern Maturity and Highlights. I figure he sees all sizes of penises.

"Mr. Tabb," says a cute blonde nurse, "the doctor will see you now."

I go into a little room, and wait around for about ten minutes with nothing to read. I wish I had taken *Highlights* in with me. That Goofus and Gallant really crack me up.

Finally Dr. Rector strolls in, and we shake hands. I kinda of wish I didn't, seeing that he was a urologist and all, and I KNOW where his hands have been.

He asks me what the problem is and I kind of stutter, "well, um, err, umm..."

Eventually he just tells me to drop my pants, and I do.

He starts to examine my penis with some magnifying glasses he has on. He tugs at it, twists it, and I feel blood begin to rush down there. I try to think of sports or something. I don't like getting erections with fifty something year old men.

"Well George," he begins, "Dr. Hurle sent you over here with a case of Herpes, and it looks like that is what you have."

I tell him I figured as much, and what should I do now? He looks at my penis some more, and I begin to think he likes looking at it a bit too much, so I yank it away from him and pull up my pants.

"George, while you're here, I might as well check out your prostate," says Dr. Rector, probably upset I pulled up my pants so quick.

"No way, Jose" I say to him, "Dr. Hurle checked it out last week, and it's enlarged, as usual. Sorry, but my ass just isn't up to it."

"Okay, George," he says, all doctorly and stuff, "if that's the way you feel." I tell him it is.

"Well," says Dr. Rector, with his magnifying glasses still on so he looks like Vincent Price or Jeff Goldblum from *The Fly*, "you have a severe case of Herpes. There is not much I can do. I think you should see a specialist."

I tell him I thought he was the specialist, and that is why Dr. Hurle sent me to him.

"No," he says, laughing, "I'm not a specialist in Herpes," and the way he said Herpes, I could tell he was disgusted. I mean, he was a doctor on the Upper East Side. A doctor in that circle of New York Hospital doctors. Some of the best in the world. He didn't want to be dealing with me. Some downtown punk rocker guy, with fucking Herpes. Geez.

"You should go see a dermatologist, a skin doctor," he tells me. I just look at him, and wonder why I wasted my time going up there.

"Do you have one, or should I recommend one?" he asks.

I tell him I have one. And I do. The one my mom and Nick see. Dr. Rose. A really nice guy, who, like my other doctors, is also on the Upper East Side. Dr. Rose treats all the stars. Like Woody Allen, all those fancy tall no-breasted models, and he even treated Jackie O. I saw her once when I was up there getting my zits popped by a large Swedish woman named Helga.

"Okay then, George," says Dr. Rector, "then good luck to you. And are you sure you don't want me to just feel your prostate to make sure it's okay?"

I run out of there as fast as I can.

That night I'm out to dinner with my mom and Nick.

"What did Dr. Rector have to say about your, umm, you know," said my mom, unable to say the "H" word.

"He said I have it, mom," I said to her as I took a bite out of my hamburger on a roll with lettuce, tomato, and mayonnaise.

"Well, George, what should you do?" asked Nick. He had a look of genuine concern on his face. Like the look he sometimes gets when one of his cameras stops working, and he as to fiddle around with the insides of it.

"I dunno. See Dr. Rose, I think," I answered.

Suddenly tears start to well up in my mom's eyes. She's gonna cry again. I feel as though I am a really bad son. I have brought shame to my family, and to the Tabb name. I have Herpes. I may as well be dead.

"Dr. Rose?" asks my mom, all upset. "He has to know?"

I tell her that everything will be all right, and that it is no big deal. That lots of people have Herpes, and that I will be fine. She doesn't believe me and asks Nick. He tells her I'll be fine. She kinda stops crying, and finishes her dinner of French fries and coffee.

Later that night, as I'm lying in bed, watching *Star Trek*, and thinking about how I'd love to boff Yeoman Rand, but what if I gave her Herpes, and did they have a cure for it in the 24th Century, my mom walks into my room.

"You'll be okay," my mom says to me, more to herself than to me. I nod my head "You are my son and I love you," she says, and with that, kisses me on the forehead and leaves the room. I want to die. Right then and there. That, or run away and join the circus, and never, ever, come home.

A few days later I am in the office of Dr. Rose, staring at some super model from across the room. I pretend to read *Esquire, New York*, or some such crap, but really am peeking over the top of the damn thing at the brunette across the room. She is beautiful. Her legs are really long, and she is wearing a short skirt. She has nice sized breasts, for a super model, and really pretty blue eyes. I feel myself starting to get hard, and it hurts. Damn Herpes.

I continue to pretend to read the magazine some more while I stare at the model. I start to wonder what's wrong with her. Maybe she has a cyst. Maybe a pimple. But where? I imagine it is on her breast, or near her vagina. How'd I'd love to be Dr. Rose, and get to pop the damn thing. Wow. I start to think maybe punk rock wasn't the best career choice.

"Mr. Tabb," says the middle aged nurse with a heavy Queens accent, "Dr. Rose will see you now."

I follow her to a small room, and then sit on a table covered with paper. As usual. I wait about ten minutes, and finally Dr. Rose walks into the room. He has a big smile on his face, and I start to feel okay. I like this guy.

"How's your Mom? Nick? Becky, Nick's Mom?" asks Dr. Rose. I tell him everyone is okay, and thanks for asking.

"And how are you, George?" he asks. I look at him, with his boyish good looks, and gentle smile, and suddenly get very, very jealous. Right after me he was gonna see that model, and I know, I know he was gonna get to take her skirt off. Damn him.

"I'm okay," I begin, "but not really."

"Please explain, George," he says in a very calm voice. Like the HAL 2000, in *2001*.

"Well," I start, "I went to see Dr. Hurle. He looked at my, umm, errr, penis, and said I have Herpes. He sent me to Dr. Rector, who also looked at my, umm, errr, penis, and he too said I have Herpes. And then I..."

"Slow down, George, relax," he said to me in a soothing voice, and I slowed down a bit.

"Anyway," I continued, "he too said I have Herpes, and my mom is very upset, and so is Nick, and now I have it and I'm never ever gonna find a girlfriend and I'm going to die not ever having sex again and..."

"It's okay, George, it's okay," said Dr. Rose as he rested his hand upon my shoulder. "Just relax. I'll take a look at it, and we'll see what we can do. Don't worry."

I thanked him for being so nice and then he told me to pull down my pants so I did. Then he said the underwear, too.

So I lay on my back, with my pants pulled down around my knees, and I feel the cold paper against the back of my legs and my ass. Dr. Rose starts to fiddle with my penis, looking at it from all angles. He then puts on a pair of magnifying glasses over his glasses, and looks at the sore on my penis. It's all red and bloody and stuff, and he just keeps looking at it.

"I'm doomed, right?" I ask him, knowing he is going to tell me that this is the worst case he has ever seen, and that he wants to send me to Geneva as a lab rat, so I can be written up in medical journals coast to coast.

"Hmmm," says Dr. Rose. That's all.

"What?" I say, distressed and undressed.

"Hmmm," he says again.

I start to panic. It's worse than a trip to Geneva. I'm going to die. I have Herpes type alpha-beta. The deadly kind. The kind they haven't discovered yet. The kind that makes your penis fall right off as you are urinating. I could see my self fishing around the toilet, trying to retrieve my dick, and re-attach the damn thing. Meanwhile, I know I wouldn't be able to, and I'd have to live my short time left without one. I'd never be able to change in the gym again, in the men's locker room, anyway. I'd never get an erection again. My right hand would miss my penis so much it would fall off. Hell, I'd have to sit down while I peed. Life was not fair.

"Hmmm," says Dr. Rose again, stirring me out of my paranoid but true thoughts.

"What's wrong with me? Am I going to die?" I ask him.

Dr. Rose turns my penis over a couple of more times, and then tells me to pull up my pants. I do.

"Well George," says Dr. Rose, "I have something to tell you."

"Yes Dr. Rose?" I say, with my voice quivering. This was it. He was gonna tell me when it would fall off, and how long I had to live.

"George," he began as my heart raced like crazy, "First of all, you don't have Herpes."

I let out a big breath of air. I didn't have Herpes. I was saved.

"But," continued Dr. Rose, and my heart leapt to my throat. I should have known there was going to be a "but." He was going to tell me it was worse. I had penis cancer, and one week to live.

"But," he repeated, "you do have to use a lubricant when you masturbate. If you don't, this will keep happening."

And with that he patted me on the shoulder and began to walk out of the room.

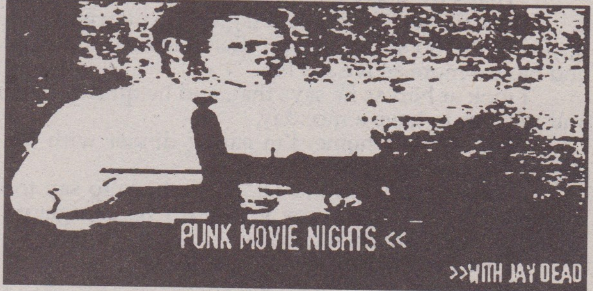
"That's it? I'm okay? My penis isn't going to fall off? I not going to die? I don't have penis cancer?" I couldn't believe it.

"No," laughed Dr. Rose, "You'll be just fine."

But I knew I wasn't. How was I ever going to explain THIS to my mom? I think I would have rather had Herpes.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:
1. Nineinchesofpleasure@georgetabb.com
2. Saw FEAR when they were just here. Great show, actually, and my pal and ex-bass player, Evan, had his new band open. They're called WORSE and they rule.
3. Other cool bands I saw/heard recently include Asylum 66, Charm School, Man Scouts Of America, Sisters Grim, Lawndarts, Blown Woofer, and the Free The West Memphis 3 comp!
4. Merry XXXmas!



PUNK MOVIE NIGHTS

Has anybody you've ever known been a participant in a circle jerk? Speaking of which, I was watching some live footage from 1986-87 of the CIRCLE JERKS, the band, and Keith Morris was responding to a comment made by REM where supposedly one of the members of REM said the CIRCLE JERKS voted republican. Keith Morris' response was that by trying to make the CIRCLE JERKS look stupid, REM had actually shown themselves to be completely ignorant when it comes to politics, because anyone with an average I.Q. can see that there is no real difference between Republicans and Democrats. Keith Morris never struck me as a Republican, and so I was happy to hear he wasn't a Reaganite and that he was fed up with both parties, but of course this was back in the eighties. Yet I'd have to assume that if Keith was fed up 15 years ago, then he has to be shaking his head now, because there is even less difference between the two today. It doesn't matter who's elected, because both parties are part of the same old system that was created to protect the rights and property of the few, and not the majority of Americans, and definitely not us - the punks. So what do you say we skip the politics for now, and check out a film or two? Okay, go line up by the exit doors, and I'll be right there. (As for Nader, he has always been indifferent to Affirmative Action and other issues concerning minority groups, and he should stick to consumer rights where he belongs. Sorry all you PEARL JAM and GREEN DAY fans)

"Duck! The Carbine High Massacre"

There is a saying that 80% of a film's success is based on casting, and there are similar sayings by slightly more ego maniacal filmmakers that put it at 50%, but in the case of *DUCK* ! I'd say that casting is at least 90% of it's success. Sure the script has it's bright spots, and the low budget special effects aren't without their moments, but so much of the humor and overall aesthetic comes from the fact that most of *DUCK'S* major characters are played by actors who are so obviously not the stereotypes they are attempting to portray. A perfect example of this takes place on a basketball court where a punk looking kid is playing the leader of the jocks, but when he is required to take a shot at the hoop, he doesn't come within five feet of hitting the rim. In another case there is a pale looking actress who is supposed to be similar to a christian student who was a victim at the Columbine shooting, but this nice little character begins to look just a bit seedy as it appears that the actress portraying her has forgotten to shower, or if she has she forgot to wash her hair in the days preceding the shoot. I could go on and on about all the particular instances of successful casting contradictions that helped to elevate this film to something more than the distasteful piece of sensationalistic exploitation it appears to be. Yet even if the teachers and school principal didn't look like extras from an eighties porno movie, the right on the money casting of the two lead characters would have made *DUCK!* more than just a video version of a bad movie of the week.

Joey Smack and William Hellfire are perfect as the two black trench coat wearing loners who spend too much time on the internet and listening to horrible German music while plotting ways to destroy their school and all the students inside before eventually committing suicide. In a high school where every student seems to have a tattoo and numerous piercings, the two gangly teens seem to be the most mainstream of all the students. Whether or not this was intentional on the part of the filmmakers, or not, doesn't really matter, because the end result is that we get to look at the Columbine massacre from a very different point of view than was reported by the media.

DUCK! ends with the inevitable mass murder of the Carbine high students, including the one African American student who wears an "I hate white people," t-shirt. The jokes made after the murder of this particular character are, I assume, in reference to the two Columbine shooters who were connected via the internet to some fascist organizations, but they fail to come off as anything other than at the very least unnecessary, and possibly racist. Neither conclusion would probably come as any surprise to the makers of *DUCK*!, because anyone who is capable of spoofing the Columbine tragedy so soon after the fact probably isn't very concerned with whether or not they are seen as either very thoughtful or PC. The eeriest thing about *DUCK*! is that it's damn good filmmaking, and rather than disappear along with the images of the actual Columbine shootings, it's probably destined to inhabit a video/dvd cult section near you for years to come. ($30 postage paid to Factory 2000, Dept. DUCK!, PO BOX 447, Ringwood, New Jersey 07456 - www.duck2k.com)

The Films Of Jeff Krulik - "Heavy Metal Parking Lot"

I was first introduced to Jeff Krulik's work via the internet one night at Icki and Mimi's apartment in Berkeley. Icki played me just a bit of Jeff Krulik's most well known film "Heavy Metal Parking Lot" over an online media viewer, which isn't the optimum way to watch any film I'll admit, but I saw enough to know that "Heavy Metal Parking Lot" was funny as hell, and something that I had to watch some day in it's entirety. Well, it's taken me quite a bit longer to get around to it than I would have predicted after leaving the academically charged atmosphere of M & M's midtown headquarters, but I've finally done it, and now you''ll get to read all about it. So close the hood and crack open a can of Schlitz or Schaeffer or Milwaukee's 1851 so I can tell you all about it.

"Heavy Metal Parking Lot," can be found on a tape that Jeff Krulik sells entitled "The Films Of Jeff Krulik And Friends," which also includes other works by Jeff Krulik such as "King Of Porn," "Mr. Blassie Goes To Washington," "Neil Diamond Parking Lot," and a handful of humorous shorts, as well as some previews of Jeff's works in progress. "Heavy Metal Parking Lot," takes place in a parking lot outside of a JUDAS PRIEST concert in the 1980s, and every variation you could think of on the stereotypical metal head, stoner, white trash teenager (and some young adults) can be seen in all it's glory at some point as Jeff Krulik roams from posi-traction Camaro to Charger to Pickup, and chats it up with the intoxicated fans of JUDAS PRIEST and DOKKEN (who were the opening act). You get the feeling that it wouldn't matter what metal band was playing really, because the event is the action being documented in the parking lot, and the fact that it's JUDAS PRIEST and not IRON MAIDEN, or even SLAYER, just makes the cheap beer swilling fans seem all the more entertaining to you the judgmental viewer.

"Heavy Metal Parking Lot" is without a doubt the genius is this class of gifted filmmaking, but "Mr. Blassie Goes To Washington" is pretty close to reaching a similar level. Jeff follows in the tradition of Andy Kaufman who's "Breakfast With Blassie" is every bit as genius as "Heavy Metal Parking Lot," but here jeff provides, perhaps, the sequel that Andy wasn't able to. There are also clips taken from local public access television shows which are unquestionably superior to anything on television today, which isn't saying much I know. In one segment there is an African American man, that goes by the name of Belvis, and who has memorized the lyrics to every Elvis song ever recorded. Belvis sports a hairstyle that looks like Orlando's, from SPECIAL FORCES, old high-top mohawk. Can you imagine being that guy when PUBLIC ENEMY came out with the song, "Fight The Power?" (Jeff Krulik: Jeff@planetkrulik. com or www.planetkrulik.com)

Here's a report from filmaker/poet Jackie Joice, who has been traveling around from film festival to film festival with "Punk Pretty," which is her film about the Riot Grrrl movement and feminism in the Southern California punk scene. Jackie and I have kept in touch since her film was first reviewed in the Punk Movie Nights column, and I've asked her to write some updates for us from time to time. So here's your first installment.

THE MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVAL

September 7-10, 2000

Oh, the finger foods...the finger foods were the best. There were loads of finger foods and two kegs of free beer at the VIP party. My favorite was the mini tomato and cheese quiche cakes. Hmmm...Hmmm...Hmmm. I wormed my way through the crowd of fifty or so and ate plenty of those and finger sandwiches and drank loads of Pepsi with no caffeine. No, I didn't indulge in the free beer, had I not been driving it would have been a different story. Well, let's get to the festival.

I arrived a day before the festival, which i highly recommended. I had a chance to get a good nights rest and a chance to get up early the next day and find out where the events of the festival were going to be held. I also checked out some cool thrift stores, c'mon you know I gotta check out the thrift stores. I found out where the street fest was going to be held and the film festival. The film festival was at the Henegar Arts Center on New Haven in Melbourne.

I had prepared some press packs (white folders from Staples) with my bio, a "Punk Pretty," postcard, a budget proposal for my next project and some write-ups on "Punk Pretty." Very simple. On the day of the screenings I placed them on a table with the rest of the filmmakers promo-stuff. I should have brought more postcards because everyone loved them. I also had a "Punk Pretty" t-shirt that I wore on VIP night.

After the VIP party there was an after party. The after party was down the street at this Irish pub called Meg O Malley's. The entertainment: a Scottish man with a plaid skirt, playing Scottish rock. This was the first time I ever danced off beat. The food at this place was delicious.

Sometimes I was scared to drive at night especially since it was raining the whole time I was there. After I left Meg O Malley's and I was slowly driving home on the dark I-95 highway (it was raining that night too) an old gray pick-up truck zoomed passed me with a confederate flag in the back window. Yikes! Thank god I didn't get my flat tire then, okay, I'll admit that I've seen too many horror movies.

Melbourne is a nice looking city. The organizers of the festival were warm and humorous and I felt welcome. I wasn't able to drive around the residential areas but the hotel I stayed in was in a nice wide open space. It was hot there and I thought it was cool to hear the praying mantis's. Did you know that the female praying mantis devours her mate after mating?

"The Dead Next Door"

Written and directed by J.R. Bookwalter

This isn't new, and in fact it's kind of a cult classic in terms of underground horror, but I forgot to give out a few Halloween recommendations back when I had the chance, and since everyday is literally a frightening prospect for chronically unemployed punks like myself, I figured I'd provide you all with a belated pick in this month's column. My pick this issue is *THE DEAD NEXT DOOR*, which is a low budget film that follows in the tradition of such classics, and near classics, as *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, DAWN OF THE DEAD, DAY OF THE DEAD, RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, and STEELY DAN.*

J.R. Bookwalter's film is set in Akron, Ohio, and it involves a virus gone bad. The virus in question turns humans into flesh eating zombies. The people are technically dead, and the zombie state is not so much a true "zombie state", but actually represents the life cycle of a virus that takes over all functions of the host body. There the future of e-Bay... now!

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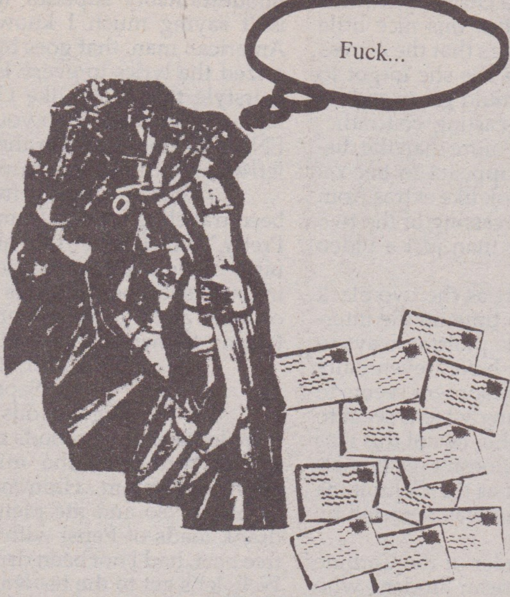

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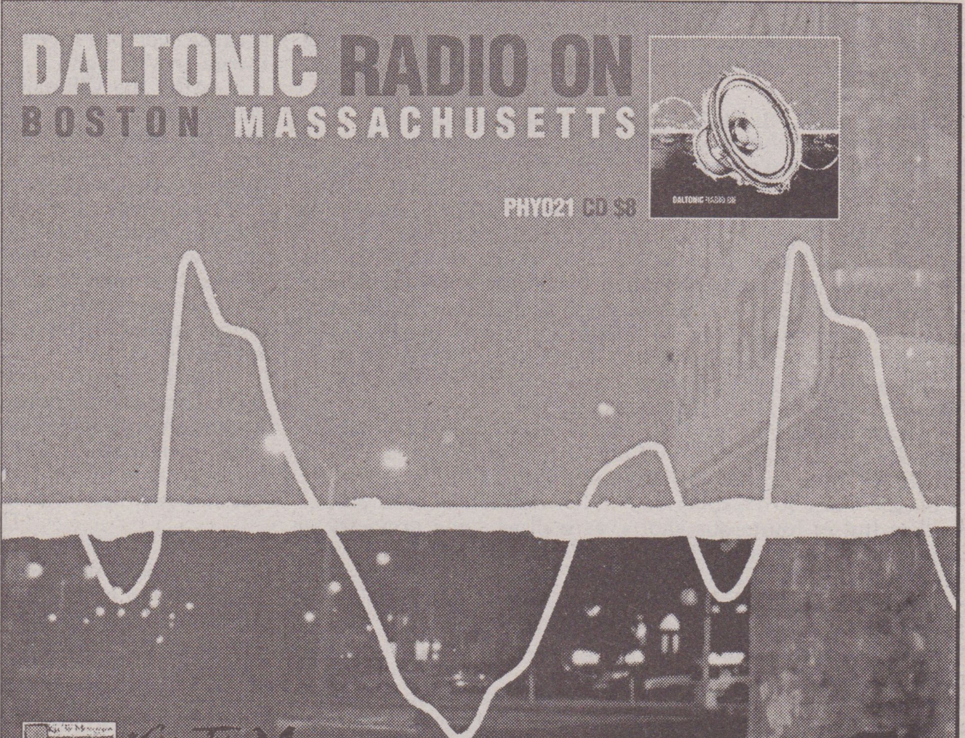

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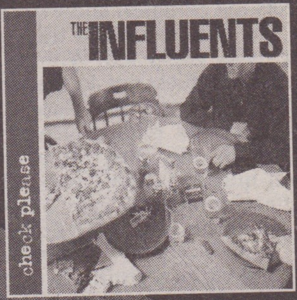
THE INFLUENTS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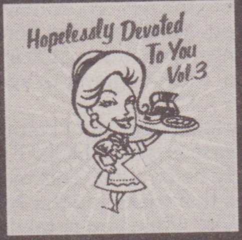
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Hopelessly Devoted To You Vol.3
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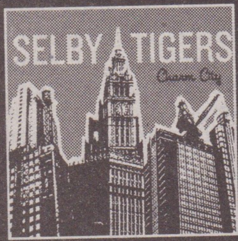
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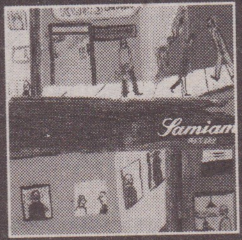
Samiam
astray

SAMIAM *astray*
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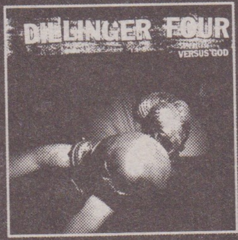
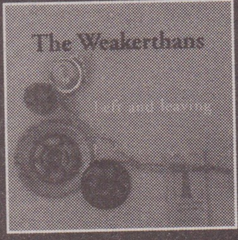

DILLINGER FOUR
VERSUS GOD

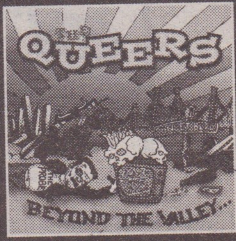
DILLINGER FOUR *versus god*
HR644-lp/cd out now!


The Weakerthans
left and leaving

THE WEAKERTHANS *left and leaving*
SC011-lp/cd out now!

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY *24 hour...*
HR642-lp/cd out now!


THE QUEERS
BEYOND THE VALLEY...

THE QUEERS *beyond the valley*
HR643-lp/cd out now!

may be a recipe for a anti-viral serum in the lab where the virus was born, and so the government sends a Zombie Squad out to search for it. The Zombie Squad are a special unit that is funded by some branch of the government for the specific purpose of eradicating zombies. On their mission to find the anti-viral serum, the Zombie Squad encounters a religious cult that believes the zombies were sent by "god" to hasten the end of life here on this planet. So the cult protects the zombies, and even manages to turn some of them into pets. The cult also has a thing about sacrificing virgins, which is never really explained. Will the Zombie Squad be able to stop the cult, the zombies, not to mention their own utter stupidity, from destroying the world? Can scientists who have just had their tongues ripped out by vengeful ex-Zombie Squaders still form words with only their throat muscles? You owe it to yourself to answer questions like these and others, because who knows what the effects from genetically altered taco shells will be.

(Tempe Video, PO Box 6573, Akron, OH 44312-0573)

"Gemini (Soseiji)"

The woman sitting two seats down from me walked in just before the film started, carrying a motorcycle helmet. By the end of the film she was wearing a pink plastic cowboy hat, and talking to some friends from Orange County, or whatever, and there was no sign of that helmet anywhere. It was definitely the same person. Real life was imitating art, in a way, because in "Gemini," which is the newest work from Shinya Tsukamoto, who is best known as the guy who made *Tetsuo: The Iron Man*, there are several questions concerning the true identities of many of the characters that pass through Tsukamoto's atmospheric film. Appearances aren't all that they seem in Tsukamoto's period piece, set just after world war two, which introduces subjects such as class structure, gender roles in Japan, and whether or not red mohawks originated in post world war two Japan, as one scene in this film may suggest.

Gemini is the sign of duality, and in the film we get the tale of two brothers whose lives have turned out as different from one another as is possible. One brother is a doctor, while the other, who was abandoned and left for dead by his parents due to a hideous serpent shaped scar on is leg, becomes a murderous thief who is devoid of any of his brother's morality, however skewed that morality may be. The doctor has a wife. He met his wife one day after spying her bathing in the river near his home, naked. The woman is ghostly and mysterious, and suffers from amnesia. So when the scarred brother returns to steal his brother the doctor's identity, it's anybody's guess what the truth may actually be on any of their accounts. Okay, I'm being overly dramatic, because the entire film is fairly predictable for anyone with an I.Q. higher than a cockroach, but Shinya Tsukamoto is such a dynamic filmaker visually that I believe all of his various works should be mandatory viewing, at this point in his career.

Oh, and the woman with the cowboy hat left with a guy who wore extensions, and kind of looked like Angelo Moore from FISHBONE. But I'll deny that it was Angelo based on the merits of that one good EP they made back in, what is it? 1987? (www.cgjsf.org/neo_eiga or 510-642-1412)

To read past Punk Movie Night columns, point your computer browser to www.wethepunx.com, or you can always purchase back issues from the fine folks at *MRR*. If you have an underground film that you'd like me to review, then send it to: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. To contact Jackie Joice, write her at: 4102 Orange Avenue #107-100, Long Beach, CA 90807.

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL
WHO CARES?
mark murrmann

Mimi sits on the other side of the room, stunned, arms wrapped around her stomach as if she were sick.

"How could *anybody* vote for Bush? I'm horrified."

He hasn't won yet, but even that it's such a close race is scary. I was sure Gore was going to win and do so fairly easily. Echoing Mimi's sentiments, I couldn't fathom any thinking person casting a vote for Bush.

One of my faults is my naiveté, my too-trusting nature. I'm a sucker and get bit everytime.

Mimi says if Bush wins, we'll have to move out of the country. I'm not protesting. Don't get me wrong, I realize Gore is a fuck, Bush is a double fuck moron.

So I'm now accepting any job offers in countries other than the USA. No, really, I'm not kidding.

To get my mind off how incredibly stupid Americans are, I'm going to go soak my head in some hot rock 'n' roll. Melt my brain before it's too late. As far as brain-melting goes, I usually turn to the STOOGES. The guitars have a wonderful numbing effect. Tonight I need something a little more. I need HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE. Proud To Be Idiot Records (via are zovo 17c/37125 Verona/Italy/anus_x666x@yahoo.com) delivers the latest from HFOS, a split 7" with the SPIDER BABIES. Both will satisfy your craving for loud and fast, but for me, when I have a choice, that choice is always HENRY FIATS. Fuck, I sound like a beer commercial.

What the fuck is up with hipster ex-hardcore kids catching the '77 wave? The EXPLOSION come to mind. They have a new 7" on the notoriously wealthy hardcore label, Revelation. Since when did Revelation give a shit about punk rock? Maybe they smelled the money. Maybe all the suckers stopped eating up all that "mature" post-hardcore bullshit. In a few years maybe you can trade these EXPLOSION singles for the latest model Jetta or whatever...if the market for punk revivalist holds strong. What pisses me off most about the EXPLOSION is that their music is fairly good. They're a band I really want to not like.

Did you read Mr. Scott Soriano's column in the December issue? It's almost eerie. For the past 6 or 8 or 12 months, I've been ranting to Mimi about the same things Scott mentioned, about punk rock as a sinking shipping, pointing out how big distributors like Revolver and Mordam rely much more heavily on Hip Hop and artsy Indie Rock to pay the bills. Scott coherently explained why it's a good thing punk rock is bottoming out. However, I don't think it's bottoming out quite as much as he does. I see it as a major division—the big ticket punk acts and Warped Tour bullshit dwarfing the real deal, bands playing in basements, small clubs, living rooms, where ever they can. Anyway, read Scott's column. It's good, as usual.

Don't tell Ken from Dirt Nap (PO Box 21249/Seattle, WA 98111) that punk's going the way of fat laces and rational thinking. His latest offering is a single by a band called the VULTURES. This single suffers from that peculiar problem of coming off as being too staid and starched. They lack a certain spark of spontaneity that would otherwise make any BOYS/EATER fan wet themselves. My prediction is that after they're around a little bit, they'll loosen up (and maybe they are real loose live) and earn the rights to the coveted tight striped shirt.

I'd like to offer a warm welcome to the new coordinators here at *MRR*—Mike Thorn and Andrew Scott. Mike has been here a little while and already is doing great things with the magazine. With Arwen, Mike and Andrew at the helm, *MRR* is going to again be a dynamo.

I'll mention that Andrew also started a label right before he left his hometown of Chicago. His first release is by the DON'T CARES, Swedes with whom you should already be familiar. This record has four burn-a-hole-in-your-trouser songs that make me think of what it's like to watch a plane fall out of the sky while you're taking a piss behind a dumpster in the middle of the afternoon. Or, I guess the back of the record does a little better job of giving you a taste of what to expect:

> *"play loud, irritate your neighbors, drink too much coffee, think about how your life sucks, buy a six pack, and then pretend you're in Stockholm drinking Pripps beer in the park with the DON'T CARES...don't you feel better now?"*

Yes, thank you, I do feel a little better. Contact Andrew c/o *MRR* (PO Box 460760/San Francisco, CA 94149) to get a copy for yourself.

Maybe I already mentioned the Munster reissue of the FLAMIN' GROOVIES debut 10" *Sneakers*. If I did, I'll mention it again, it's worth it. Besides being awesome musically (sorry, no snotty, sneering punk, no denim jackets, no Chuck Taylors...these guys might actually be mistaken for hippies!), the package is great. This thick gold vinyl record comes with a giant poster advertising a long-past show (that was actually just right down the street from where I live now) and a few smaller handbills. Buy a copy now knowing that, even if you hate it now, you might like it in a year or two or three. It should be noted that the GROOVIES originally put this record themselves, way back in '69.

New from Rave-Up! These Italians have been working overtime to bring you quality reissues of long lost punk. This time around we get: the TAZERS, the PENETRATORS and a split LP from the CONTENDERS & the BACKSTABBERS. The GRIM/KONE BAND LP has been delayed. While a lot of the Rave Up releases are padded with archival live songs, the best material on these remains the originally released singles, comp tracks and LPs. Some of these reissue LPs are for punk historian types only. That said, I think what Rave Up (via Montecuccoli 13/00176 Roma/Italy/raveup@itscalinet.it) is doing is pretty awesome. I love that they're all on vinyl, the liner notes are good (if not great) and the whole idea behind it (and that it's been pulled off so thoroughly) is incredible. Hell, the bands are even getting paid! There's a novel idea.

Did I tell you the one about how my day job sent me to New York, put me up in a sheeshy hotel right on Times Square, all for that scourge of a (non)music event known as CMJ? It's true.

Besides getting a free trip to New York City, having my editor take me out for an expensive dinner, and having former coordinator Sean Sullivan pull me around in a rickshaw, there were two standout parts of the trip:

—Wowsville Records (http:// www.wowsville.net). Back when I was thinking about opening a record store in New York, I got wind of a Spaniard moving to the Big Apple to open a store. He did and it's fucking amazing. Seriously, Wowsville (125 2nd Ave/NYC, NY 10003/646-654-0935) is much like the same record store I would open. They have all the latest reissues/bootlegs as well as the current crop of the best (and worst) in punk rock 'n' roll. This place has obvious ties to Munster, as I saw records and shirts in the store that I've only seen for sale in the Munster catalog. It's a must visit if you're in the area. Lately I've been more interested in flipping through used records and was left a little less than satisfied with New York in general.

—Better than any of the bands that played, as part of the film part of CMJ, they showed *Vinyl*, a documentary by Alan Zweig. What is it a documentary of? Record collectors.

Though the movie winds up mostly being a vehicle for Zweig's mid-life crisis, ultimately, it proves to be engaging and entertaining. As a record collector, watching this movie made me feel incredibly well adjusted. Among the highlights of the film: a guy who had been collecting since 1942. His wife took all his records as part of the alimony payment; the collector who collect every record, indiscriminately. This gentleman can tell you the track listing (with artist) of every K-Tel compilation; the guy who threw away 2,000 LPs, just so no one else could have them...there are many more. It's worth seeing if you get the chance, though as a low-budget affair I wouldn't expect to see it at your local multiplex anytime soon.

At the end of the weekend in New York, a nagging question haunted me: What's the fucking point of CMJ? People actually enjoy going to that horror show? I guess that falls in line with the logic of why Bush, a cocaine using frat boy who gets off on executing people is favored to be the next president.

Hey, if Bush does become president, at least punks will have another easy target. Think of all the great anti-Bush songs bands can (and should) write. It'll be like 1984 all over again. We can all even get mohawks and shit. Great.

Did you get that SHIFTERS LP on Green Hell (or the CD on Radio Records) I mentioned a month or two ago? I don't know about you, but I can't stop listening to it. It's more addictive that hot dogs and White Castles and probably better for you.

Ugly Pop Records (2 Bloor St West/Suite 100 Box 477/Toronto, ON/M4W 3E2/Canada) jumps into the reissue ring, bring the DREAM DATES and STATICS 80 back to life. The DREAM DATES "Moans on the phone/Heartattack rhythm" 7" carries a heavy STOOGES/HEARTBREAKERS thunder with a touch of glam. STATICS 80 show a bit of a split personality on this single. Two songs recorded in 1980, one is a muscle-flexing pre-Hardcore crunch, the flip might make you think of TEENAGE HEAD. Both 7" are limited to 600 copies.

Simon from Ugly Pop also warns that he's got some early-80s hardcore releases in the works, including RAW POWER's *Screams From the Gutter* LP.

I don't know where they came from or how many are out there, but while at Missing Link Records in Indianapolis (one of the best record stores in the Northwest Territory), I ran across bootlegs of the ELECTRIC EELS 7" and the HOLLYWOOD SQUARES 7". I suspect they're the second round of boot-a-likes, like the batch that came out about 4 months ago. These are expensive (between $6 and $10 each), but are way cheaper than the originals. Most likely, other boots of out-of-print singles are floating around.

Not that the official TURBONEGRO website (http://www.turbonegro.com) isn't adequate, but the US site (http://turbojugendusa.com/) has some cool stuff not on the official TRBARCHIV, including tablature for you guitar hacks. Check it for updates on the much anticipated re-launch of the Turbojugend fanclub.

Did you see that the REGISTRATORS have a new 7" out? This one is on Broken Rekkids and is considerably slower than even their last album. Two songs with the same unique rhythm and twisted, trashed melodies, but slowed down to the speed of a CARPENTERS song.

At the other end of the musical spectrum, the SUPERHELICOPTERS offer the gods 10"s of pure blown-out bliss. Think the OBLIVIANS/REATARDS way gone noise with the thunder and intensity of the BASEBALL FURIES. Good fuckin' shit. (Manuel Wastl/Steinweg 26/93059 Regensburg/Germany/triofanclub@yahoo.de)

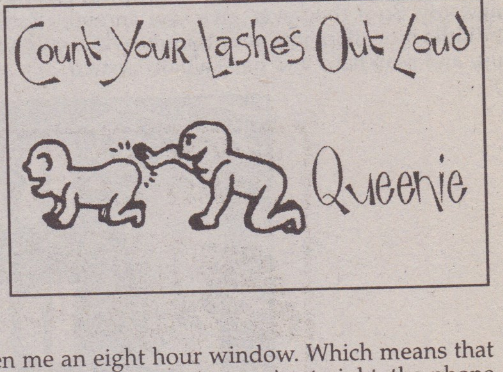
I mentioned the comp *Shielded By Death* (Incognito [http://www.incognitorecords.de/index.html]) a few months ago. I'm mentioning it again. Lots of Conneticut area bands pounding away, live at the Lit Club. I've actually given this record ample time on my turntable. Nothing really knocks me out of my chair, but it's overall a good comp, especially given some of the turds that've been shit out in the past year.

Dionysus' (www.dionysusrecords.com) reissue division, Bacchus Archives has been doing a helluva job filling in the reissues from old SoCal punk. Their latest offering is by the DOGS. Get it, 'cause the DOGS fucking kill!!!!!!!!!!!

Lately, I've developed a strong taste for old New Zealand punk. Thus, I'm fucking flipped that our friend from down under, Simon Kay of Crawlspace Records, is putting out a comprehensive LP of HENCHMEN material. Here's the lowdown: It's on Raw Power Records and is limited to a scant 350 copies. It includes their first 7" & 12" singles, as well as four unreleased songs, recorded for what was supposed to be thier 2nd LP. If you haven't learned that the only place in the world where you can get Detroit thunder outside of Detroit is in Australia/New Zealand, this record will wake your ass up. Get it while you can: Simon Kay/PO Box 7127/Wellesley St/Auckland, New Zealand/crawl@ihug.co.nz.

The last thing I have to say this month is that the PINKZ (www.thepinkz.homestead.com) fucking rule. They recently toured the west coast with the REAL KIDS and jeeezus fucking christ! These girls are absolutely stunning. Really, get their debut single (Radio Beat/PO Box 8198/Bellflower, CA 90707) while you can. It doesn't come close to matching their live show, but it's good start.

PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712/icki@mindspring.com


Count Your Lashes Out Loud
Queenie

They had given me an eight hour window. Which means that any second, between eight in the morning to six at night, the phone guy could show up. Excuse me, but isn't that ten hours? *"Uh, I don't know. Lemme ask my supervisor..."* Essentially, I'm placed under house arrest, waiting in complete silence fearful that I might miss the doorbell and they would leave, and I would have to reschedule and relive this nightmare all over again. Calgon take me away! Pacific Bell doesn't seem to like coming to our house. We seem to have offended the delicate sensibilities of those inside-wiring engineers. You'd think after eight years of service and a gaggle of different clients, they'd forget that my first roommate insisted she be given CUNT-LUV for a phone number. And that they had to ask us to remove certain eyebolts in order to rewire the phone line to our bedrooms. Then there was the incident last summer when David and boyfriend decided to get a phone line of their own. The Pac Bell tele-technician arrived 6 1/2 hours into the given eight hour window but refused to come inside, despite the fact that the job was specifically for an inside wiring job. Don pleaded, yelled, demanded, beseeched even, but to no avail. Pac Bellboy turned abruptly and ran, screaming like a little girl. Don was completely baffled and a quite a bit huffy about the whole situation. That is until I graciously pointed out that wearing a T-shirt with *Hermaphrodite Power* blazed across the front is probably not the best way to get serviced. Not by anyone from Pacific Bell anyway.

I was waiting for Pac Bell, cuz I finally got a new roommate. He's perfect. He's intelligent and political, young and gay and adorable. He's lived in the city almost as long as I have, loves to cook, watches virtually no TV, has a great group of friends, and reads the *New Yorker*. A lawyer that works out in the gayest gym in the Castro, goes out dancing, dates frequently and has no problem differentiating between "potential love interest" and "hot trick." The perfect addition to my happy home.

When I first moved into my house, I lived with three dykes. Not lesbians, dykes. These were fresh out of the closet, chopped off their long hair, spent the summer in Oregon, sleeping in a yurt, dykes. We had all just graduated from Berkeley, moved across that big ass bay and found the perfect house. It had everything. Four bedrooms so we could each create our own personal space, a backyard large enough for an herb garden, a sun porch perfect for work with oils as well as pastels, a kitchen large enough for communal vegetarian eating and a separate pantry for tea! Yup, it had everything and it was hell. Living with three womyn-loving-wimmin is like being in perpetual group therapy. There was always so much drama I felt like I was staring in some bad indie flick called *I, Clitoris*. Filmed in black and white of course... The four of us couldn't ever have a conversation that didn't require unpacking someone's baggage. No casual statements or off-color comments allowed. Nope, we had to process everything: mothers, fathers, step-mothers, grandfathers, childhood best friends, gym teachers, softball coaches. We deconstructed issue after issue and drank a shitload of tea. Over the years, as each one moved out, a fag took over their space. Whether that was intentional or not, all I can say "thank the lord." Thank Tracy Lords for all I care, cuz the best thing I did for my mental stability was decide to live with a bunch of queens. Now that's my kind of girl! High maintenance, yes, but far less taxing. Sure, they can be sassy and bitchy with so much attitude, they could wear their eyebrows for a tiara, but also brilliantly sarcastic, fun-loving, affectionate and loyal. Plus they listen to happier music, wear cuter clothes, and have beauty products both of us can use. The house is a lot messier and louder and full of boys and boy things and hair everywhere. And not long and flowing like mine, but short and curly that could only have come from a dark, scary place... But this finally feels like home to me, so even with the seat left up at times, I wouldn't change a thing.

Well, I'm off. Take the day off, read a book and buy yourself a new toy. So if they ever give you an eight hour window, you can twiddle more than just your thumbs while you wait. Til next time, go out and play hard and have a ball. Or two...

Monica Lewinsky is the only twentysomething in recent memory to enjoy the president's full attention. And while nobody but they, the Secret Service, and Ken Starr knows what they talked about in between all the icky things they did, a quick review of the Clinton record doesn't turn up a single substantial legislative effort directed towards Americans aged 20 to 40 in eight long years.

The oft-spat truism that the young don't vote isn't at all true—in 1992 voters under 30 formed the single largest voting bloc for Clinton, making them single-handedly responsible for his victory—and just because we're not shipping home young men in body bags doesn't mean there aren't plenty of young adult issues these days.

While Bush and Gore frenziedly kowtowed to the moneyed geriatric set, for example, the subforty citizenry wants a new deal on Social Security. Generations X and Y are divided between liberals, who want a guarantee that the system will still exist by the time they're old enough to collect, and right-wingers, who'd rather take the 16.3 percent FICA deduction dribbling out of their salaries and invest the cash themselves. The best either candidate deigns to offer is the ominous guarantee of Social Security solvency only until the last Boomer retires. As any respectable Xer can tell you, that sucks.

Americans who attended college after Reagan's 1981 education cuts are sitting on top of billions of dollars in student loan debt. As if that's not bad enough, the housing market is so out of control in some cities that $200,000 buys a gangland shack with bars on the windows. The American Dream of home ownership has been priced out of range for most young adults—but neither the Democrats nor the Republicans talks about the problem, never mind suggests a solution (new GI bill, anyone?).

Both parties are all over such health-related issues as prescription drugs for senior citizens, but neither cares about the 43 million people who can't afford health insurance at all—is it a coincidence that the vast majority of them are under 40?

Candidate cluelessness on what used to be called the youth vote came to a nadir with Gore and Bush's responses to a question asked during the final presidential debate: "It seems that when we hear about issues of this campaign, it's usually Medicare or Social Security or prescription drugs. As a college professor, I hear a lot of apathy amongst young people who feel that there are no issues directed to them and they don't plan to vote. How do you address that?"

"We've got to change it," Gore replied. "Sometimes people who are very idealistic and have great dreams, as young people do, are apt to stay at arms length from the political process because they think their good hearts might be brittle. And if they invest their hopes and allow themselves to believe, then they're going to be let down and disappointed."

With all due respect, Mr. Vice President, it ain't the brittleness of their hearts causing young people to feel apathetic. It's the boring bullshit in your rhetoric. After a lot of yammering, he finally gets around to:

- "I will make the McCain-Feingold campaign finance reform bill the very first measure that I send to the Congress as president."
- "I think that the special interests have too much power and we need to give our democracy back to the American people. Let me tell you why. Those issues you mentioned—Social Security, prescription drugs."
- "We need campaign finance reform and we need to shoot straight with young and old alike and tell them what the real choices are."

It was astonishing. When asked to come up with some stances that would appeal to young voters, Gore came up with campaign finance reform. Challenged to offer political topics *other than* Social Security and prescription drugs, Gore comes back with...Social Security and prescription drugs. And remember: He's the smart one.

What about The Dumb One? "What I think needs to happen in order to encourage the young to become involved is to shoot straight," Bush answered. Now where have I heard that before? Now on to the lowlights:

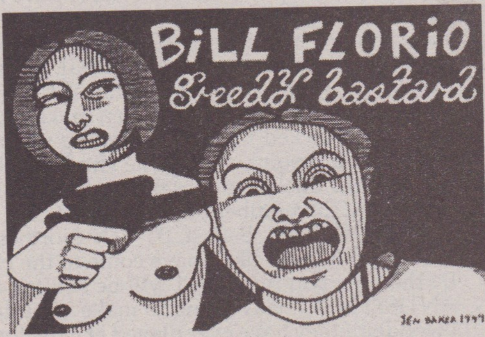
- "Medicare, I know you talked about it, but Medicare is relevant for all of us, young and old alike." Oh? How many 25-year-old Medicare beneficiaries do *you* know?
- "Tax reform is relevant for young and old alike." This was the closest that either candidate came to actually responding to the query, though tax reform hardly qualifies as a youth issue.
- "I don't think it's the issues that turn kids off. I think it's the tone. I think it's the attitude."

No, Governor, it isn't the issues. It's the fact that nobody in public life bothers to talk about them—not when they're about young people.

[Postscript: Richard Berke, writing about the October 18th debate in *The New York Times*: "Bush was handed a perfect opening after Mr. Gore, speaking of the disaffection with politics among young people, criticized Mr. Bush for opposing the McCain-Feingold finance measure. The governor could have reminded viewers about the Buddhist temple fund-raiser and other questions about his opponent's fund-raising practices." Alternatively, he could have answered the damn question.

We already know why the young don't vote. Now we know why they don't read the paper.]

Send stuff: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, or e-mail: ted@rall.com, www.rall.com.



For several years, I refused to get a computer, opting to do my zine with the ole copy enlargement trick and glue. It wasn't that I was a technophobe or anything. I just didn't get excited about paying thousands of dollars for something that just didn't work well and at the time using one to do my zine would actually take longer once you add in losing everything due to a bad disk and screwing with all the scanner and printer problems. Of course now I completely rely on my computer. It does everything for me that I used to loathe. It pays my bills, answers my mail, allows me to do my job without actually having to look at or listen to the annoying ugly snobby rich fucks that I edit videos for and it also allows me to stay off the phone, something I've never liked.

I'm one of those people who usually has a lot to say but being tied to a phone is a drag. See, I really hate when I run into a real "phone person" and my eyes start glazing over after ten minutes or so. A few years ago someone told me how great it was to have a beeper. See, I don't even like listening to my answering machine messages when I get home (especially if I'm supposed to be working and decide to spend a few hours looking at puppies in the pet store down the street). I hit that button and there's always some type of crisis where people need my help. Why would I want them bugging me when I'm going off to be alone and think or do whatever? And even when someone leaves a message I usually wait till I'm in the mood to talk to them to call back.

A cell phone would be the worst option, not only does it have all the annoyance of a beeper and an answering machine, it infers that you are going to answer or call people back all the time. Aside from the usual rants about how annoying it is to see these loudmouths talking on them in public, it's going to get even worse in the coming decade.

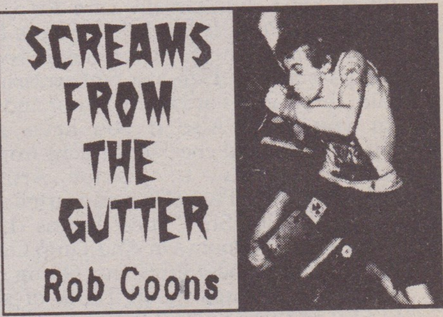
At this point I see no use in a cell phone. It's rare if anyone calls me for anything I deem important, other than the ten or so people I know that don't have working doorbells I never feel the need to have one. By the way I think my own doorbell is on the fritz so push hard or just yell. By the way doorbell technology hasn't moved ahead one step in fifty years. I replaced my grandma's last month and the old bell I took down was exactly the same as the one I got from home depot. I was expecting all these cool options and digital speakers and everything and it was the same damn solenoid and ding donging pieces of surplus xylophone parts.

New cell phone technology promises all these new ways to annoy people outside the confines of your home. What will happen is that not only will the people out to annoy you with their problems be able to contact you wherever you are, they will be able to find out exactly where you are. See a lot of companies are spending a lot of R&D money into finding out your shopping habits. See, right now if you use the Internet regularly to shop, someone is tracking what you looked at and what you bought and analyzing why you bought it. The idea is that the next time you buy a book, the page that opens up is going to display a bunch of books you may want to buy. To some people this is great, but I'm sure a lot of people would object to it. I really don't give a shit; other columnists in here are gonna make a woooo "Big Brother" discussion but I just accept things like that. What a lot of people are banking on is that you'll be able to use your cell phone like a credit card to purchase things, it will probably make the use of your cell cheap or free but they'll fill up your message box with ads based on things you bought and the stupid thing will ring and announce a sale at the store you're about to walk past. Basically this will make every mall the equivalent of weekend at Atlantic City with your Players Club card. Every big business selling every stupid thing will know all of your strengths and weaknesses and be able to figure out what you're gonna get suckered into buying.

Even weirder is that the cell phone will know exactly where you are at all times, and I'm sure it will allow others to know where you are too. You can't hide out in the library anymore without someone calling and asking why you're there. Cameras suddenly turn towards you when you walk into the Disney store on 42nd street minutes after walking out of Show World. Of course they'll sell you how great these phones are, when you're daughter is lost at Six Flags and how you'll never have to ask for driving directions again, but besides the big brother aspect, what about every fucking annoying person yappin and beeping and talking to nobody while they walk?

I'm just happy that I don't have to do anything in so called real-time. I can pretty much put off everything I'm responsible for a week or more and not have to worry about it. Hell, I've never even worn a watch since high school. Maybe in the long run technology will allow others to be as carefree as myself but seeing all these nutzoids walking around pretending their important I don't see it happening anytime soon.

Anyhow email your complaints to videoschmoe@flashcom.net.



Damn, why can't there be more time in a day? I have got to travel a lot this month and I just got back two days ago. So this column is going to be a bit on the short side. I have gone to Los Angeles, New Orleans, San Diego, and the southern part of Florida in the last few weeks. I have got to see some really good shows in the last month including EYEHATEGOD in New Orleans. The line-up was EYEHATEGOD, HIGH ON FIRE, SUPLECS and HAWGJAW. As you can imagine it was a hell of a show with EYEHATEGOD being in fine form. They were really feeding off the rowdy hometown crowd. They played for a really long time and rocked out all of their old favorites. And the sound at the club was amazing, which made for an even better show. Those San Francisco local boys HIGH ON FIRE held their own with a ripping set of SABBATH influenced rock n' roll. HIGH ON FIRE sounded great and got a really good crowd response. I could tell they were stoked because of it. I actually got to spend a few days in New Orleans and do some cool exploring. All in all it was a pretty amazing city. I enjoyed everything, even though the temperature was a bit on the hot and muggy side. I can't imagine what the weather is like there in the middle of July. Uh!

I also got to see a couple of good shows in Los Angeles and San Diego. I went down to see BOTCH and TIME IN MALTA in both cities and to hang out with a good friend in San Diego. The first night was a totally solid bill, which included 16 and THROWDOWN. Every band was really good that night, but the crowd response for 16 was kind of poor. I guess hardcore kids are not into bands like 16. Well I say it is the their loss, because 16 rocks.

THROWDOWN were recording their set for some upcoming live release. So every kid near the stage ended up actually standing on the stage and engulfing the singer in a big sing-along dogpile for every song. This was cool, except that if you weren't one of those kids on the stage you couldn't see anything. Nevertheless every band rocked amazingly hard that night so I was very happy.

The next day I finally got to see a show at the Che Cafe in San Diego. I have been hearing so many good things about this place for so long, it was good to finally see a show there. The crowd was young and totally energetic and the guy who books the shows at the Che was way cool. The line-up that night was BOTCH, TIME IN MALTA and SASHA. Once again everybody destroyed the house, including SASHA. They were an awesome band that combined lots of power and energy and turned out some heavy-duty grindcore. Which is always a good mix in my book. Not only that, but one of the guys in SASHA busted out with the patented "drop-n'-roll" fire drill style, which entailed throwing his body to the ground in the heat of the moment and rolling around passionately screaming without the aid of a microphone. It was a true San Diego "emo" moment as my travel companion (and San Diego native) said.

BURN IT DOWN ^ "Let The Dead Bury The Dead" CD - I had some big expectations for the release. I really like their other stuff and a friend of mine had heard an advance tape of this release and kept hyping it. Well after finally getting my hands on a copy I have to say it is pretty damn good, with just one minor complaint. The overall tone of the music is totally fucking punishing. Excellent produced hardcore that throbs and jolts all over the place. The chaotic drumming is top notch and it really pulls the twisting mess of hardcore and metal together. And the fiery vocalist spits out some vehement lyrics that are obviously very dark and personal. My main complaint about this record is the various parts throughout the record where the vocalist is singing and not screaming. I just find it totally distracting from the intensity of the record. Bands like CONVERGE and CAVE-IN have made this melodic style of singing very popular amongst hardcore bands, but I just don't get it. The other thing that I didn't really care for was their cover of ROLLING STONE's "Paint It Black." Hardcore bands should really just stay away from trying to cover classic rock songs, because they can't compare and end up just embarrassing themselves. But with that said, these issues are really minor and this record has a ton of bang for you buck. Also if you have a computer you can go to loudnet.com and check out tracks from this CD to see if you like it before you buy it. (Escape Artist Records, PO Box 472, Downingtown, PA 19335 escapeartr@aol.com).

WARHORSE ^ "The Priestess" LP ^ On the back of the record cover it says "Doom On And Drop Out." That should give a major clue of where these guys are coming from. The entire record has a whole three songs on it! Think of sludgy doomcore bands like SLEEP and you will hit the nail on the head. This drags by slower than a day at the office. Thick, hazy guitar riffs, booming bass lines and raspy vocals ooze out of your speakers like chunky vomit. There are a couple of spaced out rock jams at the end of each song that scream "stoner rock" in the most complimentary of ways. The cover art and layout look real nice and the vinyl is a fancy blood red color. And for those of you that need to know, they cover "Wasteland" by WARGASM. A top notch release from... (Ellington Records, PO Box 13445, Berkeley, CA 94712-4445 / slowdeath@aol.com)

DISEMBODIED ^ "Two Unreleased Studio Tracks From 1997" EP ^ Have you ever snaked your friend out of a record? I recently got my friend pretty good at a record store in Los Angeles. We were standing there in line and I saw a pile of records on the counter. I started flipping through them and I saw this DISEMBODIED record I had never seen before. My friend said, "I want that record", but unfortunately my hand was on the record and I wanted it as well. So I ended up buying the last copy, and he was not too happy about the whole situation. I felt bad.....for about three seconds. Damn I am a bastard. Well there is not much information on this record. When there are no address or song titles and the production numbers are scratched out, it generally means that the record is a bootleg. Well just like the title says there are two DISEMBODIED songs here. They songs capture DSEMBODIED in all their hardcore/metal glory. The really cool thing about this record is that each song is also recorded backwards. So there are actually four songs. Each song forwards and backwards. I am sure this is limited as fuck so start your bidding now on EBay now. (No Address)

SUICIDE NATION/YAPHET KOTTO ^ Well fuck me and the black metal horse that I rode in on. SUICIDE NATION kicks your balls against the wall with an awesome song that takes totally metal blast beat drumming and whaling guitars and combines it with slowed down, fierce hardcore. The vocals are fortunately just as fierce as the music. This song follows the pattern of all of their other releases and I think these guys can do no wrong. YAPHET KOTTO on the other hand, have got a passionate rhythmic style that kind of reminds me of TIME IN MALTA. While their half of the EP was definitely solid, after listening to the insanity of SUICIDE NATION it seemed to come up a bit short. (Council Records, No Address)

KABINBOY/LARGE MOUND ^ split EP and KABINBOY "Self-titled" EP - KABINBOY hail from Belfast and slowly grind through a couple tracks that obviously have some serious MELVINS influences going on there. What makes them stand apart is that they are strictly an instrumental band. While I have never been a huge fan of instrumental bands. These tracks are much easier to digest in the short form of a 7" than a full-length release. On one of these EP's KABINBOY share a split with LARGE MOUND. Let's just say that the poppy/sappy musical styling of LARGE MOUND, made me wince in pain, and I couldn't even make it through their side of the EP before I picked the needle seeking urgent relief. Nevertheless, I think I should point out that the vinyl that the split EP is pressed on is one of the thickest pieces of vinyl I have ever seen. And for those who count the numbers, both of these EP's are very limited. (Gary, 109 Melrose Street, Belfast, BT97DP Northern Ireland).

Well it looks like I have come to the close of another column. By the time you read this I will be smiling from ear to ear because ANTISEEN is finally going to make it out to San Francisco. Damn, I wonder if they have ever played at a tractor pull contest? Now that would be a fucking cool show! And SPAZZ's last show ever is on December 2nd. They are playing with THE OATH and TOTAL FURY (Japan). Can you say raging circle pit? Thanks to everyone for reading and sending in shit for review. As always please forward all things grindy to PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712. Or e-mail your love letters to xgoatcorex@hotmail.com.

"You can't bring me down! Who the hell are you calling crazy? You wouldn't know what crazy was if Charles Manson was eating fruit loops on your front porch." ^ (SUICIDAL TENDENCIES "You Can't Bring Me Down").

Scott Soriano
Rama Lama Fa
Fuck You

I've yakked on about my idea of what makes good rock'n roll for some time now. That the music is fast and loud isn't enough. There are tons of bands that cop some sound and play it fast and loud. A fast and loud Epifat band is still an Epifat band, same goes with fast and loud Poppunk (tm) bands. I could care less about the nth Ramones-soundalike and speed/death/black metal-tinged punk bores me. Oi oi oi is as monotonous as hey, hey, hey and spikes and studs bands are punk rock's Sha-Na-Na.

I like bands that do something with rock'n roll. Granted, it's tough to do something new with the form and still retain the basic energy—tough but not impossible. You can strip it down, pump it up, make it rawer than raw, chop it up, and turn it backwards. You can ram it with other forms of music not so you have some kind of cut up (i.e. here's the ska part, here's the metal part, etc.), but so you have something new and interesting. Check out the Turk Erkin Koray or the Ex for how to meld things right. Listen to the False Prophets' lame attempt at tossing rap in he middle of their songs for an example of how not to fuse music styles.

Below are some current bands that I am hooked on. Some are striking out into "new" terrain. Others are "merely" pushing the boundaries of the form they play by making it rawer, dumber, or just plain excelling in it. All of these bands have recordings available, though tracking them down might be tough.

A-FRAMES: Perhaps the only good band in Seattle and as such inhabit the fringes of that town's music scene. While other

Seattlans turn out tired rockisms, the A-Frames have taken rock'n roll and dumbed it down to the dumbest it will go and then toss in some smart. Not smart as in "Here's an augmented 5th," but smart as in knowing when to stop, knowing how to twist a song so it is familiar but not so much so that you can say "That sounds like the..." Call it songsmarts, sorta the rock'n roll equivalent of streetsmarts. If pressed for a comparison, I'd toss out the Brainbombs go new wave (sans keyboard), but that attempt at pigeon-holing is selling the A-frames short. Mixed into their sound are tinges of Stickmen with Rayguns, the Screamers, Hubble Bubble, X (Aussie), and even Gary Glitter. Almost as good on record as they are live and live they are fantastic, I recommend them to anyone.

NAZIS FROM MARS: These Dutchies take a simple garage punk arrangement and, instead of twisting it, update it with a bit of technology. In other words, this is techno punk, but not in the way Atari Teenage Riot is digital hardcore. The Nazis from Mars don't abandon hooks for anger. Instead they make catchy songs, washed over with a processed fuzzed and backed by a drum machine. The Nazis From Mars do not make their drum machine sound like a drummer (like Big Black did), but keep the tech in their punk prominent and that is one of the things that makes them stand out.

CRASH NORMAL: With two and a half 7"s out, this French band has taken the lo-fi, garage, blues punk thing and twisted it near breaking point. As with all bands in the blues punk subgenre, Crash Normal owe something to Pussy Galore, but not so much in sound but in spirit. They have the raw, fucked-up, primitive thing going, but like PG they actually do something with a song. They seem to follow the thought of "Oh, this sounds good" with "Now, how can we fuck this up?" The results are records you have to spend time with, that actually challenge you. That is quite a compliment.

DIRTBOMBS: On the back of their "Tina Louise" 7", Mick Collins writes, "Nothing on this record represents any sort of new direction or anything..." Now, I'm not sure if this in relation to the band's past and future output, or the style of music on the record. What I do know is that "Little Miss Chocolate Syrup" stayed on my turntable until my next door neighbor stole it from me (and now it lays on his). At their best, the Dirtbombs fuse all that is good about glam rock with a R&B-influenced punk rock. Not only does the ghost of Marc Bolan haunt these guys, but what they draw from R&B is more than the Muddy Waters/Bo Diddley/greasy swamp mucky muck. The Dirtbombs tap into Sly Stone, the Isleys, and even Prince. If Ian Svenonius had these guys as a backing band instead of the Make-Up, there would be no reason for any other maximum R&B bands to exist.

CLONE DEFECTS: The minute I heard the words, "Scissors chop you up," I was hooked. I'll admit that none of the other recorded Clone Defect songs are quite as warped as "Scissors Chop," but they do rock with energy that rivals Teengenerate. This is not to say that they sound like our Japanese heroes, but they rev with the same over-the-top verve. Hopefully this Detroit band will continue to stagger between high energy rock'n roll and demented blasts of fucked-upness.

DETROIT: Not the band, but the city. Along with the Dirtbombs and the Clone Defects, this bombed-out berg has a slew of bands out to put the words "Rock City" back where they belong, behind their fine city's name. The Geriatrix, the White Stripes, the Detroit Cobras, Bantam Roosters are all very good bands. Mix in recent deaths such as the Piranhas (man, what a band!), and you've got a scene that could continue the sequence of "Detroit Œ70, Cleveland Œ75, New York Œ76, London Œ77, Hollywood Œ78, etc..." Lucky for us, there are a few labels (Tom Perkins, Italy, Flying Bomb) documenting this shit.

LE SHOK: Yeah, sure these guys are getting hyped by everyone, but they damn well deserve to be. They have been able to put an album and a few 7"s that are consistently good, drawing the few interesting from the murky post-Nation of Ulysses, white-belted college crowd and smashing it with basic, high energy punk rock'n roll (not unlike the now-dead Skull Kontrol). The songs drive forward and warp enough to capture you without forcing you to figure them out. Plus the graphics they use are interesting, again taking a bit from art-punk's past and updating it.

BRAINBOMBS: I don't think anyone playing rock'n roll today has as much dark humor twisting through their songs as the Brainbombs. The Brainbombs formula is simple (outrage plus bludgeoned chords time one-hundred equal song) and it works time and time again. The rightful heirs to the throne once occupied by Flipper.

COUNTRY TEASERS: O' Scotland, land of my namesake and home to these bog-trotting bluesmen. God help the Teasers if life and love actually goes their way. Normally I'd never wish total strangers misery, but personal blight seems to be what these Scots feed on. Probably the only band that is successfully melding blues with punk, making the music they play sound real rather than a mimic of long dead Black men. Wrecked chords stretched over spare drums and ground in as many pieces as their sad broken hearts. Ah love!

Again, this list is not exhaustive. There are countless more great and very good bands continuing to push the perimeters of rock'n roll or at least infusing with honest energy. I've mentioned bands that are relatively young, not new but young. There are oldsters like the Ex, the Mekons, and the criminally overlooked Caroliner that continue to redefine rock'n roll. These folks, too, are worth checking out, but do so with an open mind. As I've written before the only thing between rock'n roll and the graveyard are the efforts of people not content with reliving past glories or chanting, "Back in the day..." To fall into a mindset full of jadedness is to become a relic, a useless stump. If static is where your head is at, than you might as well take the advise of my good friend the Rev. Ed Hunter, "Get on the ice flow, old man. You can no longer serve the tribe."

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I will gladly accept free records and correspondence. I can do without playlists, promo flyers and other garbage. Send good stuff to: Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814 USA or scotts@sl.net

PETE MENCHETTI

Thursday Nov 9, 11:30 am.

I'm turning my column in late this month because I wanted to wait for the election results. But two days later, and they're still not in. This election proves two things: that your vote really *does* count in a close race, and that the system is a total fucking failure. First of all, the vote tally seems to be an unreliable, inaccurate process and basically a mess. No matter who wins, no one will really be certain who the real winner was. I'm no anarchist, but I definitely agree that the so-called "representational" democracy we have in the USA is horseshit. Look at the presidential race – Bush & Gore are each getting 48% of the vote – so no matter who wins, the 52% majority (of the people who bothered to vote) are going to be "represented" by someone who doesn't represent them. Worse yet is that a vote for a third party candidate is widely regarded as a "wasted" vote, so many people will vote *against* the candidate they don't want, instead of who they believe is the best person for the job!

"I'd like to vote for Nader, but I don't want Bush to win."

Fear of Bush is what kept Ralph Nader from getting their 5% of the popular vote, which would have helped elevate the Green Party (one I can actually identify with) become more of a force in the USA. Not to mention the way the media treated him: as a "spoiler," a protest vote.

Even fucking NPR (National Public Radio): "In this morning's election coverage, Republican presidential candidate George W Bush went to Kentucky, shook people's hands, and said something *really stupid*. In Ohio, Democratic presidential candidate Al Gore shook hands with supporters and spouted phony populist rhetoric to cheering crowds. And in other news..." WHAT?? What about the other fucking candidates, the ones who don't have oodles of corporate cash to spend publicizing themselves, the ones who *really need* media coverage? They come much later in the broadcast, if at all.

Just imagine if we actually did have campaign finance reform, and we had ten parties who could compete on equal footing. One candidate could win with as little as 15% of the vote, leaving the remaining 85% misrepresented!

We are taught – no, *fed* this bullshit about how great the USA is, how we're so free, how people fought and died to defend our country and its sacred democracy. The more attention I pay, the easier it is for me to come to the conclusion that the USA is a disgrace to its people, and to the rest of the world, who are either following its example like sheep, or unwillingly bombarded with its influence. ARGH FUCK KILL!

All this said, I do think that every one of you motherfuckers out there should have voted for Nader, because he actually represents positive change—away from corrupt politics, towards better environmental policies, against the all-powerful corporate interests. There are a lot of things about anarchism that I agree with, but it fails to address some very important issues for me. For example, anarchists are actually politically on GW Bush's side when it comes to dealing with polluters: leave the government out of it, let's make environmental cleanup *voluntary*. So who's going to stop the lumber companies from clearcutting? Look people, maybe 200 years ago anarchism would have been okay, but today an absence of government would only mean **Corporate Rule** ™ – on a much grander scale than today.

So don't let your bullshit circle-A friends (who have been convinced by Crass and Profane Existence that voting just ain't cool) intimidate you. I understand not wanting to vote for the candidates—I rarely feel represented enough by someone to give them my vote. But for fuck's sake, at least go vote on the referendums. Here in Nevada, we got to vote for more trails and parks, a ban on billboards, medical marijuana, and *against* an anti-gay marriage act. We need those progressive attitudes to get out and vote. Get yourself registered so you can cast your vote in the next election.

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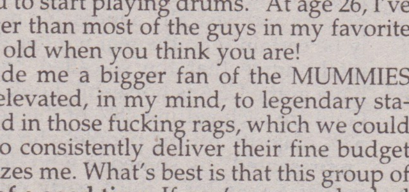
Music! Absolutely fucking *mandatory* for anyone with any sort of appreciation for unadulterated, unashamed METAL is the latest album by the FUCKING CHAMPS on Drag City Records. Holy shit, MAIDEN only *wished* they could have been this good! Fans of the great C-AVERAGE (Kill Rock Stars) should and will pay homage to the FUCKING CHAMPS.

I finally started playing the drums. I had the privilege of playing in my first band with Jim & Dan from CRUSHSTORY and Cisco from SCARED OF CHAKA. We learned some of their tunes, tore up a bunch of white sheets, and played a Halloween party as THE MUMMIES. Boy did we suck, but it was fun as hell. It was a sad realization for me that it would only be a one-time outing. But it was just what I needed – a big kick in the ass to get me to buy a kit and start drumming. I've always wanted to play, but for years I've been making excuses, like: "I'm too busy," "I don't have time," or the most ridiculous: "I'm too old to start playing drums." At age 26, I've realized that I'm still younger than most of the guys in my favorite bands. And you're only too old when you think you are!

The whole ordeal made me a bigger fan of the MUMMIES than ever. They have been elevated, in my mind, to legendary status. To tour all over the world in those fucking rags, which we could barely last a night in, and to consistently deliver their fine budget rock for so many years, amazes me. What's best is that this group of guys must have had a **hell of a good time.** If you've never checked them out, do yourself a favor, would ya? Over and out,

Pete Menchetti / pete@stickerguy.com / Po Box 204, Reno NV 89504 USA



The past six months or so have been very spotty for the column. This began with the all of a sudden need to move from Frisco to Bezerkeley in search of kinder landlords (have I found this? Way too early to tell but so far so good) no roommates (Melanie the Pimp was a great roommate, the indie rocker however proved all assumptions about velcro shoes to be true) and more space. The move was only a bit of a wrinkle. The real event mucking up the emo column productivity was all of the activity involved in getting married. A quick rundown of events:

1) Amazingly, my mother only drove me crazy for a total of an hour over the five days we were around each other and only drove my bride, Stacy, to tears once!

2) The whole event was in Las Vegas, Nevada at the lovely Rainbow Gardens reception hall. Considering the distance required of all the guests to travel it was very well attended with just under 85 people present.

3) The minister officiating everything didn't slip up once, so god stayed uninvited. Again, amazingly, my mother didn't drive me crazy about this at all, and believe me, there was quite the potential for this.

4) Floyd was more than happy to let all of my relatives know that I wear ladies stretch jeans (juniors size 9, 517 Levi's) when he gave the best man's toast.

5) Brad Stodard, of KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERS/WHISKEY SUNDAY/all the Bill & Brad stories in *Probe* caught the garter and celebrated the occasion with some bathroom stall booty. Strangely, Brad denies this took place. Perhaps Yale Divinity Students aren't supposed to engage in such tawdry activities.

6) The open bar was a big hit (throughout most of the evening folks were double-fisting mixed drinks) and the buffet choices were prime rib and a delightful pasta dish. Plenty of eating options for the sensitive souls. Just ask former-*MRR* coordinator Jax. Every picture has her fork heading for the piehole!

7) The possibility that the DJ was going to fuck up was of great concern to Stacy and me. We sternly briefed him on the extreme importance of not playing any Bette Midler, Whitney Houston, or any other such sappy bullshit. Also, no group dances were to be tolerated. He didn't fuck it up, and the fancy footwork of Brian R., kingpin of Hand Held Heart Records, got everybody up and dancing for the entire night.

8) Speaking of dancing, the bride and groom's first dance was to Hank Sr.'s "Hey Good Lookin'" with the appropriate two-step. Learning this two-step involved five Wednesday nights at Emeryville's Allegro Ballroom where my stumbling and bumbling had women in their mid-30s doing everything in their power to avoid dancing with me. It was just like cotillion when I was 11, only then it was girls my own age avoiding my left feets. Stacy had no shortage of creepy 50 year old men to dance with.

9) Post-wedding partying at the Tiki Lounge in the Imperial Palace Hotel/Casino found this newlywed drinking lots of girlie drinks and watching Bill challenge all of Stacy's relatives to matches at the breathalyzer. An entire casino full of games of chance and the Sacramento/Jefferson Parish crowd spent 50 cents a pop wagering on whose blood-alcohol content was highest.

10) Everyone was most generous with wedding gifts and donations at the money dance, but Mark Murrmann's gift of the SHITDOGS "History Of Cheese" EP...shit, you just can't register anywhere for such an amazing gift!

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Hey, how long has this PURPOSE "Art As A Weapon" EP been out? Melodic hardcore with ye olde style emo tendencies in the breakdowns. Parts of it comes across as the DAG NASTY influenced AVAIL bits and a good bit of it is HOT WATER MUSIC without the bullshit (which is a comparison I've stolen and paraphrased from Mark Murrmann, who was told that the INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY sounded like the MAKEUP without the bullshit, which led Mark to an inevitable query). Catchy for sure. ($3.50ppd: Underestimated, PO Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613).

The CASKET LOTTERY sails forth with another EP (Status, PO Box 1300, Thousand Oaks, CA 91358), this one with two songs, "Lost At Sea" and "A Priest Walks Into A Bar." Crooner tunes with little to no distortion and a vocalist who sounds like an earnest younger boy. Similar to SAVES THE DAY (without the corny lyrics) and WAXWING (without the tremendous lyrics and the more aged voice).

Your friends from Prague, ANYWAY, could please those wanting more kick than found in the above reviewed CASKET LOTTERY EP. (c/o PO Box 4843, Santa Rosa, CA 95402) Quite similarly influenced, but louder guitars that push with greater urgency. The guitar on the NO KNIFE side of the NO KNIFE/SUNSHINE split EP (Filler, Beukelsweg 13B 3022, GB Rotterdam, HOLLAND) has a bright buzzing quality. New *MRR* know-it-all Mike Thorn suggests it sounds like something out of Kent, OH. True, fans of HARRIET THE SPY, PARTY OF HELICOPTERS, etc. might have some fun with the weary vocals and just now noted guitar sound. SUNSHINE continues to get weirder while still rockin' the bells. New romance tunes, plenty of love for the CURE and I'd venture to say if you like guitar wail in the post-nuclear winter style of the NME post-punks.

Scene Police (D.P. Merklinghaus, Humboldstr. 15, 53115, Bonn GERMANY) has got to be one of the busiest labels in Europe. Amidst their recent output is the BABIES THREE "A Hole Where My Heart Should Be" LP. Not from Germany, but England, the BABIES THREE for the most part stick to an CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE-style smooth delivery (few effects on the guitar with minimal jangle and a bass that takes a long walk across each song) but a starker mood created, as found on older Subjugation Records releases. BABIES THREE is another band whose large, wide open songs are sneakily memorable.

I'd be pretty damn hard to not make mention of the "Midwest emo-bop sound" when reviewing Indiana's MOCK ORANGE. Look, PROMISE RING and BRAID are rustling in their sheets. However, I didn't think MOCK ORANGE was from the Midwest because of a melodic drive I associate with Southern California. So, just as Texas refashioned this particular sound into a fantastic dessert treat (hello, Act Your Age and Dosei Jidai bands) something is being tweaked here, just not far enough. I am reviewing an LP titled "The Record Play" (Lobster, PO Box 1473, Santa Barbara, 93102).

Q: Are we not men? A: I fucking can't get enough of THE MAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH. Well, there's a statement for you. Anyway, for the longest bit all I had of these Ohio stinkers was their EP released in the mid '90s (which this out-of-touch doofus will boldly assume is way overlooked, because he never ever hears anyone talking about, so there). Out now from their home base, Donut Friends ($7ppd: PO Box 3192, Kent, OH 44240) is a long lost recording presented in the 12" format, titled the "Dis Yourself EP". Slippery vocals, but a slow slippery, poured into the way atmospheric tunes (but not stoner atmospheric or Canadian emo-violence guitar anthem atmospheric, but way out in space guitar jams that are still planning on re-entry. Fuzzed out bass and guitar, sparse drums, no down low sounds, it's all higher-end tuneful. The previously mentioned EP should be picked up while you're at it, for a mere $3 from the Donut Friends.

SWITCHBLADE continues to punish, record after fucking record and no turds. Unbelievable! Their first 12" is out now; another of their fine releases on Trust No One (Helgalunden 5, 118 58 Stockholm, SWEDEN). Vocals just barely crawl over the mess of the three piece, barked out with what sounds like complete contempt for who knows who. Until the lyric sheet lets on that it's, ta da, the bleak and non-stop forward march of day-to-day. I'm a sucker for full-bodied, resonating drums which happen to be the anchor of SWITCHBLADE. While the drums boom away the full on fucked and attention demanding bass pounds out with the guitar ripping in and out. Buried below is a layer of electronic sampling that adds to the case of the creeps this LP gives me. Trust No One is looking for a US label to press this, but I don't recommend waiting that long to buy this.

Yes, yes, I know that the JR EWING LP is a motherfucking hardcore, no sweaters allowed, "I'll show you what you can do with that journal" band, but they have nervous timing and terse delivery that I can see many of the "I love me a band that plays on the floor" crowd truly enjoying. Huge delivery, assault and battery vocals that can be full on rich in their tone and than seizure spastic. They're from Norway, like your old friends SO MUCH HATE and LIFE...BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? Whatever that means. Oh yeah, and one song sounds like "I shot Jon Benet" but is really "I got to be me." I THOUGHT I HAD FOUND THE REAL KILLERS OF JON BENET! (Coalition, Hugo de Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB Den Haag, HOLLAND, take a look at ebullition.com for U.S. availability).

Those with the one "Fear Of Smell" comp may recall the scratchy NATION OF ULYSSES track. For similarly raw and (duh) maddeningly delightful communiques urging the storming of the kingdom of heaven, pick up the NATION OF ULYSSES "The Embassy Tapes" LP ($9ppd: Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007-1802). Describing the sounds just doesn't seem right, those unfamiliar must snap to it already (go with the "13 Point..." LP, first). Remember to heed their words and seek "to ensure permanent revolution" through "ever lasting musical ineptitude."

NEIL PERRY give emo-violence the friggin' electroshock treatment on the split they share with A SATELLITE CRASH (Spiritfall, 215 Hancock Ave., Bridgewater, NJ 08807). They smuggled some epic Canadian guitar anthems across the border and teamed it up with a bass guitar that, I hereby declare, has the most amazingly flattened out, but deep as can be, fuzzy blasts. Breakdowns are total herk and jerk that demand a mosh around the bedroom, while the rest of the mess just floors it ahead with hectic determination. A SATELLITE CRASH has hired a vocalist who leaves out the screech of NEIL PERRY and goes for a muted version of the Ray Cappo chicken squawk. The music focuses primarily one the rhythms of the bass and drum, with the guitar a pace back pulling leads that are a slower (and less compelling) version of INSULT TO INJURY (did you buy that LP yet?) and ASS-FACTOR 4. Sometimes the focus switches to the singer and the guitar picking snapping at each other.

Mike Joyce would love the cover of the EXCELSIOR LP (Belladonna. PO Box 13873, Gainesville, FL 32604) because it has a picture of a wee leprechaun at rainbow's end guarding a pot of gold! I love the LP because it unleashes the rock with big ass stoner guitar, snotty/dramatic vocals, and tambourine proficiency. Listening to this brings to mind the magnificent SLEEP graphic of the astronaut with the space bong. Hey, what time is it?

As long as I'm talking about rocking it in outer space, we'll move on to RACEBANNON's "First There Was The Emptiness" LP. RACEBANNON enters orbit in a different manner. Rather than big ol' guitar jams, they ratchet off with fast shaking screamo guitar and doubled up harsh pants of vocals. And then, quite often, the whole mess will get quite squirrely. Sometimes free jazz drumming, lots of whispers, and the occasional weird electronic blip. The recording is (as the Yankees say) wicked hollow. Perfect for the rapidly falling out of satellite orbit ambience of RACEBANNON. (Level Plane, level-plane.com)

Oh, yeah THE INTIMA has got the art-punk edge, but in a fairly straight forward way. Meaning it ain't so good damn disjointed that I want to get Mr. ALLIN out to help cleanse my ears. But the directness still leaves the necessary amount of room for an atonal brooding to take place. Bass backbone, stacatto drums, sawing violins and repetitive guitar picks. The Dutch master killers, THE EX, are among my all-time favorites which sets me up to be quite tickled by this, the "No Lullaby For Sleep" CD (Zum, PO Box 4449, Berkeley, CA 94704-0449).

While the MOHINDER EPs are worth every penny that folks are getting bled for, it's nice that all the goods have been collected on shiny aluminum and black plastic for the sensible spenders (GSL, 12031 Regentview Ave., Second Floor, Downey, CA 90241). MOHINDER's sound is the not-so-missing link between forefather's HEROIN and young turks NEIL PERRY, HASSAN I SABBAH, and many angst junkies on Witching Hour. All the members move with an aggression that, amazingly, doesn't blur. The slight exercise of restraint allows for hooks of guitar octave work, all of a sudden bass breakdowns, and stop, drop and roll drumming breakouts. Well penned liner notes by an observer.

Aspiring dungeon masters should invest in a copy of the "Of Monkey, Of Man, Of Wizard" PANKRATION CD ($8ppd: Donut Friends, see above). I don't remember the lyrical imagery of "lightning strikes from fingertips, inflicting death by burning flesh" and other verse suited for an afternoons berzerker's rage. Production out of the wazoo, allowing the bass thunder to cause a massive avalanche of drum and guitar to crash down at a pace that allows for the wave of debris to get bigger still. Definitely for the math club folks with stringy greasy hair who weren't all that pleased with the RUSH t-shirt they were expected to wear.

Before I review the NUZZLE "Junk of Myth: '92-'95" CD, stop a second. Think about the "San Lorenzo's Blues" LP that NUZZLE put out a bit back. What a fantastic group of country-fried emo rock songs!! And here's the lead up, a CD compiling a couple of EPs and their first LP. As the songs press forward, the vocals begin to step forward and the guitars simmer down while jangling out. The songs rely on the popular soft strum to loud explosion emo dynamic, but delivering a vision of good things to come (while still be fucking great on their one, smarty pants).

Guitars presenting themselves rather simply in their repetition but approaching lyrics in their expressiveness blending fantastically with vocals that tell stories with few words. Yes, big, fat, fancy words. Sorry.

A few month's back the internet was full of griping about the quality of the ANASAZI full length's (Troubleman) recording quality. I'll just say that rather than being a bare bones recording that sounds raw, it unfortunately sounds muted. When ANASAZI unleashes the fire and brimstone distorto attack these problems are sent packing (with the exception of the tin pan drums). Honestly, their sound is right at the border of being the 21st century version of Finnish apocalypse thrash of yore. A label like Hydra Head might be able to step into the shoes of Propaganda in such a scenario. Are you with me? Do you dig me daddy?

The OFFICE KILLER CD-R needs, desperately, to fall into the right hands. These Dutch shredders are looking for some help in releasing these songs in a more permanent medium. This release smashes to bits my belief that all CD-Rs are just 4th rate demo tapes. A number of qualities from the PALATKA/END OF THE CENTURY PARTY split EP (jittery guitar, frantic drums, distracted vocals) are poured into an incredibly pummeling forward stomp. Can you figure a sped up JOY DIVISION as rendered by HACKSAW? (Pascal, Graaf Adolfstraat 42, 9717 eh, Groningen, HOLLAND).

This is what I know for sure about BLUE WATER BO; I am immediately reminded of both STILL LIFE and MONSULA. The vocal sound and delivery are way close to the songs of the MONSULA "Nickel" EP. They are tempered extremely well by the emo-rock opera musical delivery which is similar to the best STILL LIFE 2xLP. Expansive guitars, one building a wall for the other to decorate with careful leads, with the drums and bass thickening the stew. News flash, this just in: final SOULSIDE LP is another fair sound comparison. Two formats: CD (Sniffing, CC 3288 (1000) Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA) or LP (Dead End, Postfach 2631, 6002, Lurzen, SWITZERLAND).

This month's packaging award goes to CALIFORNIA LIGHTENING for an EP house constructed of plasticy gauze, masking tape, photocopies and rubber stamps ($3.50ppd: Sound on Sound, PO Box 687, Berkeley, CA 94704-0687). Three songs from two people. One side has two songs that are rough indie (pop) rock reminiscent of early 90's bands from the Northwest that ended up on K. The winner is on the other side combining flat vocals and paranoid guitar. Freaked out and fucked up!

Another EP from HIDDEN CHORD (Blood of the Young, PO Box 14411, Minneapolis, MN 55414) who have put out two winners previous to this (and I'm told there is a full length out now). The song "Suicide Note To Myself" seems a bit off from their more usual point A to point B approach. A bit peculiar, slow and jazzy verses that surprise into an almost peppy, slightly slower, and more ballsy SQUEEZE. And then there is a fantastic bridge of more of this. Back to the slower stuff, and considering the subject matter it makes sense and inches in to my good graces due to my love for songs that lean towards stories. Side B, it's the upbeat but not happy rock'n'roll of the past HIDDEN CHORD EPs, with hints of HUSKER DU, the BYRDS and MONORCHID.

The return of DEAD & GONE...well, here's something you can always count on an asshole to say: their first EP remains my favorite, and what I find to be their most worthwhile release. Whatever. The new double EP (GSL, you'll see an address upstairs) "Shiny & Black" is the best since that first release. It's quite a contrast to the dull live sets I've seen that feel very labored and false dramatic. These four songs sound incredible. Refreshingly short, but fully communicative with the heavy wool blanket of bass and the plaintive guitar. Just think if NEUROSIS had succeeded when the branched out so many years back.

Despite being limited to 300, I have a feeling that those quick on the draw in their mail order skills can get a copy of the COUNT "Romance In Reverb" EP ($4ppd: PO Box 1161, Claremont, CA 91711). As said in a previous regular review for these fancy boys, plenty of homage to the greats (HEROIN, ANTIOCH ARROW) with an anthemic blur/strut of gee-tar.

Split seven inch, Swede style: SWITCHBLADE/CULT OF LUNA (Trust No One Recordings, address up yonder). Wow, on the SWITCHBLADE stuff. There's a display of a reserved approach that makes for a rather scratchy operatic thrust. The two songs of this bent are hatcheted up with a smash your skull the fuck up blast of tinny drum and straight through guitar. When a person joins the CULT OF LUNA, they'd better be able to tolerate Scandi-style doom a la HIS HERO IS GONE & ACURSED with a nearly subliminal electronic tweak. All slow, no go, join the fold brothers and sisters, amen.

Backdoor Records (PO Box 802, Greenville, NC 27835-0802) debuts rather nicely with the MARION/LADDERBACK EP. MARION knocks around on the two songs that have a slowed down MOHINDER meets a more tuneful ASSFACTOR 4. Great mix of slightly hollow effects on the guitars and taut sounding bass. LADDERBACK has a similar tight and tuneful bass but rougher guitar and a handful of time changes and tempo mix ups. Choppy vocal delivery when its growling at speed, then spoken at the switcheroos. I hope I'm the only turd that has slept on this band. I'm ordering their stuff on Bifocal Media (PO Box 296, Greenville, NC 27835-0296) today (or tomorrow, or a week/month/hey when are you reading this?).

SECRET SERVICE/DISNEY VIOLENCE split EP: On side SECRET SERVICE fancy pants sung vocals over down tuned bass discordance and sky high guitar back and forth. It makes for a terrifically fucked up melodic sludge. DISNEY VIOLENCE doesn't give the generic performance I expected from their stupid name. Not quite fast-core sound with way more personality in each instrument than that genre usually allows for. Great breaks throughout. (Good Bye Blue Skies Records)

I joined the Coffin Kids Fan Club and got all sorts of cool shit: a t-shirt, stickers, membership card, Eminem button, and a MIKE ANDERSON/WILLIAM PELON split EP. Wow, these one man bands are quite different from the recent batch of HASIL ADKINS-style boys to shimmy through *MRR*. But why review further? The fan club is closed and Elvis has left the building.

The USURP SYNAPSE/HASSAN I SABBAH EP comes with a razor blade. Be careful, or you'll be squirting real tears!! USURP SYNAPSE's finest moment yet. Plenty of feedback and slopped out delivery, but not muffled and muted. Solid, no-cliche transitions from SECOND STORY WINDOW quack over COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN mayhem into spooky INDIAN SUMMER/SAETIA. ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY wanderings. The screamo revolution continues on the HASSAN I SABBAH side. The slow parts are straight off the live MOSS ICON recordings (and the intro to the 2nd FINGERPRINT EP). The fast and hectic portions have enough guitar flash to warrant comparisons to some really good bands, figure it out on your own goddman time you damn whore! Hip hop hurray!

Too many great records this month for a realistic buying guide, so here's a top 5: 1) NATION OF ULYSSES LP 2) SWITCHBLADE LP 3) MAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH LP 4) MOHINDER LP 5) CALIFORNIA LIGHTENING EP.

I am totally fed up with the employees at the post office where my PO Box is and I'm tired of trying to get to it before it closes on Saturday. So, please pay attention to future columns for a new address. Until then stuff can still go to PO Box 170040, San Francisco, CA 94117.

PAY ATTENTION!
DWARVES
Nathan Berg

Continuing the slooooow process of documenting the summer travels of Defacto Oppression (+ me). When I last left you, I had flown home for a good friend's wedding and partied into the wee hours...

June 18th

I woke up at Rob's house early in the morning and walked to my mom's to meet my brother. He gave me a ride to Minneapolis (while I slept more) and I got on a plane to Atlanta. The show that night was actually going to be in Nashville, but the rest of the crew had played Atlanta the night before, so I was to fly there (since it was an extra $400 to fly right into Nashville), they'd pick me up right at the airport, and we'd immediately hit the road.

The guys were there to greet me as I stepped off the plane and we caught up on each others' weekends, both interesting in completely different ways. They informed me of a new problem with Snags, a nice grinding sound when braking at high speeds. The brakes were going to need attention (and, of course, money thrown their way) soon. We made it to Nashville at about 7 and met up with the fine fellows from From Ashes Rise at a small record store that would temporarily be converted to a space for bands. DFO ended up playing first and the sound kind of bummed. The next two bands (god forbid I actually remember a band's name once in a while) were also good, but again the sound wasn't too hot. I walked down the street with Jake so he could find a phone to call home for Fathers' Day. By the time we got back, From Ashes Rise were already a few songs into their set and the place was packed tight. Everyone in the band would later complain about their set, but I swear it was one of the best I saw the whole summer. That band seriously knows how to knock you on your ass!!

After the show, we headed to Dave from FAR's house (which was kind of in the burbs) and sat around drinking, listening to records, telling stories, and watching a Journey video Adam brought on tour with the sole purpose of amusing Dave (who seriously likes Journey—seriously). We all eventually found some floor space and I was loving the prospect of getting more than five hours sleep for the first time in five days.

June 19th

Woke up in the morning with no particular plan for the day but to get the brakes fixed on the van and lounge. The brake pads ended up needing replacement, so they took us for a little over $200, making none us very happy but still thankful that nothing serious had gone wrong yet. During the afternoon we gathered all of the ingredients to make more soup and feasted like champions. Later we went to a nearby disc golf course and threw around until it started getting dark. With darkness came booze and we spent another night just drinking and chatting and taking it easy, the only serious excitement being a near tumble from 25 feet up a tree in Dave's front yard by yours truly. Soon enough we were rolling the bags out on the floor and getting yet another good night's sleep.

June 20th

We had no show yet again this evening, but after a long period of rest, we decided we'd start on our way to Fort Smith, AR, and find a good place to camp on the way. We got fixings for a huge batch of pasta and everyone kept busy either cooking, cleaning out the van, cleaning out Dave's apartment, or catching up on much-needed showering. By late afternoon we were ready to roll, so we said our thank you's and goodbye's and put Snags back on the highway.

Mike did the bulk of the driving that night while the rest of us screamed along with 80s tunes and played UNO in the back. We bought a few alcoholic beverages at a drive-through liquor store and continued the madness until we neared what looked to be a cool camping spot. Chris downed his share of the brew much too fast and soon shared the feel and smell of his bile with the rest of us after a miserable attempt at making it go out the window soon before we arrived. It was late and most everyone camping was already out for the night so Mike, Jake, Adam, and I walked down to the lake while Chris made his bed on the roof of the van. The lake looked pretty nice judging from the atlas, and for all I know it was, but I was a little taken aback to see a big nuclear reactor staring at us from the other side, lighting the sky in a bright, weird glow. We sat and skipped rocks for a while until fatigue set in and went back to set up the tents and go to sleep for the night.

June 21st

There was a loud noise that gradually became louder as I regained consciousness from a deep sleep. Just before I opened my eyes, I recognized it as the sound of a downpour, and when finally fully coherent, I realized that we were getting soaked to beat all hell in the tent. Jake and Adam woke up at almost the exact same time and Adam greeted the new day with a "Fuck! I'm wet!" Jake sized up the situation by opening the tent door and we soon realized that the grass we were laying in was retaining a good two to three inches of water in most places, and that it was raining so hard that a ten-step sprint to the van was going to leave us without a dry spot on our bodies. We got into the van, watched Jake deal with the tent, and planned our next course of action.

It was Mike's birthday and goddamn if he was going to let a little (arguably a lot) rain spoil the affair for him. We were only an hour or so from Fort Smith, so we headed for town, hoping that the kid setting up that night's show would be able to set us up with showers and a washing machine and such. It was still terribly early in the morning when we arrived, so we decided to kill some time by finding a cool local diner to have breakfast at. We drove around with no such luck for about a half an hour until we swallowed our pride and pulled into a Denny's. After killing an hour or so eating the garbage Denny's calls food we called Brian, who was setting up the show, only to find out that he was really sick and not into a vanful of idiots coming over and terrorizing his place at 9:30 in the morning. We ended up going to a shitty laundromat and spent yet more time straightening up the van and tidying our clothes and sleeping bags. We eventually made it to Brian's and after a bit of getting-to-know-you's, he took us out to a brand new cafe that he worked at for lunch. We killed yet more time there bullshitting with his co-workers and nibbling on some grub. We found out that the show was supposed to be outside that evening and were faced with fact that the show would more than likely have to be canceled. One of the kids came up with the idea that he could have the show at his mom's house. One quick phone call to run the idea past his mom and it was all set up.

We went back to Brian's to relax for a bit, and about a half-hour before we were ready to go, we noticed that it had cleared up enough for the show to go on after all. Soon we were at a parking lot behind a beer-canning factory (how's that for irony) with a river on one side and train tracks on the other. There was only one opening band and a good 70 kids had shown up, mostly just to see their high-school influenced brand of emo. DFO stuck out like a sore thumb in both age and style, but most of the kids stuck around and quite a few of them actually enjoyed it. After the show, Mike was in hurry to start his birthday celebration, so we drove out to buy beer and headed to a party Brian knew of near downtown.

The party was a bit bizarre, a least the part where we walked around a big, empty house only to open up a big door and find about twenty kids dressed in weird costumes drinking, cranking tunes, and playing some game that I can only describe as a less personal version of truth or dare. It seemed like we'd only been there for a few minutes when it more or less cleared out, so Mike and I geared up for a trip to the pub while everyone else decided to head back to Brian's. A few people suggested the best bars to go to and we soon realized that Fort Smith is really lacking a good bar scene. We managed to get a good personal celebration going though, which can make any bar seem, at the very least, interesting.

After a long, crooked walk home, with a stop in the middle to get pulled over by three squad cars questioning our being out late, we got back to Brian's and threw ourselves into a deep sleep.

June 22nd

After doing the pack-up thing and getting ready to leave, we went and had some Mexican food with some locals who swore that they had some of the hottest salsa around, though they were swiftly proven wrong. We bummed around a bit longer and then hit the road, with most of us getting upset with Jake right off the bat by his forcing of us to listen to Jethro Tull and by his insistence that Jethro Tull was actually "a pretty cool band."

The night's show was in Little Rock, and I was quite excited about it for a variety of reasons, greatest of which being that I was likely to meet up with my buddy Theo, who puts out *Spectacle* zine and helps run Tree of Knowledge Press, an awesome zine distro. Mary, who also does the Tree of Knowledge thing, had set up the show at a local riverside park, and when we pulled into town we called her and got directions. We pulled into the park pretty early and were definitely going to have some time to kill. We wandered a bit and I got split up from the rest of the guys, only to find them a bit later at a premiere party for a new statewide health magazine they had crashed, guzzling wine and mowing down on a big buffet table for free. Later I would lie in the grass for a while and read a few moving chapters from Bell Hooks' *All About Love*, only to get up and realize I had been laying right on top of a big pile of dog turds! Soon thereafter, Theo showed up and wondered why we hadn't gone to see Ralph Nader, who was giving a campaign speech a few blocks away. We chatted for a while, but he was in the middle of finishing up a few years worth of school, so he could only stay for a few minutes. Mary eventually showed up and the show got rolling. After DFO played, a few local anarcho kids put on an awesome puppet show, and then we were soon heading to Mary's for some grub and rest. She made us an awesome tofu pasta and gave me a tour of the Tree Of Knowledge facilities (which was nothing more than a corner bedroom of the house). Being the zine freak that I am, I was in heaven and marveled at all of the reading material surrounding me. Soon a band that hadn't made it to the show in time because of van troubles showed up and we chatted for a bit before hitting the floor.

June 23rd

This evening's show was in Dallas. Mary had already gotten up and gone to work, leaving me to go through all of the zines and pick some out to sell over the rest of the tour. When I was finished, we jumped into Snags and headed toward the unusual state of Texas.

The show that evening was at a warehouse/squat in an industrial part of Dallas, and we were all excited about the bands that were on tonight's bill: Aus Rotten, Spasm 151, and Bread & Water. I set up a table with the zines and kicked back to watch the show. I ended up running into Aaron Ulcer, a kid I'd met when he'd spent a few days in Wisconsin that past fall, who was "doing the roadie thing" for Aus Rotten and we chatted for a while. The bands all rocked, Bread & Water most of all, and soon enough we were heading to Chris the drummer's house and getting some shut-eye.

June 24th

We woke up with plenty of spare time, since tonight's show was going to be a big festival at the exact same place as the previous night's event. We ended up screening another pile of t-shirts and bumming around until heading to the show at about 4 o'clock, which would end up being our biggest mistake of the day. There would end up being about fifteen bands over the course of the day and DFO would end up being placed last on list, despite their repeated effort to play much earlier. They ended up playing second to last, much to the dismay of some other band, who would end up yelling and screaming at them for a good portion of the set.

We were all nearly delirious by the time we packed up and left, so after a goofy meal at a late-night establishment, we went back to Chris' pad, listened to a few records, and hit the hay.

June 25th

Yet another day with no show and Chris, who I was quickly beginning to see was one of the coolest people on the face of the planet, had offered to let us stay another night. So we spent the day in severe chill mode, listening to records, talking about records, and the like. Later in the afternoon, we went to a nearby disc golf course (which turned out to be awesome) and came home for sandwiches and the second half of *The Life Of Brian*. Jake had taken off with a friend that lived in town and we were to meet up with him that night. Later in the evening we went to the house of one of Chris' friends and sipped brews while playing a game of Star Wars Monopoly (which I seem to recall winning, though I can't be sure). After that we picked up Jake and Chris gave us a late-night tour of downtown Dallas, complete with bronze cattle, a naked Chris, and a barbecue sauce-infused reenactment of JFK's assassination. Back to home, back to bed.

June 26th

We were disappointed to learn that Chris actually had a job that he often went to and, this being a Monday morning, he was punching in. We made plans to meet him on his lunch break at an awesome all-you-can-eat vegan Chinese restaurant, but that kept getting pushed back farther and farther until we finally set a time and showed up about twenty minutes late. He was still there and ate with us until we were so stuffed that we couldn't move. He had to head back to work, so we gave him big hugs and 600 thank-you's (which still wasn't enough), and while he stacked books at the central Dallas library we began a trek south towards Austin.

Austin's reputation proceeds itself as being an awesome city with a pretty decent scene, so we were all excited to see it. Furthermore, Chris had told us of an amazing swimming hole that we had to go to. We pulled into town and found out that the night's show was at a bar. Bar shows for DFO never cease to make me laugh, if not solely because 75 percent of the band is under 21 but spends most of the night drinking. We had to spend the obligatory five hours of bumming around and checking everything out before the show actually started. When it finally did begin it was dead at the bar, and there was probably a grand total of ten people there to watch the band, myself and the bartenders included. After the show, we hooked up with Jack, who had done the coordinating for the evening, and went back to his crazy round-roofed house. We asked this other kid staying there about the swimming hole and he proceeded to direct us towards Barton Springs, which I now consider Austin's claim to fame.

Barton Springs is a natural spring that is only open (and severely crowded) during the daytime, but we hopped a small fence and claimed it as our own. It was hot as shit in southern Texas that night, so we stripped out of our clothes and jumped right in. The water was clear and refreshing, and I was excited by the fact that there was a diving board on one side, so no one could get me to leave for at least a good hour. When they did finally drag me away, we headed right back to Jack's and called it a night.

June 27th

We woke up around 10 a.m. and knew that we had another whole day to kill. After walking out of the house and experiencing the midday heat, the plan swiftly became Barton Springs all over again. This time they charged us money and it was filled to the brim with people who had stolen our plan for the day. Regardless, we bummed around for what seemed like half the day before deciding that we needed to get on the road and make our way toward New Mexico. We went back to Jack's for our stuff, got all packed up, ate a nice dinner at a local Mexican joint, and hit the road.

Mike drove throughout the night and, barring one interesting experience with an eastern Texas small-town police officer, the night was pretty mellow.

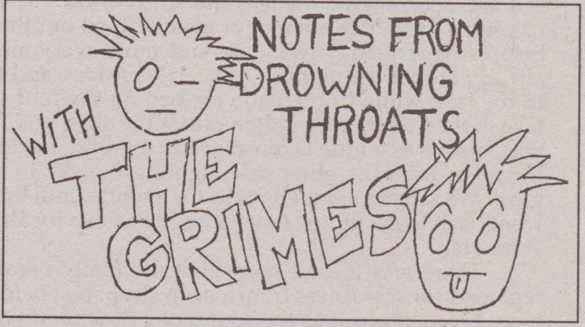
June 28th

I picked up the driving where Mike left off, which was exactly in the middle of a shitty industrial part of San Antonio. I drove throughout the day, taking a quick run through Truth Or Consequences, NM, (solely because the name of the town was so cool) and landed us in Albuquerque pretty close to the noon hour. We met up with Sonny from Word Salad and quickly went to his house, marveling at the missile shell embedded in his front yard. After talking for awhile about the show the following night, which had apparently been moved from Albuquerque to Santa Fe, we filled our cooler with beer and spent the remainder of the day wandering around the town's college area and periodically returning to the front porch of Sonny's house to refill ourselves. Eventually things wound down and sleep was soon upon us.

June 29th

We got up in the morning and bummed around some more until we had to make the quick drive up to Santa Fe for the show. When we got there, we walked around the downtown area, which is about the lamest, touristy downtown I've ever seen, bought some hot salsa, and went to find the show.

The space the show was held in was fantastic — an all ages warehouse that doubled as a teen center. When we pulled up, kids were all over the backyard, doing all sorts of spray-painting and other various art projects. The show itself was nothing spectacular, and soon after it was over we were already on the road and I crashed on the bench seat as we made our way to Flagstaff.



It's too easy to lock yourself away when the rains set in for the season up here in the Pacific Northwest. The first rains of early fall are always welcome after all that sun in the summer, but by early November I'm ready to sleep through the winter and wake up in March when the rain is almost gone. At least Jax and I are taking over the demo tape column for Erin while she's off working on a fishing boat or oil rig in the middle of Lake Michigan or something. At least I can sit here drinking endless cups of coffee, listening to demo tapes and arguing about who the bands sound like. At least we don't have to leave the house.

Please send your demo tapes and CD-Rs directly to us. (We prefer cassettes to CDs. Not just because they're reuseable, but also because Jax has some "access to technology"-type issues.) The address is PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Don't send us corporate rock promos or actual CD releases. This column is for demos on tape or CD-R. Demos. "Hey, this is what we sound like," not "Hey, buy this." Okay? PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Got it?

Nate from DEVOID OF FAITH is up to his old tricks again with his new band JOHN BROWN'S ARMY. Even though Devoid of Faith and JBA have different vocalists, the vocals are in the same style, and both bands have that one-two drum beat and those driving guitars that keep it moving. There are some almost straight-edgy, mid-80s hardcore qualities to the first song (which is good). The lyrics are emo, eluding to emotions and political feelings rather than laying out a manifesto. They apparently have split-EPs with CURTAINRAIL and OIL(!) in the works, but if you pick this up you can say you heard them first! (Nate at PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212).

When we put on the CALLOUS NEGLECT 7-song demo CD-R, we couldn't figure out if this was supposed to be emo-hardcore or spiky-letter political hardcore. In spirit, they are very similar to MOSS ICON. The music is loud and thundering, alternating between slow and heavy and fast and heavy. The vocals are screeched or spoken. The lyrics are political. Throw it into whatever classification you want; in any case, there's a lot here to like. (no address)

North Carolina's SECOND RATE are reminiscent of an Idaho band from a few years back called THE ADVERSIVES (before they went thrash). They have the same combination of chugga-chugga, muted guitars and catchy hooks and the same heartfelt, tuneful, yet slightly edgy singing that immediately pegs them as about nineteen or twenty years old. Songs about friendships slipping away, television, personal politics. Pick of the month. First rate. (Second Rate c/o Will Egan, 8 Seagull St., Apt. 4, Wrightsville Beach, NC 28480).

LUGA-BURRUGA show a lot of those same musical qualities on their "Eat Soap and Die" CD-R demo. More chugga-chugga guitars and catchy, high-speed chord changes. The vocals, though, are much snottier and closer to the edge of being out of control. Luga-Burruga also manage to mix in some NOMEANSNO style rhythm changes to spice things up a little, kind of like VICTIM'S FAMILY, but not as frequently. Oh yeah, and they're limeys. (Luga-Burruga c/o Tom McDonough, 12A Phoenix Lodge Mansions, London, W6 7BL, UK).

Next up is The SSION, a trashy, noisy punk band from somewhere in Illinois, Kentucky, or Kansas City. There's a juvenile quality to this — one part HUGGY BEAR, one part POLYTHENE from Limey Land. And, whether or not they were joking when they said it, they were right on the mark when they described their roots as being in Olympia, Washington (in the letter that came with the tape). Three chords, screaming vocals, and girls in the background, singing "Yeah, yeah, yeah." Very Huggy Bear. This live, lo-fi recording comes complete with a cover of FLIPPER's "Hahaha" and spoken word/poetry at the end. (The Ssion, 4156 Harrison St., Apt. 3S, Kansas City, MO, 64110).

This month *Jellybrain Fanzine* sent us a copy of their "Kicking a Dead Horse to Death: Part 2, the Second Kicking" compilation of international pop-punk bands. This comp is available on either CD-R or cassette, although the CD-R has four extra songs (but I'll trade you a copy of my CD for your cassette because this would be a great comp to play in the car). Bands on this comp include RETARDED, THE FLAPS, NORMA JEANS, THE VAPIDS, EASTFIELD, RABID GRANNIES, CHESTER, THE REEKYS, ACADEMY MORTICIANS, SOMEBODY AND THE SOMETHINGS, DESTINATION VENUS, and RAGGITY ANNE. Throughout, the emphasis is on pop-punk, but within that the bands hit on different sub-genres — RAMONES-sounding songs (like The Vapids' "Cigarette Smile"), lo-fi silliness (like Rabid Grannies' "Mad John"), one-two beat Limey pub-pop (Chester), SCREECHING WEASEL-style singalongs (The Reekys), even a song or two that remind me of SEWER TROUT (Academy Morticians) and a DICKIES cover. Danceable. 26 songs from twelve bands. £2.50 for cassette, £5.50 for CD. (Mail "cheques" (whatever those are) to P. Fletcher, c/o Jellybrain, 4 Clarence St., Nuneaton, Warks, CV11 5PT, UK).

Pin Records also sent in a comp CD-R for review this month. This sixteen-band, 28-song CD is supposed to be dedicated to the DIY scene that Pin Records sees itself as part of. Musically, a wide range of hardcore is represented here, as are many of the other sub-genres of punk. CONTRA reminded us of THE FORCE, while LYCOSA sounded like PG. 99, and THE COUNSELORS took us back to the old-school feel of THE DESCENDENTS' first album. Other bands included LOOKS LIKE RAIN, ZENTRAEDI, THE VON DOOMS, C 43, RASP, MAD COW DIZEASE 182, THE SHAKEDOWNS, DROWNING FISH, JRS, THE CAN UTILITY, RUKUS, and KNUCKLEDRAGS. Overall, this is a very consistent but diverse comp, with Contra, The Counselors, and Lycosa standing out as the best of the bunch. (Pin Records, PO Box 4909, Richmond, VA 23220).

JOHN HILLERMAN is a band from Germany. Their twelve-song "Bringing it Down" demo comes in at way less than twelve minutes, which probably describes their music better than any comparisons. But, as far as comparisons go, they definitely sound like an early-80s thrash band along the lines of DRI, very early MINOR THREAT, or very early MDC. The songs are all faster than the speed of sound and (thankfully) are without those Cookie Monster vocals that too many hardcore bands of today fall back on like a bad cliché. Every chorus seems to be punctuated by chorused shouts of "No!" The lyrics are in English. Beautiful. We're passing this on to Max Ward. (John Hillerman, roehlkj@hotmail.com).

New Jersey's AMATEURS PLAYING BADLY win the title for best form letter (a photocopy of a handwritten letter with Erin's address written in). Female lead vocals like a rougher, punker VOMIT LAUNCH. Musically, they would have fit in on those Crass Records Bullshit Detector comps twenty years ago; ten years ago, people would have compared them to Kill Rock Stars. Sparse music not unlike Nagasaki Nightmare-era CRASS. (Frank Ross, Apt. 168 Somers Point Village, 50 Mays Landing Road, Somers Point, NJ 08244).

FOUR BELOW started their demo tape off with a GODSMACK cover, which pretty much describes this tape. Lots of low end on the guitars, vocals that turn "yeah" into a seven syllable word. The guitarist sent us the tape from where he's incarcerated in Louisiana and is looking for contact (or help releasing a CD) from the outside. (Stephen Friedt, DOC #111388, Birch D-1, Winn Correctional Center, PO Box 1260, Winnfield, LA, 71483-1260)

SMUT are a two-person drums-and-guitar combo out of Haslett, Michigan. Don't be fooled by the BEAT HAPPENING cover and lack of a bass player, Smut have more in common with bands like PALATKA or BEHEAD THE PROPHET. Hardcore at breakneck speeds (except for that Beat Happening cover), short songs, explanations for songs longer than the lyrics themselves. (Smut, 9605 Deer Park Trail, Haslett, MI 48840).

THE WASHOUT CORPORATION sent us a copy of their thirteen-song CD-R demo. Not counting the first song (some weird acapella thing that becomes indie rock half way through), they sound a lot like SCHLONG with CAP'N JAZZ/SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY-emo overtones. Even when they hit the high-speed "rockin'" parts, they're always on the verge of being atonal and arhythmic. (Dave, 3600 Beavercrest Drive #74, Lorain, OH 44053)

THE SCROLETICS are the first punk band from Bulgaria we've ever heard. They claim to be inspired by bands like THE BUZZCOCKS and THE DEAD KENNEDYS, as well as New Wave and post-punk bands, and that's a pretty accurate description. Maybe the Buzzcocks with pre-hardcore L.A. punk influences and East Bay Ray playing on about half the songs? The tape is titled "Women Against Feminism." What? (the_scroletics@yahoo.com)

RECKLESS sent in a 23-song demo CD-R, "Punk it All." The vocalist sounds a lot like Jeff Ott, or maybe Jimmy from SHOTWELL, while the music is mostly in a pop-punk vein. Most of this is mid-tempo, with a little bit of cow-punk hanging out in the background (like THE DEAD MILKMEN) or with CRINGER-style guitar lines. The last five songs, though, are obviously earlier recordings and much more straightforward pop-punk. Song titles like "Polyester Creep," "Johnny Law," and "Commie Gal" give you an idea what the lyrics are like. (Reckless, PO Box 1454, Upland, CA 91756).

PETER GUNN 3 gave us their five-song "Allout Helter" demo CD-R this month. About half the songs fall into that realm of rock 'n' roll-influenced hardcore that Chicago's TRAITORS do so well. The other couple songs are more in the lines of RYE COALITION, something like FLIPPER meets very early NATION OF ULYSSES, but with more rock. The vocals are whined and shouted, snotty and disturbed. Awesome. (PeterGunn3@hotmail.com)

HUMAN BUFFET sound like the WEAKLINGS and come up with song titles like "Cum," "Mansize Habit," and "Do You Love Your Bad Self?" Definitely for those into the punk-as-bar-rock scene. Is this punk's answer to SPINAL TAP? It's a good thing these songs are trademarked because you really wouldn't want anyone ripping off these guys' intellectual property. Human Buffet c/o Erik "Baby Doll" Todd, 18700 NE 25th Ave., N. Miami, FL 33180)

SWAMPASS, on the other hand, sound more like THE HUMPERS but still definitely have that bar-rock sound, but with more punch and less straight-up rock. The vocals have that almost stereotypically gritty quality of bands like THE CANDY SNATCHERS. (Swampass, 875 10th St., Charleston, IL 61920)

As you can tell from the hundreds of beer cans pictured on the inside sleeve of their demo, ROYAL DRUNK are one of those bands who really like beer! The female vocals on this sound like the woman from the GITS being recorded through a telephone line, while the male vocalist sounds like the guy from CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN. Musically, though, they have more in common with lo-fi rock like the ICKY BOYFRIENDS. Usually. Their sense of humor reminded us of WAT TYLER. Songs about getting drunk in the woods and moonshine. (Slutfish Recordings, 327 Bedford Ave. #A2, Brooklyn NY 11211)

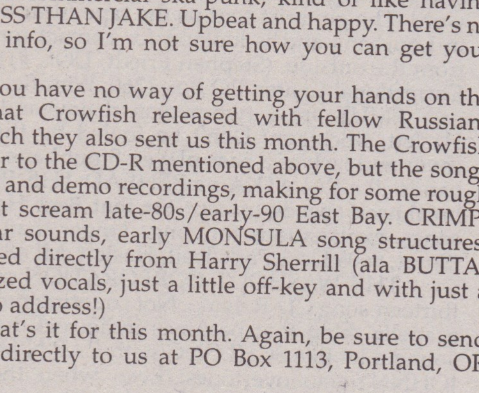
The first song on THE EGGNOGS latest self-released CD-R, "Hot Caulk," sounds like a lot of those bands from the mid-90s who listened to a lot of CRIMPSHRINE. But from there on out the songs take an immediate and drastic turn, sounding instead like early SACCHARINE TRUST or another one of those SST bands of that era. Moody. (no address)

CROWFISH are from Varna, which is in Russia or some other country that uses the Cyrillic alphabet. The music on this fourteen-song CD-R is very clean, heavily ska influenced, and melodic. In some countries, Crowfish, I guess, fit in with the music underground, although in the US, Crowfish would fall on the most mainstream edge of commercial ska-punk, kind of like having Billy Joe sing for LESS THAN JAKE. Upbeat and happy. There's no address or contact info, so I'm not sure how you can get your hands on this one.

That means you have no way of getting your hands on the split-demo tape that Crowfish released with fellow Russians COUNTERFIT, which they also sent us this month. The Crowfish side is pretty similar to the CD-R mentioned above, but the songs here are mostly live and demo recordings, making for some rough listening. Counterfit scream late-80s/early-90 East Bay. CRIMPSHRINE fuzz guitar sounds, early MONSULA song structures, guitar riffs borrowed directly from Harry Sherrill (ala BUTTAFUOCO). Harmonized vocals, just a little off-key and with just a touch of gravel. (No address!)

Okay, kids, that's it for this month. Again, be sure to send your band's demo directly to us at PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

Go Blazers.



It's so much easier to talk shit about someone behind their back than it is to confront them directly. It takes a fair amount of strength and conviction to confront someone directly. But to work behind their backs — talk about their wrong actions or personality flaws to a point of rallying up agreement and then eventually have a group confrontation (or more often a public attack) — is so much easier. It is a way of shifting the burden from yourself onto a group of people. And when you have a group of people in agreement on an idea, it's a lot easier to shoulder less of the feelings of the person you are confronting. All too often in our scene we go about dealing with things in a very roundabout manner. In this case I don't think that easier equals better. I am all for group effort, but when you have a problem with someone it's better to deal with them first, rather than to include everyone else (or everyone but that person).

I've never really understood it. All the time you hear people saying, "did you know that he/she did/said this?" Isn't that fucked up? And often these situations escalate to the point of wanting to ostracize that person from the community. As soon as a tad bit of shit gets talked, too many people are quick to say, "yeah, I never liked or trusted them." Granted, sometimes extreme behavior needs an extreme approach. But no matter what is said, my automatic reaction is to always want to hear what the person being accused has to say. Especially because all to often these situations involve a fair difference in point of view. And we should have all learned in nursery school that stories change completely with the telling of the person. If you hear about someone doing something extremely out of character or really uncalled for, you should want to know the reasons behind it. All too often there are so many sides to a situation, and more often than not the reality of it all is somewhere in the middle of the two extremes being told.

I was in Southern California ten years ago when the Gulf War broke out. I attended a number of protests against the war. At one of the demos there was a peace punk carrying a sign that said, "Please Don't Hurt Anybody. It's Just Not Very Nice." I thought that was a bit absurd, a bit of an understatement due to the circumstances. It was so pacifist that is was almost silly. And yet that sign's words have stuck in my head more than any other slogan. I still think that it's a bit simplified and silly, and yet the point is sincere and honest. I think that with all of our anger toward the injustices in the world, we get so used to taking a direct action, a confrontational approach, that we forget about things like feelings, emotions, and compassion for others. We talk about human rights and animal rights, yet we get so stuck in rhetoric and slogans that we in turn alienate people who don't agree with us or who see things a bit differently. Thus, we have factions of punks and activists divided over minute details, unable to see that together their vision is much more alike than it is different. But we forge these divisions and become intolerant to differences, though we think we are being open minded and accepting. I think that too often we are drowning in our anger and forgetting how to deal with people as human beings, who despite our similarities and differences all have feelings and emotions. A bit of empathy and compassion toward others can be very insightful in understanding how and why it is they act the way they do. Perhaps you will never agree with them, but maybe by putting yourself in their shoes, so to speak, you can at least come to understand them a bit more, and in turn see why they do and say what they do. And sometimes you can learn a lot from those people who you think are the most different from you.

In my current frustration with the drama that seems to surround all aspects of my life, I find myself thinking in terms of a sign that would say something more like, "Why Can't We All Just Get Along?" I've come to think that maybe if all the activists and punks channeled some of their anger in another direction that it might be really useful. Recently I was talking to someone about a current drama and he said that as activists we are so used to confrontation and direct action that it's hard to think about compassion. To which I thought, perhaps the solution is for the angry activists to do more yoga and spend some time meditating. I realize that automatically I get a dismissal from the "real punks" as being a "fucking hippie" or some such thing. But I stand by my conviction that meditation, even if it is just a few peaceful minutes to collect your thoughts, and even better if it is several minutes of deep breathing and a clearing of the mind, is such a good thing to do. I've spent so many years wound up and stressed out, and doing yoga (stretching, breathing, clearing my mind and being totally present in the moment) has done amazing things.

But while I encourage it, I don't expect everyone to start doing yoga. But I would strongly encourage a bit of compassionate thinking to go around. Next time you find yourself really mad at someone, talk to them about it rather than to another friend. If you don't see eye to eye on something, try to understand where they are coming from. Listen to what they have to say without interrupting. Listening is as amazing a thing as breathing, but sadly we don't do it often enough. We spend more time competing with people to talk to and have our say that we often don't even pay attention to what our friends are saying. Think about that the next time someone asks you a rhetorical question that they really don't want the answer to, like "hey, what's up?" On my quest for compassionate understanding, I think it would be a cool idea to think of a way in which to put yourself into someone else's line of thinking that is so completely different from you own and try to understand them. It's like trying to explain the ideals of doing-it-yourself to someone who has never thought of it that way. Or explaining why you don't eat meat, or why you spend a month driving around the country playing in basements and living rooms and not trying to make any money off of your records. Or why you don't want to be a player in corporate America. To many people these are new ideas. And similarly for those who have become so used to punk ideas, maybe it would be a good idea to spend some time talking at length to someone in the military, or to someone who works on a chicken farm, or to someone who hunts with their father. Not because these are things that you want to do, but maybe because you will find that behind the lifestyle that they've been brought up in, there is an individual thinker who can teach you something. In my own experiences I feel as though I've learned a lot about animal rights from people who you would not associate with the subject. When you talk to someone who has spent their youth hunting or working on a farm, you see a different point of view, and I think that in turn strengthens your convictions more than additional rhetoric from other thinkers along the same path as yourself. And, of course, I write this as if we all believe in the same ideals, which is most definitely not the case. Hence the point of trying to understand another point of view.

Well I'm getting lost on a tangent here. My point was that I'm sick of so much shit talking and back-stabbing and gossip and drama. And I'm sick of people criticizing others for trying to make things happen. It seems like every aspect of my life is overrun with drama, and it has all got to do with people's inabilities to talk about their differences of opinion, or to get so wrapped up in their own ego that they have to belittle others. Sometimes when you step outside of the dramas that you get wrapped up in, it really all becomes so silly. But when you are in the middle of it, you live it and have to work through it. Next time someone says, "So and so is fucked up because they did such and such," and you're thinking, "wow, that is someone who I have considered a casual friend and that doesn't sound like them," question the gossip and talk to the person directly, rather than saying, "yeah, I never liked them anyway." I think that a lot of things are possible within the context of the punk scene and the activist community. I really do believe that we can change the world. But if we can't work together and put aside our petty differences for a bigger whole, if we let interpersonal relationships tear the walls down and divide us, then how can we ever hope to accomplish anything?

To correspond directly, write to Christine c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632.

ANOTHER
WASTED
NIGHT
WITH
MIKE
THORN

"I tried to look on the bright side/found there isn't one."
-KILLING TIME-

In case you were wondering, I don't really care if Bush or Gore won the election. Neither one of them come close to representing my interests and both are firmly in the pocket of corporate Amerika. Don't even try to play the whole scare tactic of Bush will do away with a woman's right to choose, cause Gore has a long history of being anti-choice. Look at his voting record in Congress. His seemingly new-found devotion to that right seems to have more to do with political expediency than any actual convictions. Also there's all this crap on the news about how Nader was a spoiler in the election and how he may have cost Gore the election. Please... if anyone cost Gore the election it was the Clinton/Gore administration's kowtowing to big business and their middle of the road lukewarm neo-Republicanism. At least if Bush wins we'll have good punk bands again... though if that is the only bright side, maybe we're doomed...

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Sometimes I wonder if all this is worth anything. I dunno. I guess hearing about friends of yours signing to a big label makes you wonder sometimes what this is really about. It's so weird to see a band that used to play shows in your basement, climb the ladder to fame – all the while by playing the game just the way you're supposed to succeed. Over and over again, it seems like punk bands are always put into a position of crossroads, where you get to a certain point by yourself and either break up or you just let go and let others make decisions for your life, and in roll the managers, booking agents, and deli trays. Like I said, you play by the rules to succeed, their rules... but what ever happened to my rules? (VOID and BLACK FLAG reference: 20 punk points, plus double reference score, equals 40 punk points, me.) Where is the alternative? Are we doomed to always seemingly play by standard music industry rules? I understand the desire to wanna make your life playing music and not just get stuck in some shit hole job, but there has to be another way. Aaron Cometbus wrote one time in his zine (see issue 35 of *Cometbus* (duh) – the story is called "Worms") a tale about how we hadn't won the war just cause GREEN DAY was on Letterman and punk had gone mainstream – that in fact we way have lost it. That's how I feel. Sorry but it still doesn't matter how "punk" you sound or look the minute you cross that line, you're still one of them (damn! double BLACK FLAG reference! plus 10 punk points!). And I don't mean this in just a major label vs. indie label context – cause christ knows, there are a shit-load of indie labels that behave scummier than any major ever would– but to me this discussion lies deeper in the context of what is your motivation, why do we do what we do? I think this is something that extends to every aspect of our lives from the jobs we work to the products we buy to whatever. Punk, to me, has never just been about the music and the bands. That part has always been important, but it's the culture, the people, the human interaction that has always mattered most. Why must we always, seemingly, reach a point somewhere in our mid-20s where we have to turn into our parents? When does this just become a hobby and not our lives? Why must the list be millions long? (haha! FILTH reference! 20 punk point plus a can a beans!) These are things I wanna know. I'm just frustrated, I guess.

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Speaking of GREEN DAY, I went and saw them the other day for free at City Hall at some rally to support an initiative to combat the expansion of dot com businesses in the area. The main motivating factor for this rally, or so it seems to my rather new to the area's eyes, would be the lack of spaces for "the arts" to occur in San Fran and more so the closing of *the* practice space here in town—forcing close to 500 musicians out onto the streets... well I'm sure they still have places to live, but the point is there is nowhere to practice. As I was watching the former East Bay darlings turned rock stars I was thinking, why the fuck do they care... they've got somewhere to practice! and if they really cared that much then maybe they along with all the rest of the big names (like Kirk Hammet from METALLICA and Napster fame) could maybe put a little of those millions of dollars into maybe acquiring some space for the arts they so nobly defended (be they dance, visual, musical, or whatever). A friend of mine made the point to that all of the people who performed at this rally were not displaced artists and musicians but those who had "made it." Now I know, I know, you're not going to grab the thousands of people for a mega-rally with just a bunch of random displaced bands that couldn't draw 50 people on Friday night, so on that point I do think that GREEN DAY did a good thing (and yes I know that they're probably friends with some people that *did* get displaced) *but,* why not give them some space along with the big boys. I dunno, reeks a little too much of do-gooder bullshit to me... but then again maybe I'm wrong. Maybe Kirk Hammet really does care...

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FROM ASHES RISE and BORN DEAD ICONS just pulled through town and in addition to being some of the best house guests ever, they totally ripped Gilman St. apart. Like I said before if you miss them on this tour, you're an idiot.

AMDI PETERSEN'S ARMÉ – remember this band's name. Think back to the first time you heard BLACK FLAG, you know the good stuff – before Rollins came in and wrecked that band. Now imagine them singing in Danish. Fuck Yes!

Have you ever listened to BREAD AND WATER, from Texas? You should. Daily. Imagine if ECONOCHRIST had a female singer. Amazing.

Speaking of kick ass Texas bands– S'BITCH anyone? I just have their split with FOIL'N THE WORKS but they totally rip– fast and furious hardcore punk with female vox. I highly suggest tracking down anything you can by these ragers.

Soon very soon THE OATH (ex-CHARLES BRONSON, MAINSTRIKE, OIL, DEVOID OF FAITH) brings their mayhem to these parts for a west coast tour– get their EP if at all possible and hope you're lucky enough to see them.

Endnotes:

1) I'm going to start working on two theme issues: first of all I want to do an all South and Central American issue– interviews with bands, people, scene reports, political goings on etc. Second of all, I want to do an all Queer issue – same deal as the South American one. Please, please, please send in submissions. This is only going to kick as much ass as you let it – so let's whoop some booty!

1.5) I really think that Jeff Bale just needs a hug.

2) I haven't worked since May. I'm running out of money. Send me some for free.

3) Much thanx to 138 of the mighty DEMON SYSTEM 13 for the FINAL EXIT shirt. If you haven't hear DS-13 yet you are a poser. Get with it.

3.5) Both Tom Hopkins and George Tabb wear lady's stretch jeans... weird... who's next? Floyd?

4) Also on the thanx list this are Mike PUNCTURE WOUND for the Japanese thrash-attack tape and Jonathan Lee for his new band's demo- they're called THE PEOPLES WAR and if you like your hardcore fast and dirty you'll love them... Thanx boys.

4.5) Going on tour in the midwest? You should play at ADDITION 13 – Columbus, Ohio's only all ages volunteer run diy punk rock club- contact them via addition_13@hotmail.com

5) You can write me via the *Maximum* PO Box (but once again be very specific that its for me) or, for those of you who have been tech-no-logikilled you can email me at mikethorn@mindspring.com. But really, I prefer hand written letters—especially those with presents like video tapes of you and your friends or mix tapes or free records or cash money...

5.5) VOID videos? You got'em, I want 'em.

6) Oh yeah... one more thing. As you may have read in Felix's column he is trying to gather up a stash of old *MRR* radio shows. I too am into this. So if you got old tapes of them get in touch ASAP.

"Hero in the Making"

Yes! After a brilliant EP on DSS Records, the SOUL BOYS from Hamburg, Germany have a great new split EP with COFFEIN BOMB, available on Molotow Shop Records. The SOUL BOYS start things off with their brilliant song, "Aggressive Blend." This is a rough and tough Oi! song with some of the best vocals this side of THE TEMPLARS. The SOUL BOYS have achieved a good blend of gruff vocals and refined guitar parts. This band is poised to sweep Europe and the United States by storm with their raucous sound. The second SOUL BOYS song is a COCK SPARRER cover song, "Tough Guys," from the *Guilty As Charged* LP circa 1994.

Side two of the *Thrilling New Hamburg Bash* split EP features COFFEIN BOMB doing their songs "Entertainment for Fools" and "I Don't Wanna Listen." This is melodic punk with a more pop-oriented singing style and rock n' roll guitars that have a decent rock momentum to them. Perhaps the COFFEIN BOMBS would appeal to the PUBLIC TOYS crowd that prefer the melodic punk.

Did you knuckleheads get a hold of Volume One of the DSS Records *Double Fist* series featuring the SUBWAY THUGS and THE BUTCHERS? The SUBWAY THUGS were one of the premiere skinhead/Oi! outfits in all of North America! These skinheads kick your flimsy ass into next week! Mike's guitar work coupled with Greg's staunch vocals took no prisoners! The SUBWAY THUGS plow though "The Battle," "Memories," "Romantic Streetbullyboy," "No Turning Back," "Catch 22," and "Us." Fucking great!

The BUTCHERS side of this split LP does not command your attention. These guys have some damn decent guitar help from Mr. Carl Fritscher of TEMPLARS fame. The BUTCHERS get an interesting AC/DC rock n' roll sound. However, the vocals are not very exciting. This singing is grade B DWARVES drek. If you like ZEKE this might appeal to you. The disk is worth the price just for the SUBWAY THUGS side!

THE STYRIAN BOOTBOYS have a powerhouse of an EP out on DSS. This vicious EP starts with "Kommerz" on side "A," with ringing guitars and carefully chosen German vocals at spoken word levels and then crashes into singer number two with gruff vocals and searing guitar back up. The second song is called "Spirit of 69" and this skinhead anthem is sung in German in a slow, then fast, pace and has traded vocals between the absolutely ruthless deep singer and the more melodic singer.

Side "B" starts with the fastest song yet: "Der Harteste Weg"—brisk German singing with complete harmonies. The EP finishes with a mid-tempo rocking skinhead song "Ich Will" that has the perfect combination of deep guttural singing punctuated by Oi! Oi! Oi! This is good Austrian streetpunk/Oi! product from the town of Eisenerz. Very ominous and mean sounding. Get yours from DSS!

DSS has some melodic punk for you drunks this month. FOREIGN LEGION, who graced you with a single two months ago on Josh's Upstart Productions label out of New Jersey, has a 7" EP out on DSS called *Punk Rock Jukebox*. This is a light-hearted funpunk escapade with melodies, harmonies and guitar hooks galore. The FOREIGN LEGION sound comes in somewhere between the TOY DOLLS and BEERZONE. The singing is quite mellifluous with sugar- sweet harmonizing on the different numbers. The "A" side has a charming little punk biscuit called "Where's Johnny Gone" that brings the VANILLA MUFFINS to mind immediately. Quite palatable.

DSS Records has a rocking compilation freshly prepared for you skins and punks, and it's called "We Rule the World." This masterful collection has STOMPER 98, IMPACT, THE CLEATS, SUBWAY THUGS, CHAPTER 21, THE TEMPLARS, PATRIOT, THE FRANKS, SERVICE, SOUL BOYS, STREET TROOPERS and more. Michael/DSS has struck a nerve with his street-punk savvy. A lot of these bands first saw the light of day on DSS. Write DSS at: PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, Austria. Http:\\www.dss.at.

OXYMORON, our chaos-punk, spikey-headed heroes from Erlangen/Nurnberg, Germany have released a singles collection called *Best Before 2000*, on Cyclone Records. This fine compilation follows the boys from the *Beware, Poisonous* EP of 1993 on OXYMORON's own Oxyfactory Records, (reissued on Helen Of Oi! Records in England), right through the mini-album *Westworld*, put out on Cyclone Records (in conjunction with Knock Out Records) in 1999. Included are lots of hits such as "Dead End Generation," "Black Cats," "Anti," "Crisis Identity" and a fine cover of the COCK SPARRER gem "A.U." OXYMORON has demonstrated through consistent touring and quality recordings that they are one of the preeminent German punk bands playing out today. Order this CD singles collection from Cyclone Records, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054, www.cyclonerecords.com.

Straight Up Records has an EP available by DAMAGED YOUTH from Japan. This rocking 7" record goes by the title of the "A" side, *Time to Destroy*. This is good sing-a-long punk rock with course singing by Miza and rock solid back up provided by Takahiro and Daisuke in the rhythm section. Kei scrambles along on top of the whole mess with an inspired guitar that has ham-fisted chords chugging furiously and an occasional metal lead on top to flesh things out. This is a very good punk rock with some 1983 English punk influences. Write to Straight Up Records, c/o bld. 2F Minami-2 Nishi-I Chuou-Ku Sapporo, 060-0062 Japan. Email: reallife@netfarm.ne.jp for your DAMAGED YOUTH product!

Tony Mengis and THE RIFFS from Portland, Oregon have a new 45 available for you punkers. This rocking little slab has really good JOHNNY THUNDERS/STITCHES style of mid-tempo seventies snotty punk. The record starts off with the title cut, "White Line Kids," which has an uptempo melodic punk lilt to it. The NEW YORK DOLLS type groove is quite effective here. Turn this 45 over and you get even more rock 'n' roll for your head. The song "Kick Time Suicide" has great hooks and an infectious beat. You'll find yourself tapping your foot and drinking beer to this number. This kind of punk rock—with emphasis on "rock"—stands tall as the real shit; incorporating STOOGES,MC-5 and DOLLS influences, you come up with a great punk rock gumbo. Order the RIFFS "White Line Kids" 45 from Fred Cole's Tombstone Records, PO Box 1463, Clackamas, Oregon, 97015, or write directly to THE RIFFS, 1951 W. Burnside, Box 1951, Portland, Oregon 97209.

TKO/Flat Records have a bit of drunken debauchery prepared for you losers. The new installment in the Rainey/Casey cornucopia of "bad music for bad people" is THE DRUNKS from Manchester, New Hampshire with their six song CD *Ruin It For Everyone*. This CD is a truly ugly display of macho alcoholic ramblings by a band comprised of muscular hoodlums who have nothing better to do on a Saturday night than get drunk and beat the shit out of some hapless fuck who crossed them. If you are not emotionally prepared for the complete assault, stand clear. "Let It Out" drops the fucking sledgehammer on you immediately! "Come On Now, Bring It On" yell THE DRUNKS. "Pride of Manchester" tells you the story of men who "fought with pride, their goals were honorable but none of them knew their fate". This is clearly an unsavory bunch of hooligans from up in BRUISERS country. In other words, they appeal to all you fucks who like fast, hard street rock with no apologies to any one. The guitars push this fucker right over the top. The gruff Oi! vocals get you by the throat the minute "Let It Out" lurches out of your speakers. The music is a blend of a little bit of ANTI-HEROS, a little bit of A/C D/C and a whole lot of bad attitude. "Bottles Full" and "Saturday Night" dwell on the violence in THE DRUNKS hometown of Manchester, New Hampshire, which appears to be a rather dangerous burb. This has a first rate guitar- driven rock n' roll battle cry for you drunks! Good shit!

The second group of bums/musical geniuses from the Northeast this month on TKO/Flat Records is the VIGILANTES from Boston town. These punkers come out of the gates with a decent head of steam with *We Will Outlive You*. What a nice way for these cretins to introduce themselves! "No Destiny" is a polished DUCKY BOYS-type of ballad with lots of hooks and sing-a-long parts. "The Tragic Tale of Fate and Death" is a slower guitar oriented punk number with dramatic vocals and really slick production. "Vigilante Justice" turns up the "streetpunk- lite" volume with a melodic number that has some serious vocal histrionics. "Through the Cracks" simmers down a smidgen with the strong guitar mix helping the vocals survive. "To My Friends" is one of the better VIGILANTES songs. The guitar playing works really well on this song. The singing reflects the influence of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, but does not achieve the purity or power of THOSE UNKNOWN or THE BELTONES. TKO/Flat Records bills the VIGILANTES as "street punk class of 2000" along with SUBURBAN THREAT, but be forewarned, SUBURBAN THREAT fucking blows these guys out of the water!

Fucking BONECRUSHER have a brutal full-length on the street courtesy of Outsider Records! Raybo and his cohorts have taken the old beach punk sound once dominated by the U.S. BOMBS to a more dangerous level. The new CD is stuffed to the gills with gut- wrenching, skull splitting, punk anthems with no chance of damage control on the horizon. The new material rides on the moniker *Followers of a Brutal Calling* and the title cut comes out hammering right after your ass. BONECRUSHER just doesn't let up. They blast through "Stay Alive", "Wrecking Crew", "Live to Ride", "Hate, War, and Misery", "Warriors", "Breakout", "Sights on Today", the kick ass number, "Won't Die for You", and finally, "The Struggle". The new Outsider CD is a package filled with rage and frustration. You will witness friends taking desperate measures to stand side by side with each other. Strong medication for you punks! Get this shit right now! Outsider Records, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809.

One of the tougher bands to spring out of the landscape lately is ALLEGIANCE, formed by Bill Leckie, from Canada, who has relocated to Kyoto City, Japan. It's called *Heroes In The Making*. "Far Away" is a bleak look at the current state of affairs: "The town streets where you spent your life won't be yours from today." Mr. Leckie tears into "Outlaws" next. Read the venomous lyrics: "Doctor Martens, MA-1 Braces and sta-press/ Will today be Lonsdale or Fred Perry? Puts your intellect to the test/ Last year's Mohawk come and gone, now it's close cropped hair/ football gear's out on display/ What makes you think I fucking care?/ 77 or 82, it's all the fucking same/ 69 or 84, they're not yours to claim/ The differences pass you by, insecurity brings pain/ But you want to have a label, not a name/ Outlaws, the rules of rebellion/ Outlaws, the youth of today/ And this year's trend will never last/ Re-create yourself, deny your past. Just what are you supposed to be — we could never tell/ Don't care if you're understood? — Maybe it's just as well/ Last year's black leather come and gone/ Now it's red, white and blue/ Well if you want to wear a uniform/ There's better things that you could do."

The cynicism continues with "We Don't Give a Fuck": "Made something of yourself, look at you now/ You've got all the answers and you want to tell us what to do/ And we all serve your purpose, think you've got it sussed out/ You say better fall in line or we'll make an example of you/ Did we look fit for the taking/ Did you think twice of betraying/ Believe it or not, we're not gonna stop cause of you. Cause we don't give a fuck/ Some day you'll be out of luck/ The time is running out/ And you can't do a thing about it/ Ready for a change/ Some things are gonna be rearranged/ Cause we ain't gonna die/ And time's not on your side anymore. And you're counting the days as the clock's running down/ You're digging in your heels but the talk of the town is you're through/ All the secrets, all the lies gonna start coming out/ You fought to keep us down but you couldn't do the same to the truth/ Better look over your shoulder/ And don't say we never warned you/ Sooner or later, the payment is gonna be due." The guitars ring loud and true, the gruff Oi!/ punk vocals incise the wound! ALLEGIANCE plows through "Some Things Never Change" and "Havoc", and then settles into "Hero in the Making". Read on: "Dropped out of school. Couldn't cut it on the job, but you were always ready for a fight/ Visions of battles splashed upon the screen as you dreamed of death in black and white/ We can always use another lad like you, so come on boy, join the line/ If you won't pay the ultimate price, then an arm or a leg will do just fine. And the battles rage inside/ Block the terror, shoot on sight/ Dream of the glory of the final scene, never thinking what it means/ Because the point's all in the fight/ You don't care what's wrong or right/ Cause you're a hero in the making, and a fool made for the taking/ of your life. Well call me a fool, call me what you like/ But it's something that I've gotta do/ Cause I ain't ever been worth a shit, and I wanna be a hero too/ Fuck the union, fuck the peace/ Cause I want another World War II/ Give me Iraq, Give me Afghanistan/ I wanna be somebody just like you. So they sent you off to the front line/ You didn't bleed in black and white." Excellent!

The final two tracks on the fine *Heroes In The Making* CD are "Street In Heaven" and "Nothing Left". This CD is very good! MCR has got a winner here! Look for more ALLEGIANCE material on GMM Records.

THE BRISTLES have freshly brewed punk rock for you expatriates from New Jersey. The new Beer City CD is called *Tattooed and Rotten* and this product has some punk nastiness with a damn refined singing style laced on top of it. THE BRISTLES have taken some of the smooth transitions from DROPKICK MURPHYS, PATRIOT, and THE BELTONES and have come up with a super slick CD. This might not have the raw urgency of some of the earlier BRISTLES' releases, but the men have matured and are certainly survivors of the punk wars.

This month you get a street-tough bunch of punks from Queensland, Australia called VICIOUS with their EP *Disturbing the Peace*. This fucker has relentless hardcore songs like "You Decide," "I Hate You," "Shoot Me in the Head," "Told You So," "Deader Than a Doornail," "You Make Me Sick," "Headcase," and "Beer Crimes." This band probably heard THE EXPLOITED and CHAOS UK when they were coming up and they have some kinship with the sound of VIRUS and ENDLESS STRUGGLE. This is very energetic and well played hardcore punk with the occasional Oi! Oi! thrown in for good measure. Communicate with VICIOUS by writing to: PO Box 76, Ashmore City, Queensland 4214,

Australia—www.drink.tovicious

Straight Up Records from Japan has a fair to middling Various Artists compilation ready for you. It's called *Klub Counter Action, 2nd Street Movement*. THE BOLLOCKS rage on the song "Total Fuckin' Bollocks." SLANG delivers a hard-core blow to the head. BROKEN JOYS fucking punk out with "Person Cop." THE 77 BOOTS kick a lot of punk rock ass with "Brain Control." This one reminds you a little of THE FORGOTTEN. DAMAGED YOUTH play their great song "Time to Destroy" which goes right off the fucking Richter scale. THE SHORT LEGS play rock infused punk with stop start momentum. NO HITTER play their song, "Not I Need," which is good early RANCID style sing-a-long punk. HOT DOG execute their song, "Making World" with a partly-polished BUZZCOCKS feel. KNUCKLE HEAD finish off this twenty-three band extravaganza with a live grind-core number. Just short of half the bands deliver good punk rock with BOLLOCKS, BROKEN JOYS and THE 77 BOOTS being the standout bands.

Sonic Mike Stephens and his cronies from Arizona, THE TRAILER PARK ZORROS, have a sophisticated streetrock CD lurking about these environs of late. This CD goes by the name *Hooligan Heart* and it has tough guitar bits accompanied by dramatic vocals courtesy of Sonic Mike. The singing style is a cross somewhere between Mr. Ray Davies of the KINKS and Mr. Jeffrey Lee Pierce of the GUN CLUB and displays an imposing wealth of talent. Some of the songs are slower pop ballads with elaborate vocal stylings while others show their meaty rock and roll acumen. "Gimmee a Beer" has some good rock hooks and a toe-tapping backbone. "So Happy" is a punk love song, albeit a love gone bad. "Syphilis and Beer" has a message for you irresponsible punkers-practice safe sex! "I'll Do Anything to Break You Up" is a slick punk anthem a la THE DAMNED where cynical feelings abound. The overall feel of the *Hooligan Heart* CD is rock-oriented with punk influences from a wide range of seventies icons as diverse as DAVID BOWIE and DEVO. The songs "Danger to Society" and "Nothing to Say" harness many of the myriad of ingredients into rock songs that come across with conviction and lots of well thought out emotions. Write to TRAILER PARK ZORROS, c/o Sonic Mike Stephens, 8260 East Jacque Dr., Prescott Valley, AZ 86314; 520/757-9347; www.piersend.com.

For the traditional ska/northern soul enthusiast in your house Durango 95 Records from Italy presents ARTHUR KAY AND THE ORIGINALS with their *Back Street Warrior* EP. This tasty fucker starts out on side one with "Night Train to Lhasa" a ska flavored pub/folk- rock ditty with saxophone, organ, bass and drums. This is a very traditional sounding with sparse arrangements. Side two has two more earnest tunes from Mr. Arthur Kitchener and his Kent, England sidemen. *Back Street Warrior* is trimmed down to the barest essentials with a profound effect on the listener. The EP is wrapped up with "Last of the One Named Singers." This is recommended for the skinhead purists in your crowd. Contact Durango 95 Records, c/o Muselli Carlo, V.A Stevani 5, 29100, Piacenza, Italy.

For you POGUES fans, Darius Koski and Johnny Bonnel, the song writer and singer of the SWINGIN' UTTERS have come up with an acoustic traditional Irish ballad/pub-rock/folk rock CD. This nine song side project is called FILTHY THIEVING BASTARDS and the two young fathers/musicians show how they have matured and mellowed over the years. "Thick" has an electric guitar growl to it, but most of the material is populated by mandolin, banjo, and acoustic guitar. This is not recommended for you rock n' rollers, but if you need some sedate lullabies to assuage your jangled nerves at the end of the day, you might enjoy this. SWINGIN' UTTERS fans will track this down out of curiosity and love for Darius's brilliant song writing and Johnny's fine singing. Only two songs actually have a hint of rock n' roll: "Thick" and "S.S.S."—the rest is for you folk-rock traditional Irish music purists.

One of the most exciting young bands in the United States—THE CLONE DEFECTS, from Detroit, Michigan, came to town and punked out! These crazy fuckers are fronted by a complete madman who throws himself headlong onto the floor, wriggling around like a reptile, with his guitar strapped on the whole time. This is a great motor-city punk rock with some STOOGES influences and lots of maniacal power. Look for CLONE DEFECTS product on Tom Perkins Records and Italy Records.

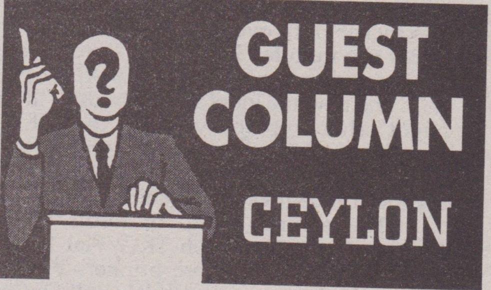
THE REDUCERS SF opened up for the UK SUBS recently and what a superlative combination it was! THE REDUCERS SF have several new tunes in their arsenal now and these were intermingled with the old standards. Fucking Excellent!

The UK SUBS still have the punk rock attitude after all these years Charlie Harper was joined by original song writer/guitarist/producer Nicky Garratt on electric guitar and Alvin Gibbs (1981-era UK Subs) on bass to provide a punk-as-fuck wall of sound for you bristles-and-studs punks. Mr. Garratt still has some of the most amazing leaps and arm-flailing maneuvers seen this side of young Pete Townsend. The UK SUBS played all the hits "Stranglehold," "I Live In a Car," "Endangered Species," "C.I.D.," "Tomorrows Girls," "Warhead," "Limo Life," "Party in Paris," "New York State Police" and more! It's nice to see the seasoned veterans can still deliver the shit!

During a recent live show we got to see a young Oi! band from Oklahoma called the ROUSTABOUTS open for the LOWER CLASS BRATS. The ROUSTABOUTS have a mini-CD available and should have a full length for you soon. The ROUSTABOUTS played spirited Oi! with feeling with guitar leads on top. The singing was damn decent - this is a band to watch for in the future.

The LOWER CLASS BRATS delivered a fine set peppered with BRATS classics such as "Safety-Pinned and Sick" and "Who Writes Your Rules." This band always rips your measly punk rock throat out! Bones is a member of that select breed of super-animated punk performers who never fails to entertain. The alcohol flowed freely-an excellent time was had by all!

Until next month—
I'll be seeing you...
I'll see you around.
I'll see you in hell!



GUEST COLUMN

CEYLON

United States Senator Bill Frist, running for re-election, sits on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and supports US-led sanctions against Iraq. His campaign slogan, "caring, family, integrity", sits quite opposite the reality of UN sanctions—mass murder, infanticide, genocide—and the ongoing war against Iraq.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2-Disguised as Frist supporters, Doug Eddy, Sasha Barr, Andrea Buggey and I drive to the 4 p.m. rally at the Freeman Park Gazebo in Bartlett, TN, just northeast of Memphis. We intend to publicly challenge his position on sanctions by speaking out and displaying photographs of Iraqi children choking on the noose of US foreign policy. These photographs, with the captions "caring," "family," and "integrity," reveal the true face of foreign relations—the slow death of thousands by starvation, curable cancer and diarrhea. As girls from Bolton High School sing gospel favorites, "Rockytop, TN" and "Dixie," the four of us mingle with campaign officials and spectators. After being introduced by "Christian" Rocker Michael W. Smith, Frist bolts through a few applause-provoking cattle calls like, "I don't know about you, but I'm sick of Al Gore's big government!" and "It's time to put some morals back in the White House!" Suddenly he thanks the audience, walking away from the lectern...it is now or never...as Sen. Frist marches toward his bus, ignoring our raised hands, Doug pulls out his poster and shouts,

"Senator Frist! Senator Frist! UN sanctions have killed more than 600,000 children in Iraq. Why do you support this? Is that what you mean by 'caring, family, integrity'?" Next I blurted, "Senator Frist, air strikes in Iraq over the no-fly zones have killed hundreds of civilians and dozens of sheep since December 1998. Why do you support this? Is this 'caring, family, integrity'?" Andrea then confronted the Senator, "As a physician, how can you support a policy which denies children vital medicine?" On his way to the bus, amidst unrelenting demands to end the sanctions, Frist paused to say, "not until Saddham Hussein is gone."

Contrary to what we expect, the Bartlett police do not detain or arrest us (save for one, they do not approach us), so we join the 5:30 p.m. action at the Bush/Cheney campaign headquarters where John Driskell, decked out in campaign garb, just overheard cell phone conversations out front...they know we are coming...we mingle our way to the booths and buffet tables, being ID'd...several large Republicans follow us around and inconspicuously hover when we stop...a few faces from earlier today keep looking at us then solemnly nod at each other... this will have to be quick. From the corner of my eye I see Frist "working" the room, greeting local politicians and party officials, picking up children for photographs, etc...which babies are good to kiss, and which ones are good to kill, Senator? The whole scene is pretty intimidating...having pledged nonviolence, we will not budge...I imagine we'll get arrested this time, but what is jail compared to the interminable sufferings of a whole population? The picket line of public silence on this unjustifiable crime of mass murder must be crossed, and, in the spirit if nonviolence, we must do this necessary work and willingly bear the consequences.

As Bocephus himself, Hank Williams, JR, sings a song about Tennessee's being Bush/Chaney/Frist/Republican country, we spread out amongst the crowd and make small talk. Ol' Hank votes Republican because "ain't nobody gonna take my granddaddy's gun away from me," and hey, he doesn't want those boys in Washington walking home with his money, either. Blood is on our hands, and we must do the right thing...making my way to the very front of the crowd, excusing myself...Senator Frist thanks the crowd, then pauses...

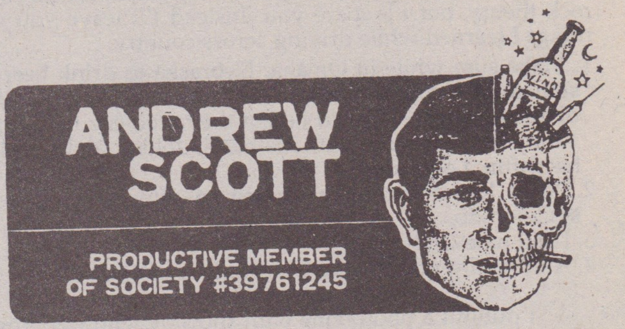
"Senator Frist! As a former physician, how can you support UN sanctions, which deny this child penicillin? Why do you support-" a flash of fingers rips the the poster from my grasp, a heavy hand shoves me backwards to my chair, knuckles brush the back of my head, and a huge arm wraps around my neck as I'm pulled backwards over the chair. Voices shout in my ears, "Stand up! Stand up!" but i go limp, as we agreed, and tell the voices "I'm not leaving. You'll have to carry me out." ...outside they plopped me to the curb, right in front of the "Caring, Family, Integrity" Victory Bus. The uproar inside gets louder, the doors swing open, and John is dragged to the curb. When he stood up with a picture of a dying Iraqi child to testify against this crime, John's arms were immediately pinned to his sides, and he was yanked to the ground by his hair and kicked a few times...seeing a thousand points of light, John went limp, provoking one frustrated attendee to attempt to lift John by his neck...he was dragged through the crowd of Frist/Chaney/Bush supporters as Doug stood up to question Senator Frist; by then the crowd was getting more aggressive from the first two ejections, and Doug's sign was immediately ripped in half; as a crowd surrounded and pressed against him, Doug met Senator Frist's eyes and began, "UN Sanctions, headed by the United States, have killed more than one million Iraqi civilians. How can you, Bill Frist, on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, with a slogan like 'caring, family, integrity,' support something that takes so many innocent lives?" While Doug pressed the issue further, still demanding an answer, a crowd pressed around Doug and forcefully shoved him to the back of the room where two other volunteer bouncers each grabbed an arm and carried him outside.

During the commotion, Sasha and Andrea were taking photographs and attempting to pass out leaflets; they meet us outside, followed by a reporter, photographer and several curious onlookers. A discussion follows; some want to understand the message more clearly, and some wanted to know, "Why the disruption? What does it accomplish? Do you expect people to listen and talk to you after that?" The answer: you came out here, didn't you?

It is important to note that the primary purpose of this action was not to create chaos; nor was it to immediately provoke open dialogue (a ridiculous expectation, but it would be great); interrupting a speech may be "rude," it may inconvenience attendees, but this small transgression are a necessary breach of protocol—"rude" is morbidly ridiculous in the face of the Holocaust. We came to challenge, in the name of sanity, on behalf of the dead and dying, an illegitimate authority in public. You ignore something, we bring it to the table. Your rhetoric and scripted pseudo-conviction starves for truth, and we are eager to feed you. Do you not represent us, Senator? We did the necessary thing: we called this Holocaust to attention, called it into question, and publicly demanded accountability. If you won't meet us halfway, we will have to come to you. Party rhetoric, lip service and spin are unacceptable. These "representatives" need to know the conscious public. Genocide? NOT IN MY NAME.

Will you deal with the issues? You will deal with us.

luv Ceylon



ANDREW SCOTT

PRODUCTIVE MEMBER OF SOCIETY #39761245

San Francisco, November 14th 2000

Alright, so I've been in this town exactly one week today. Honestly, It wouldn't really make a difference what town I was in since I spend most of my time inside this here *MRR* house. Oh you know, I'll leave to walk around the corner to get a cup of coffee or a bagel at the corner market. But those places are all within 100 feet of my home so I don't really count it as actually leaving. Anyway, strange things seem to happen when I leave the house. Like Sunday night, my one remaining friend in San Francisco, Chris (wouldn't it figure that I finally move to S.F. after all these years and my friends have already moved away), invited me to a pot-luck dinner party some women from his work were throwing. This pot-luck had a "white-trash" theme and all guests were to bring a dish according to that theme. Since I now work at *MRR*, defender of all that is politically correct, I used it as an opportunity to lecture these poor misinformed women of their wrongdoings. I explained to them that they were perpetuating the discrimination that occurs daily between the classes in America's heartland. And that some of my dearest friends back in Illinois are what they would call "white trash." I told them that their little pot-luck supper was more like a hate group dinner-rally, but they wouldn't listen, they just kept waving their tofu-pup and macaroni & cheese dinners of intolerance in the air yelling "yee-haw."

In reality, Chris and I were part of the problem too. We brought a nice plater of potato chip sandwiches to the party. What can you do, we gave in ...oh did you want the sandwich recipe? It goes like this: white bread, valveeta cheese, pickles, and plenty of mayonnaise. They go really well with a six-pack of cheap beer, I must of ate three of them. Mmmmm...gross!

Later into this party Chris introduced me to a crazy woman. You know, the kind of girl that five minutes after meeting her gives you a slap in the face, not necessarily because you offended her, but because she felt like it, then drags you off to drink free booze at some other bar across town and then onto a noo-dee bar where her sister is incidentally working. Maybe you don't know the kind, but I sure as hell do. I seem to have some sort of an internal magnet for meeting these types of women. Crazy women like me, and I'm not even talking romantically here—they just want to hang out with me. For instance, the girl in Chicago (yes, you all in the 312, and 773 area codes know her...the one that dates one of my best friends—not to name any names) who smashed a full jar of spaghetti sauce on my head during a bout of drunken revelry. Yes, that's right, boss in Chicago, remember the time I called in sick for work because I had a concussion? Well, I never got hit with that flying skateboard I blamed—it was a jar of marinara that was smashed over my head by a crazy drunk girl. Well, I guess that cat's out of the bag.

I guess I could blame punk rock for my keeping of uncivilized company just by association, but I think that tendency was inside me long before I ever listened to the first Circle Jerks record. I enjoy the company of people who are bit out of their minds; they're just more fun to be around. Maybe that's what draws people like me to punk. Punk is unstable, volatile, maladjusted, and most of all—fun. Punk rock has a way making sense of all those thoughts in your head that don't jive with the status quo. That sort of brings up the question, what came first, the punk rock chicken or the punk rock egg? You know, like the nature vs. nurture debate. I'm putting my money on the punk rock egg. The freaks and social outcasts in second grade are just innately punks and that's why they don't fit in. But you know, the main point of all this rambling on is that I hardly ever leave the house and when I do I find myself in strange places (because I like punk rock). I could go on talking about my romanticized adventures, and punk rock theory, but I'll spare you. Instead I'll leave you with some things I learned while driving across country:

1. Make sure while in Omaha, Nebraska to drink beer with a 50 something year old man named Allen with "Let's Fuck" tattooed on his knuckles. He said he got the tattoo cuz he figured it'd be funny at his funeral with his hands folded and him laid out in his coffin. I agreed.
2. Don't leave your skateboard in your friend Joel's trunk in Colorado.
3. I still hate Utah.
4. And finally, go see THE CLONE DEFECTS live!

Shameless self-promotion

I put out a photo-zine with shots by fellow columnist Mark Murrmann and Chicagoan Chris Anderson. I have a ton of these left, order one $2 from me at the PO Box address below.

Also, THE DONTCARES (Sweden) "Keep'em Rollin" ep on my label ETERNAL BROADCAST is ready for your consumption from the same PO Box address. Also, from now on I'm going to try and have this column up at my website, http://www.sobstory.net. So check it out jerks!

Send hate mail and punk rock shitz to me at : PO Box 170247
San Francisco, Ca. 94117 or andrew.scott@mindspring.com

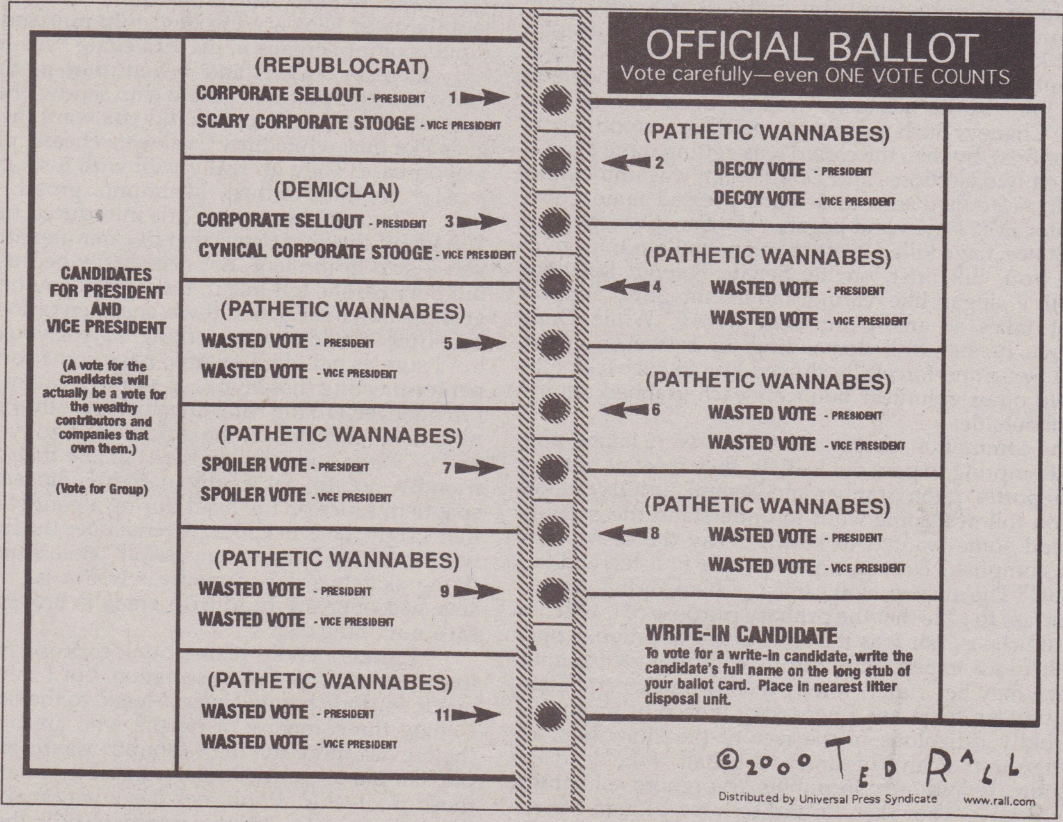
BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with arwen curry

For those four of you who may have missed my column recently, allow me to explain: along with other things, the process of finding, courting, hiring, and training new coordinators has been quite a time. Coordinators: they're a pain in the ass. In recent months, there's been lots of dropping off and picking up from airports, new stinky habits to get accustomed to and old ones to forget, strange dietary practices to tolerate, and more. Not only that, but they're boys, the gender that's fond of saying things like, "I never learned how to sweep the floor," and "only two of the forks in the sink are mine." No wonder Tim wanted women for this job.

Contemporaneously, I have almost as many part time jobs as you have fingers on your left hand. I've been tired. I don't want to bash Mike and Andrew, though: they're on the road to being great coordinators, and I'm excited to be here for some of the improvements already in effect. Like the "no ties in the building" policy, or the mandatory three hours of Tony Hawk's Pro Skater every evening. Thanks, guys. Punk is already grateful.

Provoke me and I'll talk more. *arwenc@mindspring.com*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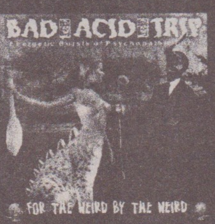
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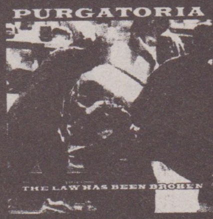
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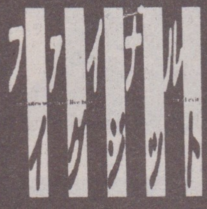

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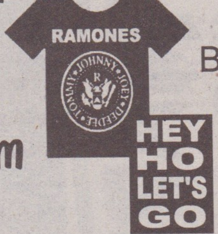
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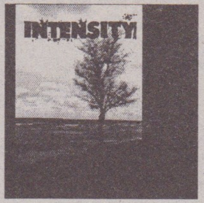

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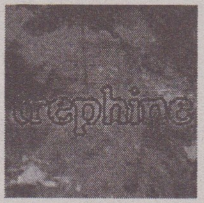

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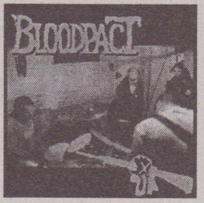

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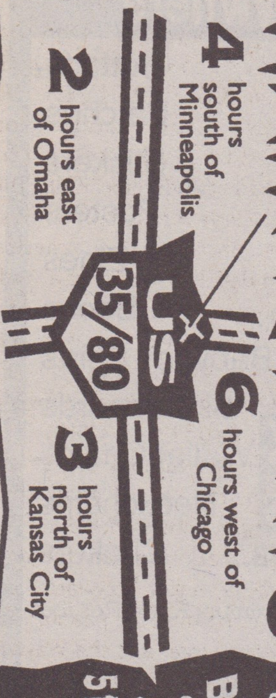

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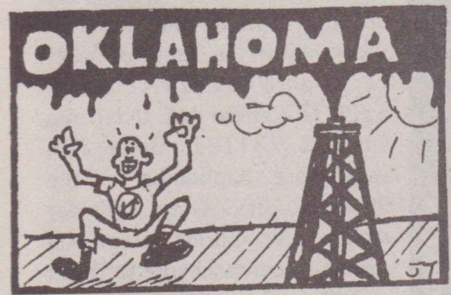
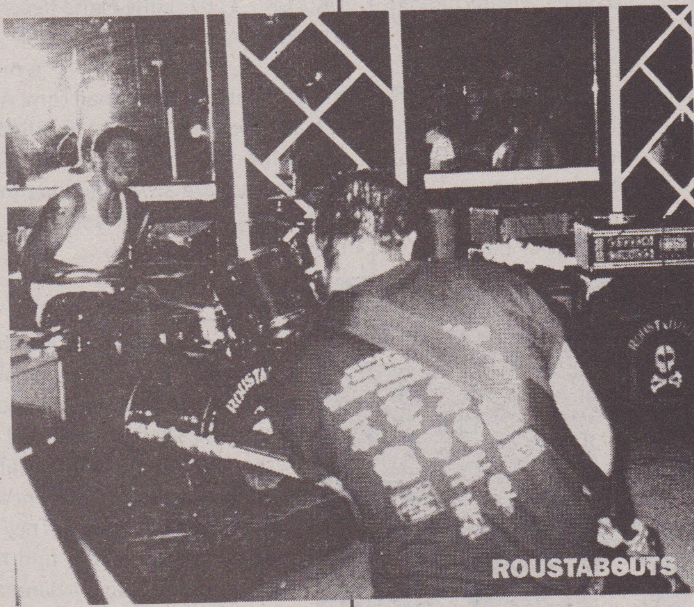
SCENES



The punk/indie music scene in Oklahoma has been going pretty strong the last few years. It seemed like it was high time that someone wrote a report on Oklahoma.

Norman over the last few years, has seen protests, bands, and shows popping up all over. The younger kids have started up their own metal/punk/hardcore scene, and the older kids have started pretty successful punkabilly bands, in addition the college draws in a lot of touring bands. The top pops in the greaser/rockabilly punk scene are known as F.B.I., a 4-man, piano and guitar wielding roots combo with OK's greatest upright bass player Johnnie, ivory-tickling crooner Mitchell, and the fabulous guitar work of "Rockabilly" Dave McPherson laying out his Clash/Stooges/Carl Perkins influenced rock 'n roll. Dave and Johnnie also complement the howling 60's style Brian Pardon and the NASHVILLE REBELS, based in Oklahoma City but probably the most consistently rocking bar band in OK. Dave's roommate Jimmy Polich started learning guitar so he could start STOOGES/CANDY-SNATCHERS /FEAR influenced FESTIVAL CITY SAINTS, who've had a few shows at the Deli (OU and Route 66 Bowl in Oklahoma City). Bass player Timmie Haskins, also in THE SAINTS, has a new band called THE RAMSEY KILLERS who we call a rockout band.


ROUSTABOUTS

In the more punk side of things, THE FUKTARDS have been playing around a bit lately. Even tough they live in Oklahoma, they have funny hairdos and are punk as fuck. KILLER NEXT DOOR has Pallas singing and yelling the vocals, with punk/80's hardcore music played by members of THE SNOTROKITZ, (who despite having a really bad pop-punk band-sounding name they play hardcore/thrash) and Humanicide, who have pressed a CD of their own political grind thrash. Some of those guys are also in the soon-to-be reformed DOMINANT MINORITY and have a 7" on Dallas' Chode Brand Music. Also not to he forgotten are Same Day Service, who are currently working on a new CD titled "Endless Adolescence" which should be out by November. They have an older CD as well "...If You're Lucky". Both are DIY made and distributed. They've gone on one midwest tour with 800 OCTANE from Portland, and played numerous shows here and in neighboring states. Sarah, Maggie, and Lisa will be moving to Austin in December 2000 to get the fuck out of Oklahoma and continue the band there. Get in touch with them at samedayserve@hotmail.com or check their web-page at www.ceocities.comisamedayservice. I guess The Altamont Speedway, Norman's controversial GANG-OF-FOUR like rockers, might have called it quits by now, but who knows? Also Norman's math rockers TRAINDODGE have an LP/CD on short lived 6x6 records and a comp track and EP on No Karma Records. Contact Jason at istdodge@aol.com or PO Box 1716, Norman, OK 73070-1716

Why can't we have more house shows with plenty of houses to play in? Right now, the main places to play in Norman are at OU - The Deli and the American Legion Hall. Although there are some punk shows booked at a place called The Medicine Hall, which should be open by the time you read this. At OU, a group called Campus Arts Network sets up free shows run on school funding and donations. Most of these shows are on top of a parking garage or inside the Student Union. Unfortunately, these are only happening during the busy parts of the school year. These shows range from all-local bands to bigger touring acts like BOTCH, RANIER MARIA, or even MU330 and THE PROMISE RING. The other place booking shows is The Deli (405.329.3534 at 309 White St. Norrnan, OK 73069). The Deli features mostly local bands (booked far in advance), but has also had bands like THE BAD LIVERS come through. Other possibilities include the American Legion Hall, New York Pizza, and a few houses. The best way to book punk shows in Norman is to get a hold of me. For metal/thrash/hardcore shows at the Legion Hall, contact Brian Carrigan at (405) 447-4240.

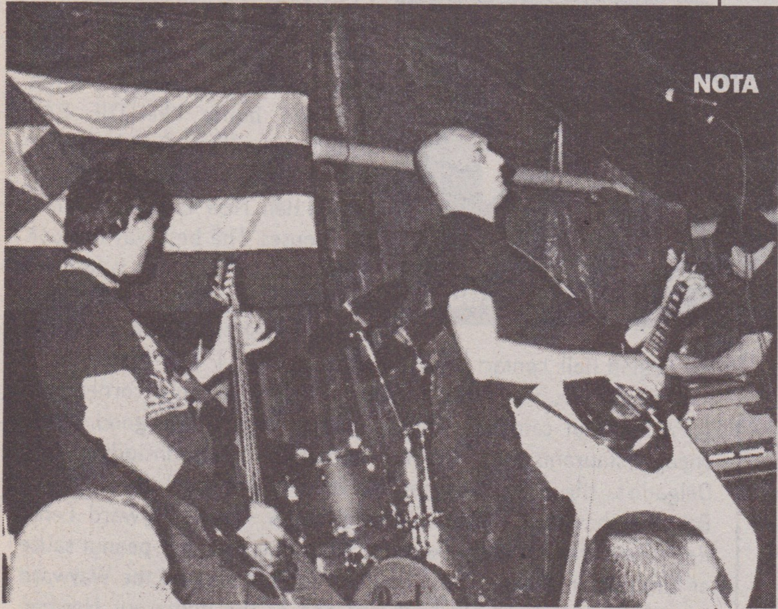
Norman is a small college town. In the campus corner area (just north of campus) you're going to find several good, small, cheap restaurants with vegetarian and vegan options including: Pepe Delgado's, the (mostly vegan) Indian snack food at Shiva, La Baguette has tasty coffee, and the 100% vegan Wayward Lentil Restaurant should be checked out. Also don't miss the peanut sauce at Kim-Son on Jenkins (just north of Boyd Street and the Wayward Lentil). If you're bored, check out one of the numerous Norman parks, ride a bike, or take a walk - many of us drink alcohol mightily. Once again, the Deli is an alright bar and sometimes has decent bands. But if you want to play pool or drink cheap 3.2 beer go to the Quarter House on Campus Corner, where you can listen to Papa Roach on the jukebox and buy/sell drugs from/to 14-year olds.

A guy named Lloyd that I met at some show recently has apparently been putting out ELECTRIC FRANKENSTIEN records and traveling around the country to make a movie or something about THE DWARVES. You would think since I live in a town with a population about the same size as a your average Wal-Mart, I would know how to get a hold of him, but I don't. I just thought that I'd mention that.

HOLLOWED OUT

OKLAHOMA CITY

Ahh the capitol of this great state - this town is a complete waste. It's the New Jersey of Oklahoma. I've put Oklahoma and Edmond together since they are so close, and most of the Edmond bands have members that live in OKC and play all of their shows in the city. SUBSANITY plays extreme grindcore and just might be the oldest underground band in Oklahoma City. They have played hundreds of shows with the likes of D.R.I., BRUTAL TRUTH, BROTHER INFERIOR, FUCKFACE, SOILENT GREEN, and NAPALM DEATH and many others. If I'm not mistaken, they've put out stuff on various labels including at least 3 7"s, one on Sensual Underground Ministries and other stuff including a recent compilation with GRIEF, BONGZILLA, and CAPITALIST CASUALTIES. Also BURNPOLE is Kevin Bernardi's new band (that is if you're not counting the new project that he is doing with Chad of BROTHER INFERIOR and Mike from SUBSANITY). OATMEAL, Oklahoma's most naked hardcore band, has broken up. THE HERPES and RED SCARE are two punk bands that often don't show up for shows and I haven't gotten a chance to see much of them lately. PIRATES EAT BABIES is a new female-fronted '77-style band that's around but, I haven't gotten to see them at all either. In the pop-punk department MR. CRISPY has 3 EP's and a CD EP on Mutant Pop Records, Rev. Norb's label, and are apparently on temporary hiatus. They can be reached at P.O. Box 5414, Edmond, OK 73083-5414.


NOTA

They have merchandise for sale, as well.

As far as places for shows go, Music Dimensions (phNº 405.525.5311, 4308 N Western Ave, Oklahoma City, OK 73118) is where most punk shows in Oklahoma City are held. It's also the best and most well-stocked record store in Oklahoma. There are a lot of indie and rockabilly shows down the street at VZD's bar, (phNº405.524.4200 on 4200 N Western Ave, Oklahoma City, OK 73118). Great free shows are happening at the Bowling Alley every Saturday night, usually touring garage and rockabilly bands (Route 66 Bowl on OKC's north side).

Record Labels: Liquid Christ Productions - Joe has records by former Norrnan/OKC bands The Bastard People and The Real Ones put out a few hardcore/crustcore records on the label. You can e-mail Joe at liquidchrist@yahoo.com or write to 2550 NW 21St, OKC, OK 73107. Little Mafia Records have put out some indie/experimental/noise records by COCK ESP as well as a bunch of local bands. You can e-mail Gianni Santilli at musicdimensions@hotmail.com. Apparently Kevin Bernardi and Ross are also working on a label called Don't Waste It' with a few releases on the way including a benefit comp for the American Cancer Society. They are always looking for international hardcore and punk bands for comps. Their address is P.O. Box 190, Edmond OK, 73083 USA.

TULSA

Tulsa lies in the eastern half of the State. As the 2nd largest Oklahoman city, it has a small but cosmopolitan arts scene and probably the most thriving punk scene in the state. A lot of people would say that BROTHER INFERIOR is the most well-known recent punk band from Oklahoma, with a few comp tracks and records on several different labels, including their own Sensual Underground Ministries. They've been broken up for a couple of years, but you can still find their records in distros. Ryan from the band moved to Portland and I guess plans to continue playing music and running Sensual Underground Ministries there. Chad is in a POGUES-type bar band called RAPAREE. They have a DIY - released CD out, but god help me if I know how to get it. He is also in the long-standing funny punk band THE KIDS WHO NEVER LEARNED TO COLOR INSIDE OF THE LINES, who have a 7" on Sensual Underground Ministries and reportedly is starting yet another hardcore political punk band with Mike from SUBSANITY and Kevin Bernardi. Hardcore thrash bands SEPTIC TUMOR and HOLLOWED OUT both have been on tour once at this point. HOLLOWED OUT have a cassette tape available from them in addition to a 7" on Magister Ludi Records (see below) and quit like a buncha losers just a little while ago. SEPTIC TUMOR have a 7" on Chode Brand Music out of Dallas and a split 7" with Dallas' AKKOLYTE on Chode Brand also. In addition they have a split 7" with Redding, CA's DAIRY QUEENS. Jesse Markus of SEPTIC TUMOR is also starting to sing for a band with some members of Arkansas' BURNED UP BLED DRY. THE RISE AND FALL are apparently CONVERGE/BOTCH type hardcore. I hear SWEATBAND is horrible, but I suppose some people find their improvised, screaming noise-rock and stage antics entertaining. NOTA is one of the oldest punk bands in the US, and they still play shows occasionally. They've been together since 1979, I think, put out one S/T LP in the mid-80's, appeared on the "Welcome to 1984" MRR comp, a couple of 7"s in the 80's as well as a 1990's CD on Sensual Underground and a split with BROTHER INFERIOR on Minneapolis' Havoc records a few years ago. THE STATIC SET play surf music and have a new CD out. Following the break up of PATIENT ZERO/NAILED TO THE WRECK, Grant and Joey are apparently going to keep playing music in another project. Both FAKIR (playin' something like post-punk) and GOOD.NIGHT.MOON. (instrumental experimentalism) are made up of former members of now-deceased DAYS OF BROKEN GLASS and THE COPULATED.

If your taste buds lead you to tempestuous cravings to buy, buy, buy, Be Le Vegan restaurant at 315t and Mingo has fake meat products galore, is reasonably priced and tasty as hell! The Corner Cafe is a cheap, greasy diner on the corner of 11th and Peoria. Good location, great prices. Gypsy Coffee House in downtown is pretty popular right now among the "alternative". But, by far the most colorful restaurant that I know of in Tulsa is the Chicken Coop, a greasy-spoon diner on 3rd street between Lewis and Utica. It's cheap, has the best fucking gravy fries in town (not much for vegans though), open all night, and frequented by Tulsa's weirdest.

If you are want to book your band in Tulsa, a bunch of people book outside shows at a shelter in Mohawk Park. There are also hardcore and punk shows going on in the basement of the Phoenix House (217 S. Phoenix, Tulsa OK 74127). Get a hold of Chris to book shows there (phNº918.584.2648).

There are a few record labels coming out of Tulsa as well. I guess Sensual Underground , the record label run by some of the BROTHER INFERIOR guys, is being continued in Portland under Ryan Rallston. Dustin Cleveland is running a new label called OHiO Sound under which he has put out a recent STATIC SET CD and has several other projects underway. You can order the CD or write Justin at 1620 S. Florence Pl. Tulsa, OK 74104. Eric Tittrud runs hardcore/screamo label hIagister Ludi who now has distribution by No Idea out of Florida and Mass state's Old Glory Records. He has released LP's by HUNDRED YEARS WAR and WAIFLE, 7"s by SHUT THE FUCK UP, THE PAPERCHASE, and HOLLOWED OUT as well as a WAIFLE 10" and another split 5" picture disc with USURP SYNAPSE/REP SEKI.

Tulsa is a fun city with lots of things to do outside. The abandoned pedestrian bridge over the mighty (dirty) Arkansas River is nice at night and there has been many a drunken bonfire there. There are great walks around downtown and you can climb around the edges of old buildings, which coincidentally usually offer convenient entrances next to rarely-used fire escapes. There's also a new skatepark that I haven't visited yet (Mclure Park off of Memorial Drive).

Another small army town in the southwest of OK, Lawton has a small punk/skinhead scene. THE DOOZERS from there are a pretty good street punk band with the so-called "patriotic" message so popular with the skinheads and drunk hillbillies. They have a DIY CD EP out called "Dance 'til you Puke" available for $4. (1713 Great Plains Blvd. Lawton, OK 73505, Doozer77@juno.com) check their web page at http://www.doozers.net. There have been a few other bands there in recent years, but I don't know of any of them that are still playing. As far as places to play Lawton, Rob Griggs has opened an 18 and up club called Urban Legends (1808 NE 11th St. in Lawton). In the short time that it's been open Urban Legends have had several good touring punk bands. Check out and play this great space.

West of Oklahoma City, the town of Enid, punk kids have been sprouting up like weeds, skateboarding and starting bands. THE ROUSTABOUTS are the pride of Enid. The band is also big with drunk hicks and skinheads. They play tight "street punk" that's actually good. Their 1st LP, "Never Say Die", as well as the "No Coast Punk" compilation CD (which has a track from THE DOOZERS) is available from them at PO Box 82, Hennesy, OK 73742 (theband@roustabouts.net) or from Stolen Records out of Ashland, KS.

Oklahoma Punk shit on the web: Check out Oklahoma Underground at http://oklahomapunkradio.hypermart.net, which has links, show listings, etc... and Janet's Riot Grrl Midwest at http://students.ou.edu/F/Janet.G.Frey-1/remw/, which is mostly a discussion area for feminine issues, politics, music, and other riot grrl type stuff.

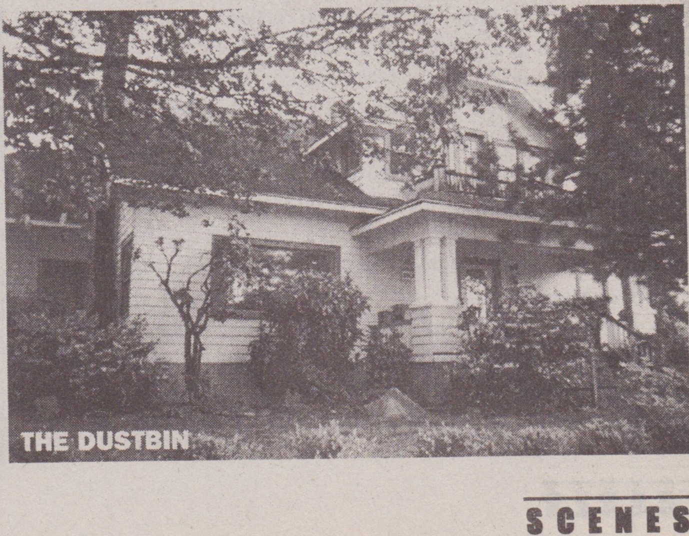
To get a hold of me for more info on Oklahoma I can be reached at lentilboyt@seductive.com. Thanks, David Thompson

portland
OREGON

Seldom do you find a cohesive list of things to do in a city. It's normally more like reading about bands and venues that aren't around long enough for passer-bys to see them when they are in town. When I was 14, I read a scene report of the city I lived in and I barely had even heard of any of the bands. Turns out the kid who wrote it was only into a very specific genre of music and it was submitted like 6 months prior. It was ridiculous and of little use! I hope to capture a sense of what Portland is like today and what you should do if you come visit. So here it is, my comprehensive guide to Portland, OR

Southeast 14th/Stark, Cool Park:

Cool Park, complete with a pirate ship to climb on that is across an


THE DUSTBIN

THE DUSTBIN

artificial river in the warmer seasons, also has a neat playground and I think you can buy drugs here most nights. A fun place for the drunks to hang out.

Downtown 10th/Oak. Reading Frenzy and the IPRC Zine Workshop: Reading Frenzy was the first strict zine shop I've ever seen. A really great place to consign your zines and most of the folks are friendly. You can find some real treasures here too. They always have the more popular zines like *Doris*, *Burn Collector*, and *Cometbus* but they also have lots of zines that you'll never see again. The IPRC is an office where you can go to classes on aspects of small press and also use their resources to assemble your zines. Also, a short walk across Burnside takes you to Powell's Books. The largest independent bookstore in America! Morrisson Bridge Foot Underpass. Portland's most romantic point. A great place to share 40s with your buds and kiss your main squeeze. It's a great view of the city but a lot of people do sleep on these underpasses so be respectful to your neighbors that don't have homes.

Downtown 3rd/Burnside. The Liberation Collective:
The Liberation Collective is your one stop for all revolutionary materials & magazines, stickers, videos, t-shirts, etc. Volunteer run and sometimes friendly. Check out their lending library. They are normally a good source for the Food Not Bombs schedule and other events that are going on. They have a sign that you can't miss.

Southeast 35th/Belmont. Avalon Theatre/Paradox Cafe:
The Avalon is a nickel arcade in the lovely Belmont district. Movies are only $1.25 too. Be sure to say Hi to Sunshine while you are there. If you are playing my fav game I'll be sure to be mean to you. The Paradox is a vegan/veggie cafe which can be hit or miss. It's more for Portland tourists and local post-hippies/yuppies than punks I think. The service is awful like most of Portland, but some of the food can be good depending who's cooking. Also, be on the lookout because the famous Dishwasher Pete works there!

Southeast 26th/Clinton. Dot's Cafe/La Cruda/Q is for Choir/Clinton St Theatre:
This is one of my favorite neighborhoods in Portland. Dot's is a hipster cafe where they play Modest Mouse and the Pixies. People are pretentious and snotty. It's a fun place to hang out and make an ass of yourself. Some vegan options, pool, and a bar. La Cruda is a super cool sort of Mexican place with cheap food and good atmosphere. Good soundtrack most of the time. Check out the pineapple salsa. Q is for Choir is my favorite record store in Portland. They always have cool used stock and the owner is a great guy who does a great zine called *Grundig*. Good variety and some good finds pretty often. The Clinton St is owned by a complete schizo who shows super obscure movies from around the world about the post apocalypse, radical politics, and other such things.

Southeast 8th/Ankeny and 19th/Ankeny. Citybikes Co-op:
Citybikes Co-op is the best place to get bike stuff in town. Super cheap for a co-op and lots of used and recycled parts. Bikes are rebuilt and sold instead of sold "as is". Support workers instead of boses.

Southeast 39th/Woodstock. The Dustbin:
The Dustbin is one of many punkhouses in Portland; it has somewhat declined in the past few years. The shows have slowed down and the television time has increased. In any event, it's a place to crash and they have shared food for guests as well.

Southeast 20th/Stark. Cemetary:
In the middle of the Belmont district lies this cool Cemetary. A good place to hang out and drink and they don't seem to mind since they have garbage cans and signs that say "clean up after your stay".

Downtown 11th/Burnside: O-Zone Records is your bigger style of record store with lots of punk rock, indie rock, the works. Pretty poor selection of 7"s but lots of LPs and CDs.

Southeast. 27th/Belmont. The Vern:
The Vern is a cheap bar with $4 pitchers of Pabst. I don't think anyone hangs out here anymore but they used to.

Southeast 37th/Hawthorne. Cup and Saucer:
In the heart of the Hippie District lies this little breakfast cafe. Complete with tofu scramblers and great iced tea this place is hopping in the mornings. Good folks with lots of local flavor though some of the food can seem pricey.

Southeast 37th/Division. Laughing Horse Books:
Laughing Horse Books. This is our volunteer run, radical bookstore and propaganda shoppe. Great place for a variety of books, pamphlets, stickers, and more. All of the volunteers are real friendly to top it off.

Downtown Park/Burnside: Food Not Bombs Park. This is where you can go and eat 5 days a week between 5 and 6:30 PM.

Downtown 6th/Oak. The Church of Elvis:
The Church of Elvis. A jaded old artist designed this collection of things that they've turned into art. You can also really get married here but beware, the people are scary and they expect money in return for showing you the tour.

A Note on Shows. As far as shows in Portland, the venues are houses about 75% of the time. Nothing really lasts more than a few months so you have to be in the gossip loop to know what's really going on. We do however have some great bands around these parts .

BANDS:

IN THE RED was a cool Ebullition style band who broke up earlier this year and the members went on to form a new band called HANGMAN. They are more of a crusty band than previously and Will from TALK IS POISON plays bass now. In the Red has a demo available for $2 to POB14332/PDX, OR 97293 TRY AND STEP ON HER plays shows weekly and are one of my local faves. They have melodies like The Cure, an east bay punk sort of feel and urgency, and some parts reminiscent of Superchunk. It makes more sense live but they also have a 12 song demo for $3 from POB14332/PDX,OR 97293 HEART BEATS RED is an incredibe 3 girl band. The intense music could convince you that there is more going on then there really is. Vocals sort of like Sleater-Kinney (but hey, this is the Pacific Northwest after all) and music that taps on a whole slew of influences. But listen, seriously, this is a band to watch for. On tour later this fall with MADE FOR TV MOVIE is some guys that used to be in a band called BISYBACKSON who were kinda Portland legends for awhile. Yeah, so they have sort of a heavy, constant beat going on with some tunes that kind of make you zone out for awhile and feel the tone of the music. IMPETIGO is an anti-technology screamy hardcore band who arereworking their set and will probaly have a new name by the time this goes to print. They have a CDEP for $5 to POB14332/PDX,OR 97293 THE CURSE are kind of popular by now. Some, fast energetic rock played by these fine women. POISON IDEA is supposedly still together but I haven't heard of them playing shows or anything. MACHINE THAT FLASHES moved here from Wisconsin so you can catch that bassy mayhem that reminds most people of NEUROSIS. They have a bunch of records out that you could probably find around if you looked in stores or catalogs. Who could forget about HARUM SCARUM, who recently got back from touring Europe. Fast political punk played by women. It's been done before but these folks have attitude. New LP on Tribal War. SCARED OF CHAKA also just moved up to Portland. Great live energy even without Dameon's pants-splitting jumps. They have a ton of records too. Check any record store. AXIOM, crust kings who don't play a whole lot of shows. They do however, define a lot of the fashion here. THE NEW CARISSA is John Ogle's new project. He was in some really good bands like Wooly Mammoth, Fifteen, and some other Bay Area bands with songs like "draining the main vein on the subway train". Anyway, sort of like the Weakerthans with the poetic pop stuff going on but a little bit more rock too. REMAINS OF THE DAY is a band that thinks they should follow the rulebook of crust as set by His Hero Is Gone. They moved here from Wisconsin. THE DISAPPEARER is sort of "a Fugazi/pop emo sort of trio. Better than most and will possibly be hitting the road with KIND OF LIKE SPITTING later this year. TRAGEDY is some folks who used to be in His Hero Is Gone. More crust for the folks who like that sort of thing. THE EMERGENCY, this is a newer band who have only played a few shows. They have a really tight rhythm section and the guitar plays a lot of single notes and scales. A cool thing get to get your groove moving. THE CASUAL-TEES, this band is super fun (as the name implies). Really simplistic, pop songs a lot like the previous band but not so technical. Tight bass parts make up for a sloppy guitar. Very danceable. LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE is a new band that is sort of like Shotwell Coho and Crimpshrine. Rock anthems for the people who eat their meals out of dumpsters.

Portland Zines:

Phew, that is a gigantic can of worms to open. There are probably well over 100 zines in Portland right now that are at least semi-active. I knew thereís going to be tons of people left out so donít take it personally. *Grundig* is my favorite Portland zine. Michael tells stories of going to Mexico, visiting old friends, hitch hiking and train hopping.

Shopping, food, culture, and love. Very good reads. $2 to 2510 SE Clinton, Portland, OR 97214. *Life Before Wartime* is an audio zine done by Erin. I'm still undecided on the whole audio zine concept but she tackles it well and keeps it interesting. *Brainscan* is a female personal zine from the perspective of a "broken heart, coffee shop punk rocker tom boy." №13 has hand made, block printed covers and is 80 pages for $2 to PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97293-0332 *Ovrkill* is Elaine's voice to the world about her feelings on being a girl and handling her high school situations. $1 PO Box 1317, Lake Oswego, OR 97035. *Love and Science* is a zine by Korrina, about just that; those two things! She also does a trade-only distro entitled Youth in Revolt. *Beer Powered Bicycle* is a zine about primarily four things: Beer, Bikes, Portland, and Rock N Roll. It's all in there to varying degrees and everything is written drunk and then never edited. PO Box 40001 Portland, OR 97228 *Shut your Fuckin' Mouth* is Jesse's masterpiece. It's got some freakish stories of a slaughterhouse, all sorts of takes on violence, and opinions galore. Hope is a personal zine with a lot of work put into it. Basically it's observations on life and people. The author is female and most of her writing works on a universal. *A Renegade's Handbook* is Ciara's overly personal, overly wordy story of her life. It talks about being in love with boys and girls and moving and her fear of wheels I think, too. *Punk Rock Resume*, James' zine, is ridiculously large (probably several hundred pages) containing a diary 10 months long, band photographs, daily thoughts and struggles, and some radical politics. $5 to PO Box 5964, Portland, OR 97228-5964 *Take Off Your Fucking Dress and Go Bowling* is a zine written by 7-10 different people and is mostly personal stuff with some opinions and pseudo-political pieces as well. $1 to PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97293 *Journalsong* is a male per-zine through Steve's overly simplistic tones. He talks about smoking, girls and their associated problems, moving, his inner turmoils and more all in a non-pretentious way. $1 to 703 NE Tillamook St, Portland, OR 97212 Again, there's dozens and dozens of other zines in Portland. Please don't take offense if you were excluded. It wasn't on purpose. Visit reading frenzy for a VERY GOOD selection of Portland area zines.

For additional contact info or if you are in town, visiting, or need a place to say or a guide contact me via Joe / PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97293-0332 / joebiel@ureach.com /

IMPETIGO

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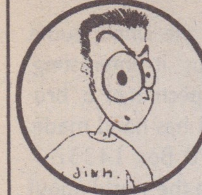

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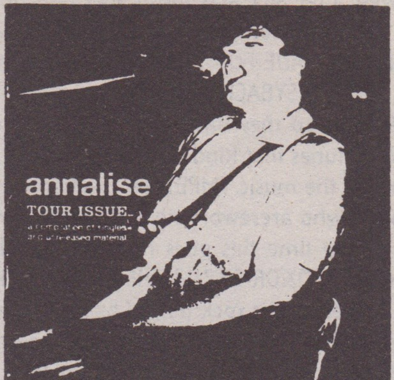

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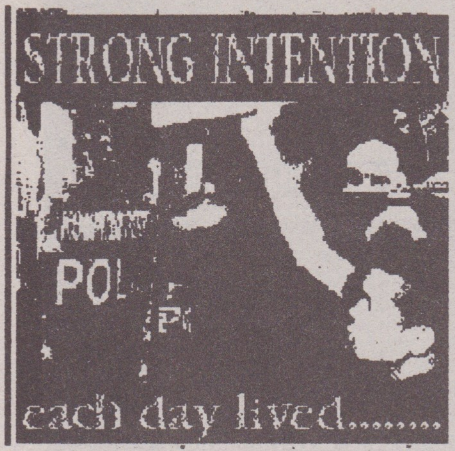

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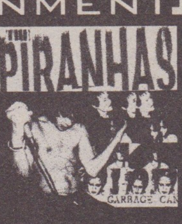

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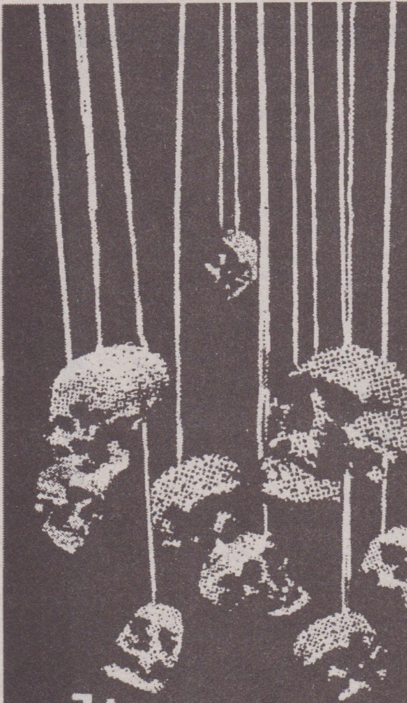

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MRR NEWS

No. 212
Jan. 2001
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Coffin-carrying protestors outside Fort Benning, Georgia doused themselves in red paint and fell to the ground to symbolize murders committed by School of America graduates. The notorious S.O.A. was located at Ft. Benning. See News page four for complete story.

Amnesty International Report Finds More Abuse in Occupied Territories

Israel's foreign minister has refused to meet Mary Robinson, the UN Commissioner for Human Rights, to discuss accusations of excessive force. A report released by Amnesty International in November describes how Arab teenagers have been arrested in the middle of the night, subjected to high pressure interrogations–including beatings—and held behind bars for more than a month. The focus of the investigation was not the Palestinians taking part in riots in the occupied territories, over two hundred of whom have been shot dead by the Israeli army, but the one million members of Israel's Arab population. Hundreds of Palestinians living in Israel have been arrested after riot erupted earlier last month over killings by the Israeli military in the early days of the intifada.

Amnesty's finding are more evidence that Israel is slipping back into the pattern of widespread human rights violations that characterized the first intifada. Amnesty has called upon the Israeli government to investigate the findings and to cooperate with the UN commission of inquiry, but to no avail.

CIA Cops To Coup In, Argentina Extradites Pinochet

A Chilean judge on Wednesday, November 8, banned Gen. Augusto Pinochet from leaving the country while Argentina's request to extradite the former dictator is pending.

Supreme Court Judge Luis Correa signed an order barring Pinochet and six former agents of DINA, the secret police during the early years of his 1973-1990 dictatorship, from leaving Chile.

Correa must make the initial decision about whether to extradite Pinochet, a former army commander-in-chief. After that, three other Supreme Court judges will have the final word. No dates have been set for the rulings.

An Argentine judge asked Chile's Supreme Court last month to extradite Pinochet for alleged involvement in the car bomb that killed former Chilean army chief Carlos Prats--who opposed Pinochet's coup--and his wife in Buenos Aires in 1974.

Pinochet is unlikely to attempt to leave his homeland after his last trip abroad. In October 1998, police arrested him in Britain at the request of a Spanish judge who wanted to try him on charges of torture.

The general spent 503 days in custody before being allowed to return home earlier this year after Britain finally ruled that he was too old and sick to undergo trial in Spain.

As a senator-for-life after stepping down in 1990 and handing over power to a democratically elected government, Pinochet had immunity from prosecution in Chile.

Since returning from London, however, the Supreme Court has stripped him of his immunity, paving the way for Pinochet to be tried in his own country for abuses committed during his 17-year dictatorship. Some 3,000 people were killed or disappeared during Pinochet's rule. The extradition request added to his legal problems at home, were he faces 177 criminal complaints stemming from human rights abuses during his dictatorship.

And on Monday, November 13, the United States officially acknowledged its role in destabilizing Chile three decades ago as it declassified a third and final batch of secret documents on Augusto Pinochet's dictatorship.

The 16,000 documents, including 450 reluctantly handed over by the Central Intelligence Agency relating to covert work in Chile, reveal new details on former President Richard Nixon's efforts to unseat socialist President Salvador Allende and the CIA ties to Pinochet's secret police after the 1973 coup.

Researchers now have access to the minutes of all the meetings of the so-called 40 Committee, chaired by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, that oversaw policy making and covert action aimed at blocking Allende's inauguration. One document records a National Security Council meeting where Nixon directed efforts to hurt the Chilean economy after Allende was elected.

"We are going to cold turkey them on the economy. We have to let them know that we are going to continue the pressure," the president said.

Nixon proposed selling copper from the U.S. stockpile to undermine world prices and Chile, the world's largest producer of the metal. An adviser reminded the president that it was illegal to use the stockpile to destabilize prices.

"Today is a victory for openness over the impunity of secrecy," said Peter Kornbluh, a researcher at the National Security Archives, a public interest documentation office.

Documents also reveal that CIA funding for Christian Democratic candidates go back to the 1964 election.

"It may be of interest that in 1964, CIA conducted a (deleted) election operation in Chile (deleted) which contributed to the election of Eduardo Frei to the presidency," said a memo, written before March 1969 elections. Frei's main opponent in the 1964 elections was Allende. Frei died in 1982; His son, also named Eduardo Frei, is Chile's immediate past president.

The memo said $350,000 had been authorized for the 1969 regional elections to provide financial support for ``about fifteen-twenty carefully selected candidates,'' and ``propa

Iraqis and former GIs to sue in US over depleted uranium

Iraqi victims of cancer and former American soldiers suffering from Gulf war syndrome are together suing the US government over use of depleted uranium (DU) missiles. Meetings have been held between US-based families of the Iraqis, former American service personnel and lawyers over legal action in America. Former British personnel who say they have been affected by DU will also be invited to join the multi-million-dollar claims against the US government.

Ten years after Operation Desert Storm, lawyers believe there is enough evidence to link the massive rise in cancer in Iraq and the effect on British and American soldiers to almost 950,000 DU missiles and shells fired. A conference will be held in Spain this month, to be attended by international medical experts, Gulf war veterans and lawyers, including Ramsey Clark, a former American attorney general.

Among the veterans to address the conference, in Gijon, will be two Gulf war syndrome sufferers, Ray Bristol, a Briton, and the former US sergeant Carol Picou, who gave evidence to a congressional commission on DU munitions.

Their lawyers are expected to say the American government "recklessly" used DU, a bi-product of nuclear energy, knowing its devastating effect. DU-hardened missiles have a high penetration rate. When a projectile hits a target, 70 per cent of the DU coating burns and oxidises, bursting into toxic radioactive particles. One of the main arguments expected to be put forward is that American soldiers were not given protective clothing when sent to inspect damage caused by shells coated with DU.

In Iraq, campaigners say, almost 250,000 civilians have been affected by DU and there has been a sevenfold leap in cancer, especially among children, and deformities in birth. Unicef, the UN children's organisation, says 4,000 children under five die every month. Professor Ashraf Elbayoumi, a former professor of chemistry at Michigan State University, said yesterday: "There is ample evidence to link the pattern of cancer to DU."

Atomic Books Closes in Baltimore, Maryland

Eight year-old independent book and comic store Atomic Books will be closing in December 2000. Owner Scott Huffines cites slowing business, tax levies, the death of alternative comic and zines, and an inability to pay bills among the reasons for the closure. See http://www.atomicbooks.com.

Pinochet, cont'd

ganda designed to create a psychological climate favorable to moderate candidates." A third objective was deleted.

Less than three months after Allende's November 1970 inauguration, an interagency group in Washington approved $1.24 million in support for the rightist National Party and other parties to enable them to be "competitive" in future elections.

Just three weeks before Allende was toppled in a Sept. 11, 1973, coup led by Pinochet, U.S. officials had approved another $1 million in covert aid to political parties and private organizations.

Other documents point to Pinochet's involvement in the Letelier plot, including a telephone call to Paraguayan dictator Alfredo Stroessner to request false passports on which two Chilean agents traveled to the United States, including the man who placed the bomb under Letelier's car while it was parked outside his home. Letelier's American assistant Ronni Moffitt also died in the blast.

"This is compelling evidence. We hope the United Sates will indict Pinochet and file an extradition request," said Sam Buffone, lawyer for the Letelier and Moffitt families.

Pinochet is facing prosecution in Chile for alleged abuses committed during his 17-year dictatorship. Some 3,000 people were killed or disappeared during his rule.

President Clinton ordered the declassification in 1999 following the arrest of Pinochet in London, which put pressure on Washington to explain its involvement in Chile.

The last batch of documents, adding to 6,900 declassified in June and October of 1999, was due for release in September but was delayed after the CIA sought to withhold 450 documents on its covert operations in Chile, saying they would reveal intelligence methods employed worldwide.

The CIA in the past has said it did not instigate the bloody coup that overthrew Allende in September 1973, but had been aware of the military plotting. A 1975 Senate committee headed by Sen. Frank Church, an Idaho Democrat, established that the CIA had been involved in covert operations in Chile and had tried to foment a military coup in 1970.

Researchers were disappointed the CIA documents did not throw further light on the agency's revelation to Congress in September that Pinochet's secret police chief, Manuel Contreras, was an informant on its payroll in 1975.

But papers show the close relationship between Contreras and then-deputy CIA director Vernon Walters. One cable said Contreras had referred to Walters as his ``bosom buddy."

Contreras, whom the United States sought to extradite in 1978, was eventually condemned and jailed in Chile for masterminding the Letelier assassination in Sheridan Circle on Washington's Embassy Row.

(For more information, visit: http://www.gwu.edu/~nsarchiv/, from a non-profit, independent organization that seeks to have government documents declassified, including the recent release of CIA documents about Pinochet.)

The Man Behind the Curtain: "Kill All The Indians!"

In Kansas, a development company is poised to build an $861 million Wonderful World of Oz theme park and resort near DeSoto to capitalize on the books' popularity. Protests have been staged, however, because L. Frank Baum, publisher of *The Aberdeen Saturday Pioneer*, had repeatedly called for the extermination of all Native Americans.

Baum's first appeal for genocide was printed immediately after the slaying of Sitting Bull and ten days before U.S. Army troops killed about 300 Lakota men, women and children at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota.

"The proud spirit of the original owners of these vast prairies, inherited through centuries of fierce and bloody wars for their possession, lingered last in the bosom of Sitting Bull," Baum wrote. "With this fall the nobility of the redskin is extinguished, and what few are left are a pack of whining curs.

"The whites, by law of conquest, by justice of civilization, are masters of the American continent, and the best safety of the frontier settlements will be secured by the total annihilation of the few remaining Indians.

"Why not annihilation? Their glory has fled, their spirit broken, their manhood effaced; better that they die than live the miserable wretches that they are. We cannot honestly regret their extermination."

On Jan. 3, 1891, after Wounded Knee, Baum published another editorial suggesting that the remnants of a dying culture should be eradicated to make safe the ascendancy of another.

"The Pioneer has before declared that our only safety depends upon the total extermination of the Indians," he wrote. "Having wronged them for centuries we had better, in order to protect our civilization, follow it up by one more wrong and wipe these untamed and untamable creatures from the face of the earth."

Jimmie Oyler, a resident of DeSoto and self-described principal chief of United Tribe of Shawnee Indians, said an Oz theme park on former Shawnee lands near DeSoto would be offensive.

"He more or less said kill them all," he said. "If it has anything to do with Baum ... it's never going to be on Shawnee land."

Black Mothers Targeted for Drug Testing and Arrest

At the Medical University of South Carolina (MUSC) in Charleston, starting in 1989, doctors and nurses at MUSC began working with local police and prosecutors to gather evidence of cocaine use by pregnant women, by testing the urine of a targeted group of their maternity patients. In an important test for privacy rights, the US Supreme Court is reviewing the claims of a group of 10 mostly Black-American women that a public hospital committed a flagrant abuse of its authority when it singled them out without their knowledge for drug tests during routine prenatal exams.

In all, some 30 women - 29 of whom were African-American - were arrested and put in jail after testing positive under the anti-drug policy, which was jointly developed in 1989 by a South Carolina public hospital and local police and prosecutors. The women were charged with crimes like drug possession, child neglect and distribution of drugs to a minor - meaning the unborn fetus, which, if viable outside the womb, is considered a person under South Carolina law.

"The doctors in this case worked directly with the police to arrest women right out of their hospital beds," said the lead lawyer for the plaintiffs, Priscilla Smith. "We agree with the American Medical Association that this was a shocking abuse of police and governmental power." Smith is the Deputy Director of the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy's Domestic Program.

On October 4, 2000, Smith asked the U.S. Supreme Court to decide that this policy of cooperation with the police violates the Fourth Amendment because MUSC did not obtain search warrants or the women's consent before searching their urine for cocaine. The case, Ferguson vs. The City of Charleston, was filed in 1993 by ten women whose urine medical results were disclosed to law enforcement authorities without their consent. Nine of the women were arrested, some directly out of their hospital beds, still bleeding and in pain from childbirth. Seven of the women were arrested after they gave birth.

A trial court affirmed the policy (which had been abandoned by the hospital in 1994), and the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit also ruled against the plaintiffs. The federal court ruled that the urine tests did not require search warrants because they were conducted to serve a "special need" beyond the ordinary needs of law enforcement - the need to protect fetal health. Under this "special needs" doctrine, however, the Supreme Court has never approved a search by government officials that was performed in cooperation with the police and designed to uncover evidence of crimes.

Smith argued that the policy could not be brought within the "special needs" doctrine, under which the Supreme Court has approved warrantless searches in contexts like public schools and the workplace. First, she argued, none of these prior cases incorporated the police and prosecutors as a key element, as did MUSC's policy. Second, none involved the heightened expectation of privacy that exists in the doctor-patient relationship. And third, unlike these other cases, MUSC and the Charleston police could have obtained search warrants if they had grounds to believe that a specific woman had used cocaine.

MUSC's lawyer, on the other hand, urged the High Court to uphold the urine tests because they were part of a policy designed to stem the tide of an "epidemic" of cocaine use that had, in his view, disastrous consequences for fetuses and newborn babies. He conceded that the purpose of the policy was to stop "child abuse," a crime which, since 1997 in South Carolina, encompasses conduct by a woman that harms a post-viable fetus.

If the Court decides that the policy of searching pregnant women for evidence of cocaine use is justified by a "special need" of promoting fetal health, South Carolina Attorney General Charles Condon has vowed to re-institute the policy in Charleston.

Such a decision will have a much wider impact: it will mean pregnant women–and especially black women--have uniquely diminished Fourth Amendment protection. Under such a ruling, government officials may search pregnant women, without their knowledge or consent, simply by claiming that the search protects fetal health. If, on the other hand, the Court holds the policy was not justified by a "special need," the case will probably be returned to the lower courts for analysis of whether the ten women whose urine was tested for cocaine consented to the searches. The lower courts will then be faced with the question of whether consent to medical testing constitutes consent to a search for evidence by police.

Although the race of the women has been largely downplayed in the mainstream media, but it is impossible to ignore the fact the hospital is the only one in town serving low-income minority patients, and the only one to institute a "search and arrest" policy.

In 1990, the hospital started offering women drug treatment in lieu of prison. However, those who refused were subject to arrest. The case has wide ramifications for civil and women's rights in general, lawyers say.

In addition to the broad privacy issues raised by the case, the plaintiffs argued that surreptitious drug testing only serves to discourage women from seeking medical care when they are expecting a child.

"No one wants a pregnant woman to do anything that is harmful to herself or her foetus, but the one thing we know about drug addiction is that punitive policies do more harm than good," Smith said, noting that virtually every major US medical association opposes such testing as "counter-productive."

But far worse than the testing itself, she argues, is the fact that the results were promptly disclosed to the police.

"Once that justification (of foetal or maternal health) is accepted as the basis for stripping rights away, there is no logical stopping point," says the ACLU's amicus brief. "Many things men and women do before and after conception can affect the health of future children, from smoking to drinking to bad dietary habits," the group notes.

"If the state can drug test pregnant women based on criteria that have more to do with poverty than with actual drug use, there is no reason why the state could not claim an equivalent right to... monitor the behavior of women more generally throughout their pregnancies."

(Drawn from an article by Simon Heller from the CRLP Newsletter, November 2000, and "Black Mothers Secretly Marked for Drug Testing" by By Katherine Stapp for InterPress Third World News Agency by the Institute for Global Communications.)

Annual Protest against the School of Assassins...er, Americas

Thousands of activists gathered at the new "School of Assassins" at Fort Benning, Georgia, on Sunday, November 19, to protest the continued human rights abuses facilitated by the United States military. The date is the 11th anniversary of the murder by SOA-trained soldiers of six Jesuit priests, their housekeeper and her daughter at the University of Central America in San Salvador, El Salvador. The preceding Saturday, a puppet protest took place outside the gates of the training school.

A procession of at least 3,400 protestors carrying crosses bearing the names of victims murdered by SOA graduates crossed onto Fort Benning military base this morning in a mass act of civil disobedience calling for the closing the School of the Americas. A group dressed in priestly vestments led the demonstrators, one of whom carried a string of origami cranes.

Masked, black cloaked pallbearers carried a collection of 50 coffins onto the base. The marchers stretched from the gates of Fort Benning for a half-mile to the Military Police line inside the base. Upon reaching the MP's line, the coffin bearers set down their coffins, doused themselves with red paint for blood and fell to the ground to symbolize the murders committed by SOA graduates. This led to a messy pickup job for the MPs who "bloodied" their hands removing demonstrators

The military appeared angry and frustrated, often pushing protestors and press off of the road and asking them to get up and walk off the base.

By a 214 to 204 margin, the US House of Representatives voted last May to close the controversial Army School of the Americas (SOA) located at Ft. Benning, GA. But in the same vote Congress approved the Pentagon proposal to immediately open a clone. The new school, called the Defense Institute for Hemispheric Security Cooperation, is a combat training school for Latin American soldiers. Like the School of the Americas, it is located at Ft. Benning.

Also on November 19, activists from different parts of Ontario gathered to protest the School of the Americas at the U.S. Consulate in Toronto, presenting a coffin inscribed the names of the murdered priests and women.

(Information from Ad-hoc Committee to Close School of the Assassins, Canada, Indy Media-Atlanta, and SOA Watch. SOA Watch is an independent organization that seeks to close the US Army School of the Americas through vigils and fasts, demonstrations and nonviolent protest, as well as media and legislative work. http://www.soaw.org)

25th Anniversary of Franco's Death in Spain Marked by Protests

Four anti-fascist demonstrators were arrested in Madrid as two conflicting rallies were held to commemorate the 25th anniversary of former dictator General Francisco Franco's death. The man who ruled Spain with absolute power for thirty-six years died at 82 on November 20, 1975.

Bottles were thrown at police by the anti-fascist demonstrators protesting at a rally in the capital commemorating General Franco. Trouble broke out when police tried to keep the two crowds apart and the police responded by firing small rubber balls into the crowd. Police wielding truncheons and shields had earlier closed off streets in central Madrid and ordered an end to the anti-Franco march just as demonstrators gathered in a plaza. Reuters photographer Andrea Comas was clubbed in the back and saw two other photographers being hit.

Meanwhile some 3,000 young skinheads and older Franco fans waved flags and chanted in support of the dictator, rallying in front of Madrid's royal palace, lamenting 25 years of democracy that they said had degenerated into rampant crime, legalized abortions and ethnic groups ripping Spain apart with regional autonomy. Throughout the "memorial" the fascist crowd burst into chants of "Franco! Franco!" and stiff-armed salutes.

NAACP Questions Voting Irregularities this Election

The NAACP has asked the U.S. Justice Department to investigate numerous complaints of fraud and minority vote tampering in Florida before, during and after the presidential election.

"We refuse to allow anyone, any party or any effort to suppress voter turnout in communities of color," Kweisi Mfume, president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, said in a news release.

Among the NAACP's claims:

•Blacks received calls last weekend from people saying they were with the NAACP and urging them to vote for George W. Bush. The NAACP is nonpartisan and doesn't officially endorse candidates. Similar calls were placed in Virginia and Michigan.

•Roadblocks were set up within a few hundred yards of voting places in predominantly black communities in Volusia County, where police asked black males to get out of their cars and show identification.

•A disproportionate number of African-American voters were turned away from polls in various places, including Hillsborough County. Sheriff's deputies checking voter IDs said the race indicated on the card did not match the race of the person standing in front of them.

•At a testimonial hearing held by the NAACP, witnesses testified that they (and family members and others in their presence) were denied the right to vote because they "were not on the rolls," even though some had their voter registration cards as well as identification. In many cases, the poll workers who refused them declined to make any effort to validate their status and told them to "come back later." Some poll workers were sympathetic and attempted to get approval for the voters to go ahead and vote but were denied by "headquarters."

•Two poll workers testified that they had been instructed by "headquarters" that they should apply "qualification" procedures very strictly and if there is the slightest doubt, to deny the request to vote. They were also told to refrain from giving out any written verification of the refused voters' requests, including affidavits. This is illegal; the law requires that any voter whose attempt is challenged be given an affidavit of challenge signed under oath by the poll worker.

•The president of Haitian Women of Miami testified that she was threatened with arrest for attempting to enter the polling booth to help first time Haitian voters who needed translation assistance. Even though she presented a copy of the statute that permits such assistance inside the booth she was told that she would be arrested if she did not leave.

Felony Disenfranchisement is "Democratic" Farce

The permanent disenfranchisement of over 400,000 ex-offenders in Florida is likely to have determined the outcome of the presidential election, two non-partisan research and advocacy groups said November 8. Almost one third of the African American men in Florida were unable to vote because of a felony conviction at some point in their past.

Florida is one of only thirteen states that deny the vote to ex-offenders who have fully served their sentences. A 1998 report by Human Rights Watch and The Sentencing Project estimated that 436,900 former felons were disenfranchised in the state.

Among Florida's African American residents, the impact of the state's disenfranchisement laws is particularly dramatic: 31.2% of black men in Florida -- more than 200,000 potential black voters -- were excluded from the polls. Assuming the voting pattern of black ex-felons would have been similar to the vote by black residents in Florida generally, the inability of these ex-offenders to vote had a significant impact on the number voting for Vice President Gore.

In their 1998 report, Losing the Vote, Human Rights Watch and The Sentencing Project documented state by state the impact of disenfranchisement laws across the country. Among the report's findings: Nationally, one in fifty adults, an estimated 3.9 million Americans, were not able to vote because of a felony conviction. 1.4 million of these are ex-offenders who have completed their sentences and are not in prison or on probation or parole.

"These people have paid their debt to society. It makes no sense to turn them into political outcasts," said Jamie Fellner, associate counsel at the New York-based Human Rights Watch and co-author of the report. "No other country in the world takes away the right to vote for life."

"Fifty years after the beginnings of the Civil Rights movement, it is tragic that every day more black citizens lose their voting rights," said Marc Mauer, report co-author and assistant director of The Sentencing Project, based in Washington. "This is not just a criminal justice issue, but one of basic democracy."

Nationwide, a total of 1.4 million black men—thirteen percent of all black men—cannot vote either because they are permanently disenfranchised ex-offenders, or because they are convicted felons currently in prison, on probation or on parole. The number of disenfranchised adults of all races is 3.9 million, three-quarters of whom are not in prison but are on probation or parole or have completed their sentences.

The rate of disenfranchisement has grown higher in recent years as a result of harsh drug laws and mandatory sentencing requirements, which have sharply increased the number of offenders behind bars.

Disenfranchised ex-offenders can seek a gubernatorial pardon to restore their voting rights, but few have the information or resources needed to do so. In Virginia, for example, there are more than 200,000 ex-offenders, but in 1996 and 1997, only 404 regained their voting rights.

Human Rights Watch and The Sentencing Project call for an end to permanent disenfranchisement. They also urge Congress and state legislatures to ensure citizens convicted of a felony retain their ability to vote unless disenfranchisement is part of a court-imposed sentence for specified serious crimes. In addition, the two organizations urge the United Nations Human Rights Committee to address U.S. criminal disenfranchisement laws in light of international human rights treaties prohibiting unreasonable or racially discriminatory restrictions on the right to vote.

(Human Rights Watch is an independent non-profit organization that uses research and advocacy to promote respect for internationally recognized human rights in the Americas, Africa, Asia, Europe, and the Middle East. Their website is at http://www.hrw.org. The Sentencing Project is a national non-profit organization engaged in research and advocacy on criminal justice policy. Their website is at http://www.sentencingproject.org.)

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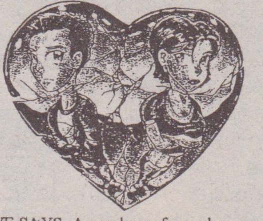

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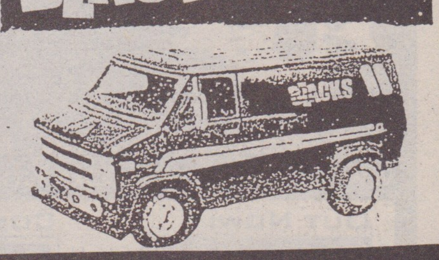

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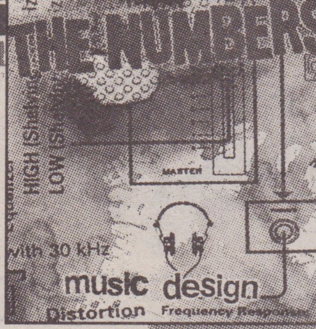

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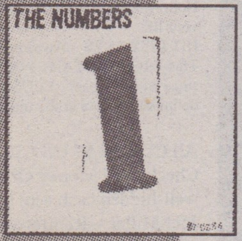

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AVAIL

Interview by Tom H.
Photos: Chris Boarts
Layout: Andrew Scott

I'm not terribly pleased with part of this interview. I think the AVAIL folks kept up their end of the deal and were really enthusiastic, giving interesting responses to all questions posed. My disappointment is with the way I handled the question about the Warp Tour and the business ethics of the Van's shoe company. I didn't do my research and therefore had none of the hard facts I should have had. So, learn from my lameness and plan out your own interviews a bit more carefully. Anyway, AVAIL has been around for ever and is quite popular. They've earned every bit of that popularity from their all out live shows, insane touring, and vocal /guitar hooks-galore melodic punk. They're good guys. Interview by Tom H.

MRR: How long has AVAIL been together? In any version.

Beau: A very, very long time

Tim: AVAIL has been together forever, and if you want an official AVAIL start date, it would be 1987, but the only person that was in AVAIL in 1987, that's still in the band now is Joe. And it broke up for like 8 months or something. Then in 1989 the band started back up with me in it, and we've just been rolling since then. We didn't;t really start doing tours or playing anything but local shows until about 1991. Am I correct?

Beau: Yes.

MRR: So you've had plenty of members since then...

Beau: Plenty! (laughs)

MRR: What about folks who were on the first seven inch, do y'all run into them much at all? What do they think about where AVAIL has gone?

Tim: Hold on a second. (Tim clears out the room, save Beau, Gwomper, Karoline, and myself.) Fuck, there's something about, I've said this to Vanessa (promotions coordinator at Fat Wreck) before, and you can roll with this...

MRR: OK.

Tim:...when setting up AVAIL interviews, we've done so many interviews, a million fucking interviews. I think one of the first things we ever learned, and we did it in the Commonwealth Times, which is the Virginia Commonwealth University paper, our first real interview, our entire band and our house mates were present during it. It was horrific. And I really just, veto, any entire band interview. It's difficult. If there's two of us, it's fine. If there is someone who is distracting sometimes...like Gwomper who can be distracting and like giggle and try to talk to people while someone is trying to go on their monologue. AVAIL interviews can be pretty bad.

MRR: That's what I was wondering, because I asked for as many AVAIL members as possible for the interview because I had only seen interviews with you...

Tim: Or just Beau.

MRR: ...and I didn't know if that was people seeking out singer figureheads...

Beau: A lot of people do. That's the way people look at a band,they either look at the singer or they immediately look at the guitar player. And for some reason, but luckily not in this band, in some bands the singers and the guitar players get the...

Tim: The perception of a band is, fucking, that the singer does everything. And with AVAIL that is a fucking lie.

Gwomper: Oh my god!

MRR: Direct hit!

(laughter)

Tim: I just threw a pack of cigarettes with lighter in it, directly at Gwomper's balls. But the perception is that in a band the singer does everything, but with AVAIL...the antithesis of what AVAIL is. There is no way that I do everything. Gwomper, are you ok?

Gwomper: Yeah.

Tim: Sorry man, it's just, you're distracting. I love you anyway, little baby G.

MRR: So, anyway what about...

Gwomper: God damn!

MRR: with old members of AVAIL

Tim: Do we keep up with any of them?

Beau: No.

Gwomper: I can answer your question. Chuck, the first bass player, I see him sometimes. He's happy, he's happy for me and the way it's going. He totally supports me.

Tim: The only old band member that I hang out with is Erik.

Beau: Yeah, outside of that, we either decide not to get along with them...

Tim: Yeah, we've had old members who have done atrocious things to people. We had an old bass player who tried to sue us. And I don't know what kind of crack rock he was smoking. I think it was straight from Carry Street in Richmond. He somehow thought we were hoarding money. Some of the members, thee are legitimate reasons [for not keeping in touch] number one, you don't sue your friends, number two, you don't sue poor people, and number three, you don't sue poor people with kids. That validates us never speaking another word to that band member again. It's a fucking shame.

MRR: What kind of hazing or initiation process do you have for new members?

Beau: They have to do our laundry...

MRR: Does the Chuck treatment for bass players continue? (Chuck, reportedly, got the business from his bandmates quite regularly)

(laughter)

Gwomper: No, see the difference between Chuck treatment and my treatment is that I'm me and these guys took me in when I was little kid and have always been the same to me, even before I was in the band. So, I don't get bummed, I just get bummed when other people pick up on the "Chuck syndrome" and they start in with the "Gwomper, what the fuck is that shit?" and I go "Who are you, fuck you, you didn't help me out." But no, these guys have been there for me forever.

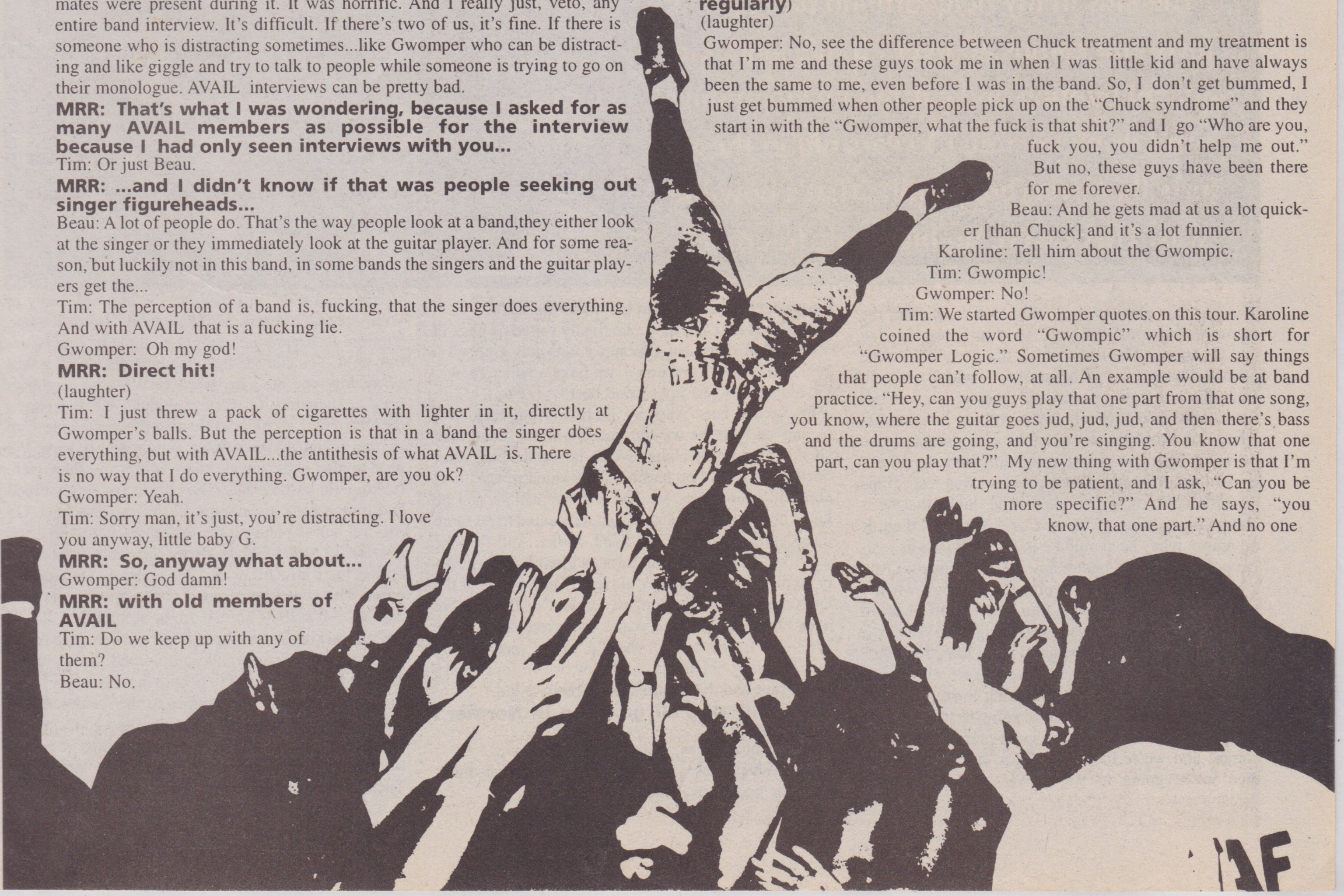
Beau: And he gets mad at us a lot quicker [than Chuck] and it's a lot funnier.

Karoline: Tell him about the Gwompic.

Tim: Gwompic!

Gwomper: No!

Tim: We started Gwomper quotes on this tour. Karoline coined the word "Gwompic" which is short for "Gwomper Logic." Sometimes Gwomper will say things that people can't follow, at all. An example would be at band practice. "Hey, can you guys play that one part from that one song, you know, where the guitar goes jud, jud, jud, and then there's bass and the drums are going, and you're singing. You know that one part, can you play that?" My new thing with Gwomper is that I'm trying to be patient, and I ask, "Can you be more specific?" And he says, "you know, that one part." And no one



could ever really pick it up. So this tour, we finally started keeping a book of Gwomper quotes, with sentences that start with "If I was me." (laughter)

Beau: I had a day where I said a Gwompic, which was even better.

Tim: You said a Gwompic?

Beau: I said a Gwompic, and it was, "Gwomper, if you had to go through what I just went through, you would lose my mind."

(laughter)

Gwomper: That makes no sense at all.

Tim: Gwomper has said "Why are both all y'all three looking at me?"

Beau: "Why all three y'all..."

Gwomper (in a Hank Williams, Jr. voice): Why all three of y'all both looking at me?

Tim: We're way off the agenda. "I didn't say that, that just came out my mouth"

MRR: With the most recent band member changes...In 91 or 92 when Joe decided to leave the band, AVAIL break up. What was the decision not to do that with the more recent changes?

Tim: Joe...

Gwomper: Joe has a kid.

Tim: At that point in time, that AVAIL, we had the theory that if somebody left, we'd just stop. So, Joe had his son, and he didn't think that he could do the band and have a kid at the same time and that was it. But, this has now become an inherent part of our lives. This is completely what we do. I remember when Erik broke the news that he was going to leave the band. Erik just wasn't in to it anymore, he wasn't excited about it, and all we could do was respect his decision concerning that. And if he thinks that he is just going to bring the rest of us down, then there is no reason whey he should be in the band. It was really cool, and totally mature how he went about it. And I remember Beau and Gwomper's reaction when I tried to get everyone to get into a room and sit down and talk. And both of these guys thought the band was completely over. And, Joe and I were like "Hell, no" we've been doing this for so long and we're going to continue to do this. We're not going to stop because someone leaves the band, we're going to stop because we don't think we're writing good music. If that day comes, and we're like "We're just not feeling this" then we're going to stop." We can keep writing music, and we still love it, and we're just gonna keep doing it. Even if it's not what everybody else likes, cause we write for ourselves.

Beau: I knew we could keep going, but I wasn't sure if it was one of those things that was the straw that broke the camel's back. It's not because we lost Erik, or because Erik decided to leave, that we were going to stop. It was just kind of like, this is where we go, ok. Are we willing to put all the fucked up work back into this band that we already have to deal with and put more pressure on to ourselves? I was like, "Well, I know I can do it, but I don't know how everybody else feels." And then Tim, Joe were both like, no way, we're not fucking stopping. And I was like, "Thank, god!"

Tim: To break in a new member, especially a new drummer, it takes an enormous effort. That's a lot of time for a band with four albums out. Gotta learn a bare minimum of thirty songs. That's a lot to get into and we were really lucky. We talked and no one was mad at Erik. Joe and I knew exactly what we were going to do without even having to say it to one another. I'm sure that everyone else picked up on it really quick. "You know what, we're not stopping, the very worst case scenario would be we write a new record, I play the drums on it, and we release it, and we don't tour until we find someone." And then, the good scenario was: we call Ed. The only person in Richmond that we could think of that could be in the band.

Gwomper: That day was so perfect.

Tim: WE called Ed, tracked him down after a couple of days, he was at the beach. We knew him, he had been in a lot of bands and toured forever. HOLY ROLLERS, KEPONE. Been around forever, played shows, touring, United States, Europe, blah blah. He was the perfect person. He was the ONLY person that we could think of.

Gwomper: We all thought Ed would be perfect.

Tim: But if Ed can't do it...he finally called us back in a couple of days...(to Gwomper who has grabbed a beer) You better slow down, we have another show.

Gwomper: It's just my second beer.

Tim: Second beer. Anyway, he finally got back with us and said that he wanted to think about it and then sit down and talk about. When he came over, after deciding it would be feasible, he wanted to talk to us about it. Came over, we had a conversation, and he knew how the band worked, but he wanted to go more into depth about how the band works. And then he was like "Hey, let's go upstairs and jam." (Tim quickly recounts the songs they played). Then we spent the last nine months, the longest amount of time we've been home in like, nine years, and wrote all of "One Wrench." Learned all of the old songs, spent a long time learning old songs. And now, we're four weeks into a tour and the record sounds really good.

MRR: Did all y'all grow up in Northern Virginia?

Tim: Yeah, all of us, including Ed.

Beau: Which was a weird thing, beeause we didn't know he was from Reston.

Tim: For a while when he was really young, then he moved out into the county.

MRR: So, what kind of changes have you seen in the area where you grew up, good or bad...

Tim: Reston or Richmond?

MRR: Reston, Richmond, that area of the South, in general.

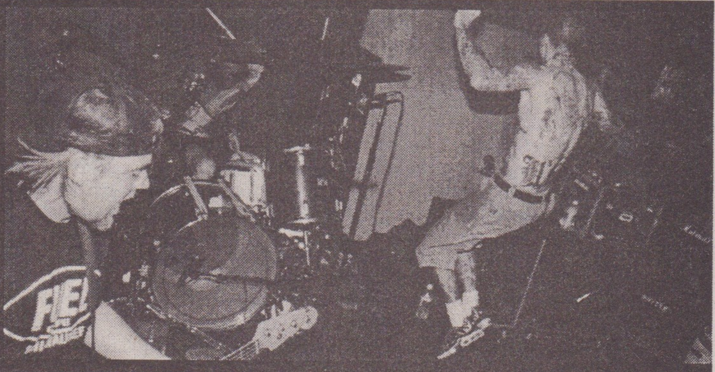
Tim: The thing with Northern Virginia...we could talk about this for five hours straight about the ills of a suburban, planned community, THE suburban, planned community that we grew up in. The place is just absolutely insane.

Beau: It spawns insane people too. Unfortunately. Easily the first five generations of children that lived there...cause when I was around, 10, Reston was only like, 15 years old. And, the first couple generation of kids that grew up there, are fucked up, just completely fucked up. It's really small, there's this huge resident home owner's association which took over everything. Like what color you painted your house, what color you painted your door, what you could have in your backyard. Everything. Most of the kids growing up in our generation, the generation before us, two or three after us, most of them are fucking lunatics.

Gwomper: Whereas, in Richmond, if you don't mow your lawn, you neighbors kind of get mad at you and go (in a mellow voice) "Hey, man could you mow your lawn?" In Reston, people come to your door and knock on your door and put a piece of paper on your door and tell you to mow your lawn.

Tim: Reston is a truly bizarre place. Planned community, with man-made lakes, suburban homes, that nowadays are valued at $250,000, less than a mile away from government funded housing projects. It is a fucking absolutely bizarre place. What Beau and I were talking about earlier, was that growing up there, we didn't see what was changing, because we didn't have any other perspective on it. You live somewhere so long and it doesn't make any sense, especially in your teenage years. Moving away from Reston, Virginia to Richmond, we got a whole new perspective on it. You can see from the outside, that it makes sense why you act a certain way. Why the neighborhood association did certain things. We understood the ills of it. I go back to Reston, the town I grew up in, that is not my hometown. Richmond is, now. We used to play in the woods, there was farms, there were fucking old barn houses. The kids in my neigborhood had insane forts and camps all over all this land. Go squirrel hunting and eat the fucking things. And drink beer at 13 years old in these forts that everybody built. That's how life was. There were no big roads to cross. This was in a planned community in the 70's and 80's. It's 2000 now, there is nothing left. There are no fucking trees, there is no culture. It's like a monoculture. Strip mall...automated, everything. There's fucking rich white people in mink coats going to the town center, checking in to the restaurant..the restaurants full. They get a beeper. They go shopping. Capitalism at work. They go shopping, they get beeped by the restaurant when a table opens up. There's Mexican people sweeping up white people's

> "The kids in my neigborhood had insane forts and camps all over all this land. Go squirrel hunting and eat the fucking things. And drink beer at 13 years old in these forts that everybody built. That's how life was. There were no big roads to cross."



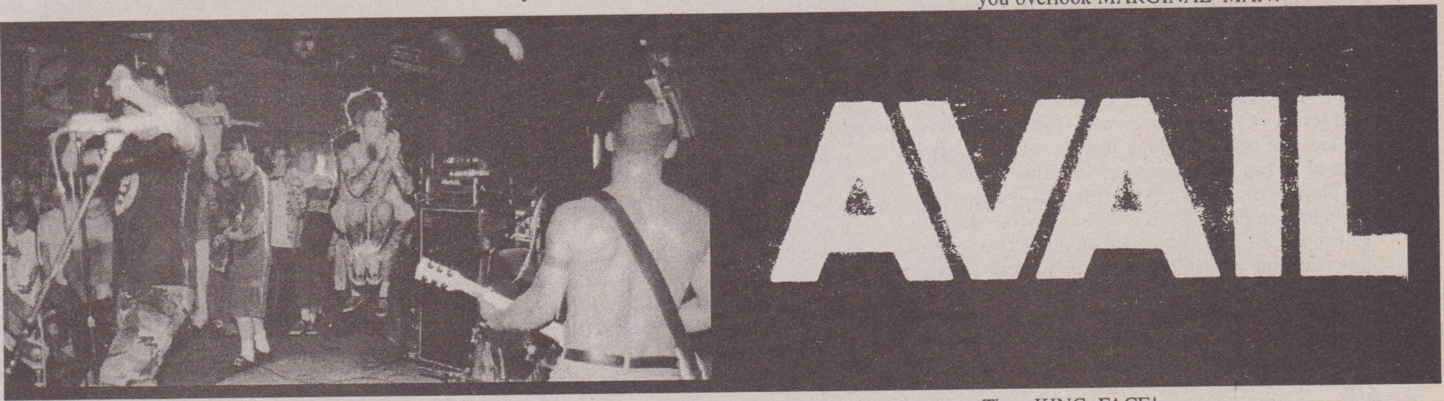
cigarette butts. It's just...anti-real. It's almost like being in L.A.

Beau: I lived there, basically, until I was 18 or 19, and, when I came back after living in Richmond...I hadn't really been back or driven around...in about four or five years. (I went to) drive somewhere, and I got lost. I had lived there my entire life...

Tim: That's crazy!

Beau: The fact that you get lost in your own town, is insanity.

Tim: And here's something else that Beau and I were talking about earlier...car culture. Northern Virginia, the place we fled from, now is second only to L.A. in cars. And it's not people commuting to D.C. for work. It's fucking, 75% of the traffic in Northern Virginia is commuting to strip malls, or just running errands. That's fucking insane. L.A. is fucking crazy enough with that shit.



MRR: Every generation of Southerners sees what they consider "Southern" or the "South" to them and sees that being lost. What things do y'all see vanishing from Richmond and what kind of things are still around?

Gwomper: Yes, ma'am, no ma'am.

Tim: Yeah, a lot of neighborhoods have completely changed. Whether it be from gentrification "projects" by...VCU, JAmes River Corporation, the City COuncil, or whomever...Let's just face it, the South East has a lot of poor people. Like middle America has a lot of poor people. Poor people all have one thing in common, they have very little money. People who have things in common relate to one another. When you walk down the street in a place that is generally poor, people generally greet you. It's slower, there are less people, that's what happens in Richmond. The Fan district in particular, which we live just outside of. People still greet one another, but it's slowly going away. That's the kind of thing that makes you happy about being home. This is what I love about it and it's slowly going away. I can go to the river, hang out. Talk to people that I don't know. Everyone in that area gets to know one another within 15 minutes of a conversation. And it's not based on status, it's not "what do you do?" it's "oh, yeah, the weather's great." We seriously talk like that, and people laugh about it. The things I love about a place like Richmond and other places throughout the South East is that when I get home form tour I go to the fucking corner market, and go "Hey, good morning, Mel" and he's like "God, you're home, did you bring pictures?" And I'm like "yeah." "My son wants to see the pictures and did you bring a CD for him?" And I go over to get my hair cut, and old Bill's like "(makes a hacking noise) How's Japan? (hacks) Did you go to Osaka? You know I was stationed there." That's what I love about it. It seems like there is a community. You take a quick drive outside of Richmond, past Fredericksburg, Virginia...fuck that man. No one will say a god damned word to you. Unbelievable.

Beau: A lot of the things I like is being able to talk to people, knowing my neighbors and who they are. And the fact that people give respect to people who are older than them.

Tim: That's absolutely true man.

Gwomper: Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am.

Beau: Yeah. I have three neighbors on one side of my house, they're all in there 80's, old women, spent there whole lives there, and they are absolutely amazing. Totally awesome. And every time I walk to the corner store I say good morning to them, I say good afternoon. I ask them about the weather, talk to them about the weather. "Oh, it's hot today." The next door neighbor doesn't like the heat, but she likes the sun. And I know these things. People will say sir and ma'am and thank you. And it's not anything but that's just bred into you. And then when we were in L.A., we went into a bar and I just waited...then the woman came up and I said "Hi, how are you?" She's like..."Fine, how are you?" I said "Good, can I have a such and such?" She said "yeah" and gave it to me and I said "Thank you ma'am." She said, "That's the most charming thing anybody's ever said to me." Thank you ma'am, and that's something you do on a daily basis.

Tim: SO, the question about how things have changed. You take a place like Northern Virginia, a place that we grew up in, where it was like that when we were kids. All the moms knew one another, took care of the kids, took them to school. Fathers knew one another. My mom's neighborhood, where the house I grew up in is, she doesn't know any of her neighbors. None.

Beau: They all stopped talking to each other.

Tim: None of them know anything about each other. And that still exists in Richmond which is nice. I know ever fucking kid in the neighborhood. Everyone.

Beau: And he knows a kid (Tim), and then because he knows him, I know him. I saw (a kid) 15 blocks from his house. "Jamaal, what are you doing?" And he goes "Do I know you?" And I say, "Yeah, I'm best friends with, Tim." "Tim who?" "I say Tim and Zeke (Tim's dog)." "Oh!" "What are you doing out here? Go home." He said, "Ok, I'll go home."

Tim: You gotta watch out for people. The point is, that what is happening in Northern Virginia is slowly happening to Richmond. The quaintness and the slowness is going away.

Gwomper: And the rent's going up.

Tim: Suburban sprawl. White flight, it's typical. In a lot of cities in the South East...Richmond, Petersburg, not Ashland...

Gwomper: Charlotte.

Tim: Charlotte, North Carolina was the biggest booming in the South East in the mid 90's, that and Atlanta, are areas that still have pretty stable downtowns. Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Rocky Mount, that general area. All of those cities were booming, whether from railroads, tobacco, cotton, soybeans, various other crops. All of those cities were economic and cultural meccas and then the suburbs were introduced and car culture became more prominent. Then somehow some scare about crime. Everybody fucking bailed. Those cities are ghost towns now and they are surrounded, entirely, by white suburbia. And that's happening to Richmond. And at the same time people are fleeing the city, it's at one of the all time lows for population, at the same time the bigger businesses in the area. The universities...

Gwomper: Are eating it all up.

Tim: They're doing their best to take over the poorer areas and it's easy, there's nothing there. No one has any money to defend themselves against big business.

MRR: So what bands from the area you grew up in, and Richmond, are overlooked or least appreciated?

Beau: FOUR WALLS FALLING.

Tim: GREY MATTER, MARGINAL MAN, SOUL SIDE...

MRR: Least appreciated and overlooked?

Tim: You don't hear too much about GREY MATTER. When you think about DC music from around that time, you think about DAG NASTY.

Beau: SWIZ.

Tim: SWIZ!

Beau: The bands that were just fucking, Rock. All those bands were just fucking rock'n'roll. How can you overlook MARGINAL MAN?

Tim: KING FACE!

Beau: All those bands were amazing. And in Richmond, fucking FOUR WALLS FALLING were so good. Granted they might be big in the straight edge scene, or whatever, but they were just...

Tim: How about BREADWINNER?

Beau: BREADWINNER...HONOR ROLE!

Tim: HONOR ROLE, and how about mother fucking WHITE CROSS? (Tim and Beau go back and forth with a few more)

Tim: There's a lot of good bands from there right now, everybody from ANN BERRETA and STRIKE ANYWHERE, so many fucking good bands in that city.

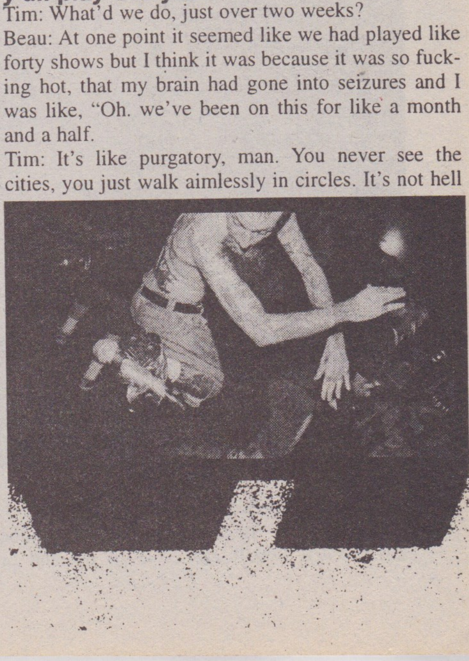
Beau: We're lucky we have such a small scene but a shit load of bands.

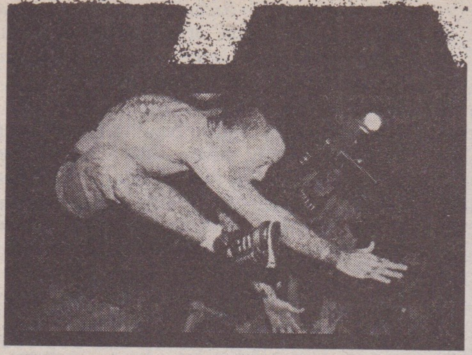
MRR: How many Warp Tour dates did y'all play this year?

Tim: What'd we do, just over two weeks?

Beau: At one point it seemed like we had played like forty shows but I think it was because it was so fucking hot, that my brain had gone into seizures and I was like, "Oh. we've been on this for like a month and a half.

Tim: It's like purgatory, man. You never see the cities, you just walk aimlessly in circles. It's not hell





and it's not heaven, you just wake up in the morning and walk in circles. You walk around the merchandise lanes, you walk past the bands playing, walk in circles saying hello to people thirty times. Then you get back and get on stage and then you get back and walk in fucking circles to the van, go to sleep, wake up in the next town, walk in circles. Never see the cities, never see anything except for the venue that the Warp Tour is at.

MRR: How did that come together?

Tim: They had offered us a few years ago, and we didn't do it. They offered it again and we thought we'd give it a try because we wanted to test the waters and see if it was something that we wanted to do. None of us had ever been to a Warp Tour before we had played one. So, we sort of thought that a week would be a cool trial, and it went fine. We met a lot of rad people. It's cool. We ended up doing two weeks [this year].But you can't do anymore than two weeks. Two weeks is hell in a van. And we don't have money for a bus or an RV or anything like that. We're a working class, paycheck to paycheck band. A $900 a day bus...that would put us about $20,000.00 in debt.

Beau: I'm not going to get in debt to be a wreck.

Tim: I think the Warp Tour, overall, is a good opportunity. I know that we caught,well as usual with anything any band does, we caught shit. But we just bounce back from all that and we say that we got to play for so many new people. It's like an alternative to an alternative. A lot of people see that as sort of the "alternative" festival that goes on. And they go and see HOT WATER MUSIC play, or AVAIL play and go "oh, my god what is this?"

MRR: Did you have any reservations going into it?

Tim: No, no reservations.

(interview is interrupted as a member of DILENGER FOUR comes in to try and procure some of AVAIL's beer)

Tim: I have never met such a beer mooch in all my life! And they get two cases of beer a day. Where does it go?

Beau: I have no idea.

Tim: Night before last when we got on stage, there was a little over a case of beer left, and from two cases we hadn't had a lick. When we came back [from playing] there were seven beers left.

Beau: Every night!

Tim: I went to the Warp Tour with an open mind. If I went in their with any reservations, and I tend to be the PC guy...I didn't want to go in there criticizing everything. The shows were a fucking blast last year and I had a great time. And so many new people said "I've never heard your band" and now they have. Music is for sharing, music is not supposed to be elitist, it is not supposed to be for a certain variety of person, it's supposed to be for MTV kids who want to learn about new bands like AVAIL, it's supposed to be for crusty punks and rastafari. It should be shared, it shouldn't be exclusive.

Beau: I go to Warp tour to see bands for free.

Tim: Warp tour is the perfect place to share that kind of music, because there is JURASSIC FIVE, GREEN DAY, AVAIL, HOT WATER MUSIC, SNAPCASE, fucking so many...

Beau: FLOGGING MOLLY, just insane bands.

Tim: So, many different kind of bands, it's cool, it's great. And of course, it is capitalism with gloves off and the bands use the Warp Tour to gain new audiences, and the tour uses bands to bring kids in to promote products. But if you look at it realistically,it's a big sharing fest. (laughter)

MRR: Are there any particular criticisms that you've heard of the Warp Tour that you think are valid?

Tim: No, but if you can think of any throw 'em at us and I'll agree or disagree.

Beau: I think that some people like to criticize...

Tim: Everything.

Beau:...everything, and they have opinions that they don't know what the fuck they're talking about.

MRR: Well, that's what I was wondering. There's the more popular criticism, "That's not punk" or "That's not cool." But that's the extent of the criticism.

Beau: Well, the ones that I hear that are ridiculous to me are "that's not punk." And I basically am not going to listen to what anyone else's opinion of what punk is. The other [criticism] is "Oh, my god, it's so expensive!" If you think about it, and actual tickets they sell, ticket stubs are usually about $40 or $50 tops. Ok? If we went with the FUGAZI plan of a $5 show. To see that amount of bands that you would go see singularly anyway...you're paying $5 to see GREEN DAY, NO FX, SNAPCASE, GOOD RIDDANCE. $5 for HOT WATER MUSIC, for us, for ANTI FLAG...Five bucks for FLOGGING MOLLY, JURRASIC FIVE, I'll think of one more band and then I'll stop...Five bucks for ONE MAN ARMY. Right there, that's 50 bucks and you still have another 15 bands you can go see. SO, that argument is shot out of the water right there. Granted, if you only wanted to see one band, why go to the Warp tour?

Tim: So, what criticisms have you heard?

MRR: Well, there's criticism that Van's is a big sponsor of it...and I don't have the facts and I don't know this for sure, but that Van's are something made by poor people who are being taken advantage of...

Tim: Are now being contracted down south to sweat shops?

MRR: Sure.

Tim: Well, what's crazy about that, while that may be true, and I've looked into that and can not positively say it is. I've never actually seen it competently documented. SO, using that hypothetically, if they are in fact manufacturing in areas where American capitalism is exploiting workers, if in fact that is true and Vans is doing the typical American thing where they exploit workers, if that is true then it is something that absolutely has to be addressed.

Beau: And don't think that we're afraid to jump up on the stage and talk about it.

Tim: But you have to be fucking positive that that is in fact true. But I also question the people who are quick to find things to criticize bands about or a tour about or an organization about. I question those people. I ask them, do you shop 100% ethically? Can you promise me that everything you're wearing is made from organic materials? (laughter) It's not even a defense mechanism, it's just, man, come on every one is a hypocrite. Sometimes you have to do things for yourself. We play music. That's what we do. We can't just not do anything. It's like not stopping at a gas station. We can't not stop at a gas station in the middle of the desert, because we don't agree with it's politics because we're just going to end up staying there for the rest of our lives.

Beau: It may be a valid point, but that is a really stupid reason to not go see a show. Because, if you are really going to not go to Warp Tour, and your reasoning behind it is that one of the 15 or 20 sponsors is unethical with the way they pay people, you're looking for an excuse not to go. That's like saying, we're not going to come to Bottom of the Hill because last night there were two stabbings here and we don't want to support...

MRR: But what about when you wouldn't play Twisters? *(From what I was told/recal, bands in Richmond, VA wouldn't play this local club due to the owner's racism)*

Beau: That was...

Gwomper: That was a local thing.

Beau: That was a local thing and everybody sat around, and all the bands and everybody who had something to do with it and we all made a conscious decision because of one person's politics that we

> "I ask them, do you shop 100% ethically? Can you promise me that everything you're wearing is made from organic materials? (laughter) It's not even a defense mechanism, it's just, man, come on everyone is a hypocrite. Sometimes you have to do things for yourself. We play music. That's what we do."

AVAIL

weren't going [to play there]. It wasn't just "Oh, I'm not going to play that club because, this one time I heard this one guy say this. I'm not sure if it's true, but I won't play there."

Tim: My point is that people make the decision for themselves. If we decide to play Warp Tour, although it is hypothetically unethical in some ways, that's a decision we've made as a group and I don't think anybody should say we're stupid for making that decision. And if a person believes that they're going to boycott a tour like that because of reasons like we've brought up, I don't think they're stupid for that. Where I'm coming from is that it is so easy for me to throw shit, throw shit, and look for bad in everything and criticize everyone involved. Everybody does that and it's just boring, but if it's something that really effects you, sure they should take it on.

Beau: For some reason being in a band is open season for being criticized.

Gwomper: I would never, ever pay $50 to see the Warp Tour. Ok. I would never do it. There is no way in hell that I would ever go do it. So, there. Right, there I kind of had a bad attitude about it.

Tim: You don't have $50!

(laughter)

Gwomper: Listen. So, the criticism I have in a personal light is like, I would never go to see it, and I wouldn't want to go see them in that setting. I would rather see NO FX in a club, GREEN DAY in a club. I'd rather see all of those bands in a different setting under different circumstances. And that's the way I see it for myself. And that's the problem I had with it. You know, big stage out in the hot shit, everybody running around. It's just a big nightmare to me. But if you just sit back and go along with the ride, after a couple of days it is a good thing. (tension is growing amongst band members present as Gwomper relates this)

Gwomper: Whatever, I'm not going to hold my opinion back.

Tim: Unless your opinion affects four other people that you're really close to.

Gwomper: It doesn't.

Tim: (unconvinced) Ok.

MRR: Beau, you brought up being in a band and the "open season" on criticism.

Gwomper: That's the fucking truth.

MRR: I was looking at y'alls web page (Avail-Avail.com) a couple of months ago, and it seemed like y'all actually interact with people on the message board. And I was thinking that would drive me crazy considering how much shit y'all get on there.

Beau: I mean come on, just because you're in a band or just because you're an artist and you make paintings, it seems that that makes it ok for people to criticize anything from "your lyrics suck" "your guitar riffs suck"

Tim: What does Beau do?

Beau: To your stances on this that and the other thing. Or that the person who owns your label is a "fucking money hungry so an so" and his band is "horrible."

Tim: And you could just keep going on and on and on.

Beau: And the thing is nobody gets in a band or makes any type of art whatsoever to get criticized. When you put it out there you do have to deal with a certain amount of criticism. You have to be able to deal with people who come up to you and say, "Your show was horrible, I wouldn't come to see you because I don't like the club you're in, I think that the fact you're on Fat Wreck Chords is an abomination." Stop, that's your opinion, rad, you just ruined my day. Do you feel better?

Tim: Perfect example would be when we were in Detroit not long ago and...this guy will probably read this because I've known him for years...fucking we're late as shit, the band broke down or some shit. We show up five minutes before stage time. So, we play, it was a really stressful day, I felt so good that we pulled it off, and actually made it to the show and played for a bunch of people. All of the stress was gone, everything was so great, I cracked open a beer and was talking to my friends Dave and Jenny who had traveled from the Chicago area to see the show. And another guy who traveled to see us, he was saying something to me like "Oh, you're not playing in Detroit in a club anytime soon?" And I said "No, not for a little while. Don't be mad." And he goes "What, bad? Like your new record?" And I was like, did you really need to say that, it just really hurt my feelings. We've said it before, anybody who is in a band should know that not everyone is going to like everything that you do. That's life, that's fine.

Beau: I have a thick enough skin that 90% of the time it rolls off. But there is that 10% of the time that people...and the only thing that keeps me from kicking their teeth down their throat is that if I do that, there are going to be another million people talking shit. "AVAIL did this!" I have a responsibility to the four other people in my band.

Tim: The message board is really cool for ego bloating and really cool for deflating the ego. So, I've banned myself.

Beau: So, anybody who reads it, don't worry, we criticize ourselves enough, we don't really need your help, thanks.

MRR: Did you guys have a personal checklist about being in a band when you started?

Beau: I did.

Tim: No.

MRR: Did you hit all of those checks?

Beau: My checklist was just to put out a seven inch and to play in California. And then when we started to tour with bigger bands it was to get autographs for my little brother. And I did that. And then the last one was to get in some papers and have my one song played on the radio.

Tim: My personal checklist...I never had one. And now it is to never, ever, ever take what we're doing for granted. Cause as soon as we do, we're going to start sucking. And my other personal checklist is to keep my fingers crossed that no one else in the band takes this for granted. Because when this is gone, everybody's lives are going to change SO drastically.

Beau: We'll be swinging hammers and pumping gas.

Tim: And riding freight trains.

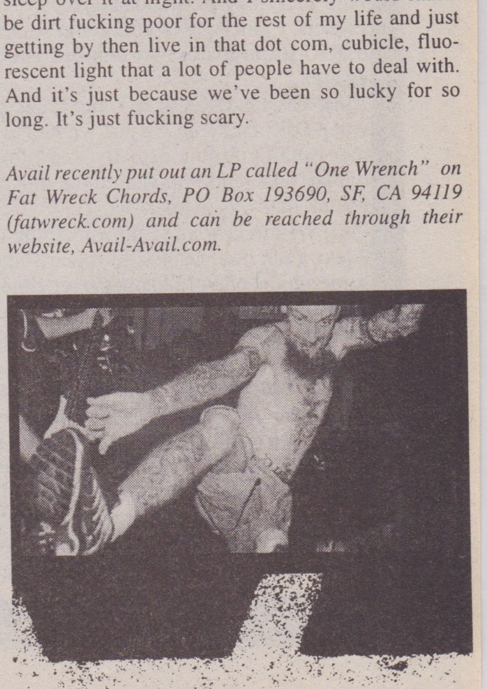
MRR: Well, that leads to one of my questions...have you put any thought into, or have any particular concerns about life when the band ends? Cause it doesn't seem to necessarily set you up for the glamor lifestyle that I think some people think it does.

Tim: It doesn't and it has almost halted our induction into the real world. Because some of us are our late 20's and some of us in our early 30's. This is full time. At home, all I do is band work. I can't have a job outside of this. I don't have time to go to school. So when this band ends, I have NO skills. Zero. No skills in the eyes of the real world. Unless I could say I was the vice president of Vanarchy, Inc. Which is our company.

Beau: The only thing that I'm going to be able to do, basically, is in a band or in a club.

Tim: Outside of not having any technical skills in the real world, I am not afraid to work but I don't want to work for someone else. I haven't worked since 1993 outside of the band. And the idea of working for someone else scares me to death. I lose sleep over it at night. And I sincerely would rather be dirt fucking poor for the rest of my life and just getting by then live in that dot com, cubicle, fluorescent light that a lot of people have to deal with. And it's just because we've been so lucky for so long. It's just fucking scary.

Avail recently put out an LP called "One Wrench" on Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119 (fatwreck.com) and can be reached through their website, Avail-Avail.com.



born dead icons

Born Dead Icons are killing machine from the artic wasteland of Quebec... Ok maybe not really but thay are a damn fine band in the vein of Motorhead, Amebix and Discharge... this is the little chat I had with them when they pulled through the Bay Area on their latest tour. Interview by Thorn. Photos by Peach.

MRR: We'll start out the normal boring way... say your names and what you do.

Alex: I'm Alex and I play drums.

Pete: I'm Pete and I play guitar.

Phil: Phil, play bass and sing.

Francis: Francis, play guitar and sing.

MRR: Band history– when did you start, how you came together etc...

Alex: Ok, the three of us– me, Francis and Phil were all in Drift and when Drift broke up we just wanted to keep playing music, the drummer from Drift quit, actually, and I just started playing drums, I used to play bass, and Phil started playing bass at the same time and sang. I think that was in year '97.

Phil: We kinda want to do something different.

Alex: Yeah we wanted to make something different. Then we had some guitar player changes over time, and we're on our fourth one now. (laughter)

MRR: (to Pete) Good luck! It's like Spinal Tap or something...

(laughter)

MRR: You guys toured for a long time on just a demo right?

Alex: Not even a demo... the first tour was with nothing. The third show we ever played was the first show of our first tour. So we just toured with nothing, it was a pretty bad tour but it was still fun.

Phil: It was just to work the songs and see how it would go.

Alex: It was more about traveling and having fun I guess. But the second tour we had the demo and the seven inch out.

MRR: You guys are from Quebec, why do you sing in English instead of French? Especially given that it isn't your first language?

Pete: That's a good question.

Alex: I dunno, like all the bands we did before, like Drift and even before that we always sang in English because we grew up listening to a couple of punk bands that used to sing in French, and they were really really bad...

(laughter)

Alex: I mean there's a lot of languages that are really good, really aggressive when they're sang and everything, but French just doesn't make it I guess.

Pete: It's just easier to convey a message in English too. Especially since the audience is mostly English speaking.

Alex: I feel that, already people know that we speak French and it's already hard to make contact with people but I think if we made French lyrics then it would be even harder to make contact with people.

MRR: The reason why I ask is that, from my perspective, it would be easier to convey your ideas in French as opposed to trying to come up with the right English phrasing.

Phil: I mean we don't speak really well because we don't really have any chance to practice where we live, because everybody we know– all our families are French. The only time we can practice is when we're on tour, usually we understand– everything we watch on TV, everything we read, whatever– we can understand it perfectly. We can write pretty good too, we sound pretty bad and everybody thinks we're not good at English at all....

Alex: We can write it probably just as good as you...

MRR: That's not saying much...

(laughter)

Alex: It might be an advantage for us too, because we have to put more time into it, so we spend more time working on the lyrics and

we always come back and are like "oh no that doesn't work or this does..." I don't know how our lyrics are for someone who...

MRR: I think the lyrics come off really well in English. I was wondering, since its not your first language– I'm not saying that you don't speak well. I mean when we have conversations I feel we understand each other fine. I was just wondering why...

Pete: Maybe it's just habit, I mean when I first started listening to punk it was always English, with the exception of a couple of bands that we talked about earlier that were pretty bad, I guess we just grew and when you form a band or you deal with punk it's just always English. I didn't really even question it when I started writing lyrics, not for this band, but for other bands. It just came out in English without even noticing that it was purposely in English...

Alex: It just it just kinda came automatically at some point–

Phil: ...the bands that sing in their own language... I mean Spanish is pretty good to scream and stuff...

Alex: Italian, Japanese...and I'm not even saying that the bands that sing in French are all bad– some of them are pretty good...

Phil: …but maybe it's too... the writing in French is too poetic. There's too many words and…

Pete: It's a very long language.

MRR: A lot of people in the U.S. kinda joke about Canada being the 51st state, how do you feel about this perception that a lot of kids have– I mean a lot people in the U.S. don't even think of it as being another country…

Phil: I mean in Quebec its kinda… It's different than the rest of Canada I think. You know, everyone speaks French and we kind of have different culture– I don't want to say it's totally different– but we have different roots than everybody…

Alex: The western part of Canada was colonized by the English and it's pretty much like here in the U.S., but Quebec was colonized by the French– so it has more of a French culture. I wouldn't say its more liberal but I guess a little bit– especially when we tour in the U.S. which is getting more and more conservative, like you see all these religious billboards and things like that. There's nothing like that in Quebec– I mean all the churches are closing down, there's no religion at all...

Phil: I mean the American culture is pretty big in Canada but you can still feel there is a difference. You can't really explain what it is.

Pete: I mean when you travel around you just notice the difference...

Alex: Canada is definitely closer to the U.S., you know if you travel to Europe it going to be way more different...

Phil: …but Quebec, Canada is almost like Europe.

Alex: Even Montreal, which is only like an hour away from Platsburgh, NY…

MRR: When I was in Montreal it totally felt like I was in a different country, but in Toronto, it doesn't. It's cleaner (laughter) but…

Alex: Montreal, even, is not a good reference because there is a lot of English there. We grew up in Quebec City and in Quebec City it is totally different because nobody speaks English...

Francis: Like 99% of people speak French.

Phil: We grew up there so its like totally different– it's Quebec culture kinda mixed with American culture but not…

Alex: American culture just goes through like TV and music and stuff like that but when you grow up, the way your parents raised you is not the American way of life…

Pete: …and for religion. We say there's no religion because of what happened historically. Quebec used to be a totally religiously dominated society to the point where it was backwards from the rest of Canada, until like the '60s, so like I guess when something oppresses you, when it's gone or when it has lost it's influence… I don't think there are any religion classes in school anymore and you always have the choice to take it or not. So its a totally different thing than the rest of Canada where you have religion classes…

Alex: People just go to church to get married or to baptize their child. Its a habit, they don't really know why they are doing it.

MRR: I was wondering what sort of differences you saw in a sort of day to day life, between the two countries and you sorta answered that but what about in the punk scene, if any?

Phil: Well, it's almost the same...

Alex: …Canada has always had a history of punk since like '78 and along time ago, but most of the punk that comes from Canada– when they first start listening to bands, its mostly American bands or British bands, like most Americans do. So punk rock just comes from all the same place. There's a few bands from France that are still big in Quebec, and we grew up listening to them but they're pretty shitty… that's what maybe the difference would be punk wise.

Pete: Because we have welfare in Canada and you don't have it really here in the states, it seems like a lot of punks tend to be a lot more lazy with what they do with their time. I'm not saying welfare is bad, if I was on welfare, and I had free money every month I would do something with it, but most people– especially in Montreal– just basically spend all their money on booze. It's good to tour in Montreal at the first of the month cause everybody has got money and they'll just go and blow it all. People just seem a lot more apathetic with their lives than they are in the states, because people here have to work for their money and in Canada they don't have to… but they don't really take advantage of the fact that they get free money...

MRR: That's odd, especially compared to my observations when I was in Europe, that one of the reasons why the squat scene exists like it does and… most of the punx I met in Europe didn't work, they were mostly on some kind of government welfare type of program and that's a lot of the reasons why the youth centers and the squat scene thrives like it does, but there's nothing like that in Canada?

Alex: It lacks organization, I guess. Its also like the Canadian punk scene is really small. Like if you are a band and you want to play shows in Canada you can play like maximum 20 shows in the whole country. There's like Vancouver, Victoria, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, Montreal, Quebec City, Toronto, Ottawa and a couple of other smaller shows you can play but that's like mostly it. And there's like big drives between places so there's no links between the scenes which means that the punks are pretty isolated from each other, which makes it harder… plus there's a lot of punks that look punk but they are just like… in Montreal if you are a kid in the street, you're gonna look punk but you're not… they buy all the badges but they've never heard any of the bands, they don't know any of the ideas of punk. Like all the squeegee punks...

MRR: Squeegee Punx are poseurs?!

Alex: Yeah! Yeah! Seriously, I work at a store that's in like downtown Montreal, some of these kids are like racists, homophobes… they're not punk at all… they have like Doom patches and Crass patches but they're all like "…fucking niggers…" or whatever they've got nothing to do with punk… which makes it look big and they even go to shows…

Francis: But they just get fucked up.

Phil: The goal is to just get fucked up... yeah like if you play a show at the beginning of the month you're going to have like tons of people because the welfare checks came on the first of the month…

Alex: There's also a big difference, like with Europe and America– not just with the U.S. but Canada and the U.S. Like in Europe it's more politicized but here it's starting to be a little more but…

Pete: As far as squats go, we have harsher winters up in Canada and we have different laws which make it harder to go in to buildings and just take it over... I don't know what the laws are but they are enforced really harshly.

Alex: You have to have electricity at least just heat it cause seriously you can't live.

Pete: As far as welfare goes, maybe in Europe its a good thing but in Canada it just pacifies people…

Alex: One guy in Quebec said the best way to kill a guy is to pay him to do nothing…

MRR: Yeah cause if you don't take advantage of that…

Phil: There are people getting welfare who are putting efforts into things, and that's good but most of them just drink their checks. In three days they don't have any money so they borrow money…

Alex: I'm not pro-work but I think if people are getting money they should get involved and put their energy into something or else your life just goes nowhere.

MRR: I mean I'm totally pro-working for something I care about and that's why I'm always kinda like "Man, if I could just get welfare so I can put my energy into something I really care about" or I could just get funding from somewhere so I could just work for something I really love, cause lets be honest– punk doesn't pay the bills. I think that working for something you really love is great. The feel that I got from a lot of people on the dole in Europe was that they were definitely using that to their advantage.

Phil: Yeah totally…

MRR: Well to switch gears, your first seven inch came out on Deranged, and you were supposed to do the LP on Deranged but it didn't. What happened, why did it come out on Dead Alive?

(random grumbling)

MRR: Do you not wanna talk about it?

Phil: No No No, we can talk about it but... we don't wanna like…

Alex: Yeah, cause it's not so clear right now, with Gord– the guy who is doing Deranged, so like I dunno… I guess we'll say it but if we say something too much you can… you know? (laughter)

Phil: I dunno know if you met him or write him on the internet or whatever…

MRR: Gord?

Phil: Yeah, Yeah…

MRR: I've known him for a long time.

Phil: He's cool but he's doing his stuff in a weird way... I dunno, he's not into it like… he always seems like to make the image that he's been into it for a long time but… I don't complain about that but…

Alex: Mostly, it's like, when the seven inch came out the sound was pretty bad and that was partly because of the recording. The recording had something that lacked there but the mastering fucked it up real bad. He's trying to save money on everything– like the mastering he did cost him like fifty bucks and like a good mastering is like usually like $200. He just got the cheapest place to do it, and they totally fucked it up and even the quality of vinyl– you can see the quality of vinyl that he's doing, it's really thin and he just tried to... it's not because he doesn't have the money cause he has all the money he needs to put out quality stuff, he just tries to save on everything. It was a pretty bad experience with the seven inch and we just– when we put out the LP, the main reason why we did that was because we wanted to re-record those songs, cause we were all pissed. We got the seven inch just right when we left on tour and we hadn't really listened to them and then we came back from tour and and were like "fuck we sold *that* all of tour!" We were all pissed and we wanted to re-record it.

Francis: Also Gord wanted to wait a little bit cause he wanted to sell more seven inches before he put it out...

Alex: I dunno, he still thinks he's doing the next album… but really Billy from Partners in Crime is doing it… he asked us a long time ago…

Phil: …and we're closer to those people than to Gordon because he doesn't really seem like he's into it, that's the way I feel about him…

MRR: What do you guys have coming up next, closing comments…

Alex: We're on tour with From Ashes Rise for like ten weeks and we talked about maybe doing two split seven inches with them– I mean we just talked about it but… like two different labels would put it out but…

Phil: Cause we've gotten pretty close with them from doing this tour so… as soon as we get back from the tour, we have some new songs, and we're going to write a few more songs, and we're going to record for the new LP.

Alex: Probably like January or February…cause like we've been together for like three years and we wanna sorta pick up the pace a little bit... or like...

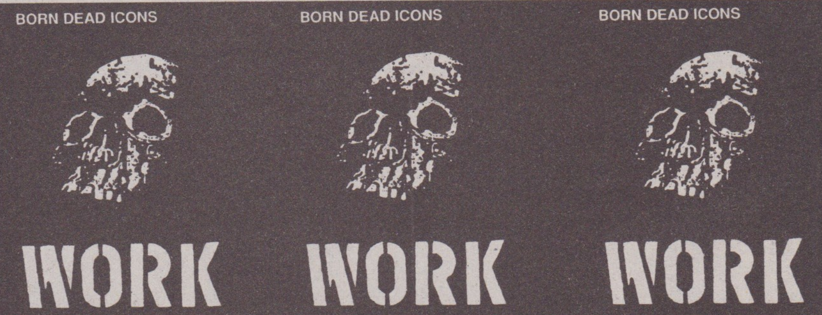
MRR: You wanna put out more shit...

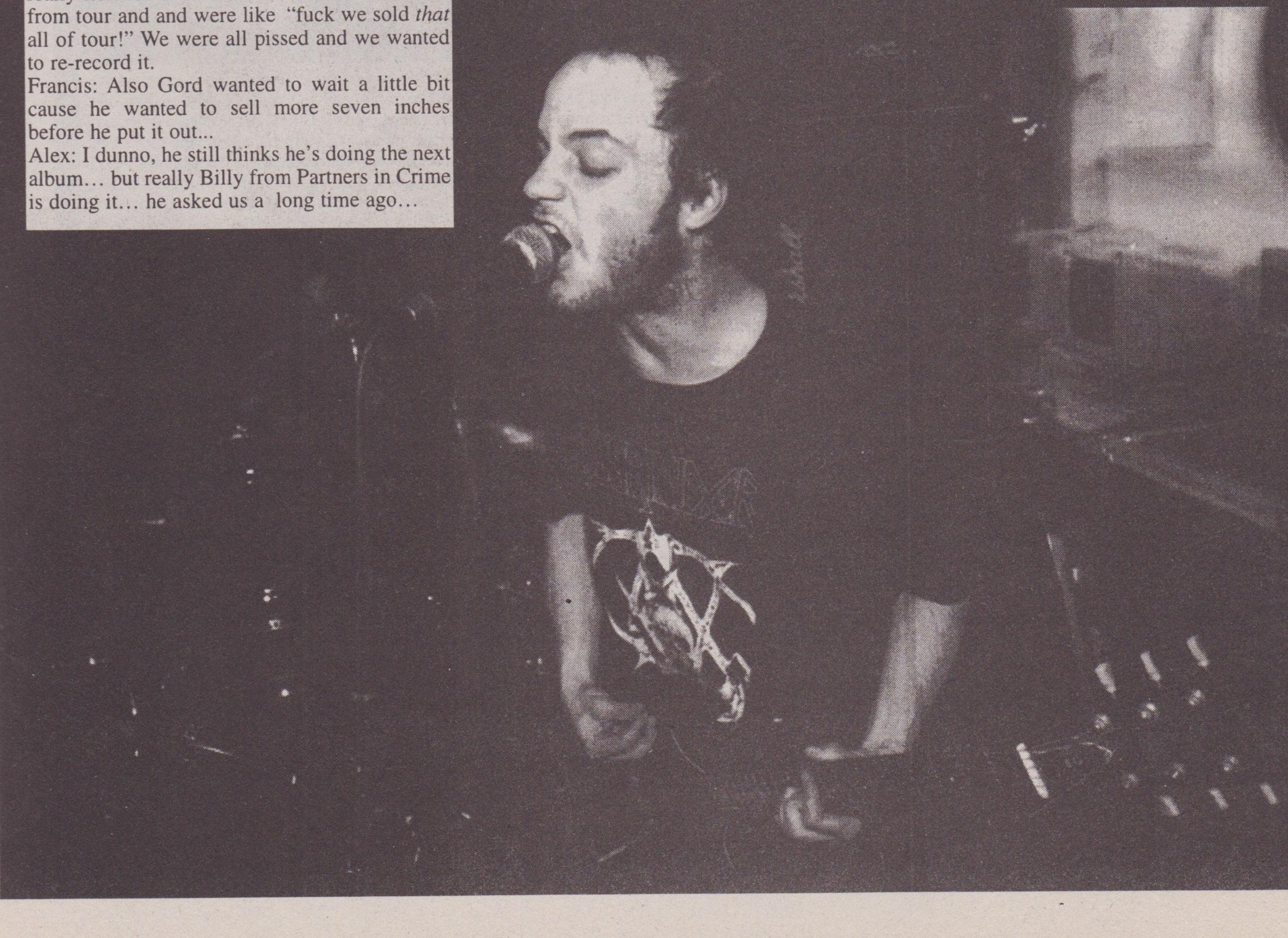
Alex: Yeah…

MRR: You wanna make the big time!

Alex: Yeah… (laughter) I mean, uh, no. We've toured like three times and we just have like the twelve inch and the seven inch. I feel like we could have done more. We've just been too lazy or something...Plus we're going to try to go Europe in the spring, but I dunno, we want to have the LP done and that might be kinda rushed, so maybe the fall...

Contact:
APT202@hotmail.com
800 Place Victoria #45
Montreal, Quebec
H42 IJ7 Canada





From Ashes Rise

by Joshua Peach

interview by Mike Thorn. photos by Joshua Peach and Ngoclan Tran.

MRR: Ok let's start this out easy, just go around and say you name and a little something about yourself...

Dave: I'm Dave and i play drums.

Ryan: Ryan, and I play bass.

Brad: I'm Brad, I play guitar and sing.

Jon: I'm Jon, I also play guitar and sing.

Ryan: I guess i sing too.

MRR: You guys could say a little something more than "I sing, I play guitar."

Brad: Ryan's the sheriff of a small town...

Jon: We spend a lot of money on records...

MRR: Who doesn't?

Jon: That's the reason we go on tour...

MRR: For those who don't know let's do a little band history... I mean people like that for some reason...

Brad: Well we started out in like 1997, put out a few records... (laughter)

Jon: Basically it started in February of '97, gone through one singer, one guitar player, two bass players in almost four and this is our seventh tour... and that's pretty much it...

MRR: One thing I noticed on your records is that their appears to be songs that are attacks on Christianity or like religion in general– I just wanted to ask what is that rooted in– where does that come from?

Dave: I think that is mostly rooted in where we grew up– growing up in the bible belt and having it shoved down your throat so much that there's definitely some angst, from having it pushed on you that way. It just doesn't seem like a worthwhile thing to do with your life, you know? To follow a religion that is pretty much oppressive in nature. It's aim is control in any facet.

Ryan: Basically the anger comes from, like Dave said, growing up in the Bible Belt. Being surrounded by it constantly..

Brad: Not only that but, most of those lyrics aren't necessarily attacking just Christianity, or just organized religion. That is also sort of an institution, like a target that has been set up that is like a symbol of all these other organizations or modes of thinking or modes of living– or modes of philosophical beliefs that have been twisted about and infected peoples minds where the cease to be human and cease to recognize people as being human beings and to seek some form of control of other people. Christianity is just one of these things– there's plenty others. There's science, government– these things are all modes of being which only serve to move move masses of people into hysteria into attacking another person, attacking another group of people– or like thinking their belief is the best and setting up something out of that belief– so its not just Christianity its a lot of other things too...

Jon: I think that for me personally, and for a lot of us, my parents never went to church but I would go with my grandmother, and I would just enjoy drawing. I've never been into it all, never really found it a reliable means... It's really strange how, probably in the last five years, there's been this sort of movement towards these bands becoming very, this whole concept of bringing Christianity into this sort of punk theater. Just doesn't serve any point in my life and its something I just don't agree with..

Brad: Not only that but, with anything, with any belief system, like that people are very willing to embrace something without knowing five percent about it. Just like how people are willing to embrace technology without knowing anything about it or like how people are willing to just accept any information they see on the television without researching it or what ever and the same goes for Christianity, in that like, Christianity, what it is today, is a religion written by St. Paul, who was a Roman citizen, who didn't even know the supposed founder of Christianity, who is Jesus Christ– if he existed or not. This is something that most people don't even know, they don't know the Romans being portrayed as the bad evil incarnate, the bad oppressive people throughout the Bible are the ones who are responsible for that Bible. It's just that people don't know what they're getting into.

MRR: So it's more like using it as an example for like an attack on group think then?

Brad: That's what it is for me– an attack on the whole mentality of it

MRR: Why I was wondering where exactly that attack comes from is you can look at something like liberation theology groups in South America where Christianity is not really being used to perpetuate the status quo...

Dave: I don't really think you can argue with spirituality, but you can definitely argue with the methods that are used to get people to believe those things. You can't, if someone is like this what I believe, I believe it cause this is how I feel and I've had these "visions" on my own. You can't be like "No. You're wrong!" You'd be just as bad as the people we're speaking out against. I don't think there is anything wrong about arguing Christianity at all... I don't see any problem with it, I don't feel bad about it at all...

Jon: Just the roles– the whole patriarchal family, these very rigid archetypes of the neo-protestant era that we're living in. It just keeps going, this endless cycle of society that we don't necessarily agree with. This fake wholesomeness...

Brad: Fredrich Engles writes a lot about the role of the family and the role of male dominated history and how you can trace it all back to, this power that's coming is from males doing the fighting and gaining the riches and gaining the land and having to pass that onto their families and having to keep control of their families to gain more and more power over the generations and through that you're going to have sexual repression of women, you're going to have a completely male dominated society, a religious dominated society to keep these riches within certain lines that have been conquered and are trying to expand throughout the world....

Ryan: I just view it as false sense of hope that people give themselves to justify their more mundane existence on earth– they may not be fulfilling every dream in their life right now but if they believe in this and adhere to these rules then after they're dead they're going to be in this better place... it motivates a lot of people into it.

Brad: Besides from that Christian esthetics are just bad anyway, they're just terrible– anything– even if its bad pop music, its a bad interpretation of pop music

Jon: I mean the kids who were Christians where i came from were the same ones hitting me with shoes going by in their car while I was skating or calling me fag and every other kind of thing in the world. What good is that and those are the kind of people that I have just come to hate and disregard... we're just a punk band and that shit should stay out of it.

MRR: I guess going along the same lines of questioning group think, be it Christianity, or government or...

Ryan: Even punk...

Brad: Exactly, I think it falls into the exact same category.

Jon: I think that anytime people adhere to any sort of group and and stay within a very rigid boundary or guideline it just becomes– well there's just nothing to be gained. Even with punk you see that. Just a very narrow scope of a lot of issues and a whole lot of just "black and white" view of things, instead of there being gray area. Be it politics, music or otherwise. You see the same things. I guess it's sort of an inherent nature of people to cling to groups and become very very associated with that.

Brad: And its starts to dehumanize anything that's not apart of that too...

MRR: In the same vein you all have been perceived as being somewhat anti-technology...

Brad: Which we're not..

MRR: That's the perception you give off sometimes from stage banter.

Brad: I think the thing that lies there is that people often miss this third party that lies between the user and the used. This third party that isn't seen, the control factor. No one isn't necessarily anti-drug in the band as we are anti-addiction or anti-technology as we are anti-willingness to embrace technology. Anti-religon or anti-willingness to embrace religion. You factor in how a person receives that and how they deal with it, when you take technology and you take things like computers as that's *the* means to an end. You're really shooting yourself in the foot, because there's a lot of other means that you could use that are a lot cheaper and a lot easier than that...

by Joshua Peach

Dave: I don't thing we're anti-anything as much as we are pro-awareness. We're much more about think about what you're actually using before you use it... be it drugs or computers or god or anything... I mean there's people who don't go out of their house anymore, especially here, we're in the silicone valley, I know there's so many people here who don't leave their homes even once a day cause they can do everything they need to do from their laptop maybe in front of a window, but probably not. They're probably locked up in a room all day typing away at their keyboard, maybe they're talking to their friends across the country, but they're not actually communicating with them in my eyes.

Brad: None of that stuff is about human interaction...

MRR: That's what I was curious about viewing mass technology, I mean it can be a really valuable resource. For example the W.T.O protests in Seattle, and many of the other big protests that have happened in the last year, probably couldn't have occurred with out that ability to spread information on a massive scale, but that human element is missing. I was just try to get your perception on that...

Jon: Also just in punk, I mean we've used computers to book our tour just as much as the telephone, I mean we're going to Mexico and our friends down their, its much easier to use the e-mail to communicate with them- I mean its basically free to stay in contact. So there are good things about it. We're using the resource and I think it is great when people do. I mean there's a great deal of access to information available to people through the internet, but as Dave was saying, when people become obsessed or use it not as a tool but as mode for living then you start losing just a lot of human interaction. You lose the human condition. Especially for subversive things, it's great, you can go on there and find whatever ever you want to do... anything is on there. They make great toys but terrible addictions.

Ryan: I think people get into the whole computer thing out of convenience and those are great aspects involved but you have to understand when the convenience takes over your whole human interaction, when there's a total loss of human interaction and human communication. I know people that have no social skills whatever, due to the fact that they grew with just computer based communication, even in their own town, where they live in the same town as someone and instead of going over to their house or calling them up on the telephone they just communicate back and forth on the computer. They don't really even know exactly who they're talking to, I mean it could just be someone impersonating that person. They are resourceful and they have good purposes but there just comes a point when it becomes out of hand, out of control.

Jon: I think that one of the problems that you see more and more of is we definitely live in an information society where that has formed the product than an artisans, we're losing a lot of the ability to make useful things, people are going away from carpentry and things like that and we are only becoming an information society..

MRR: Do you think that computers have

become way too pervasive in modern society?

Brad: Yeah, I mean three out of four billboards have dot com address on them...

Dave: Something I was noticing today, no names mentioned, but bands now don't even have addresses on their records anymore, they just have e-mail addresses. I don't even have a computer, you know, I can't e-mail a band if I want to write to them. I have to go to the library to do it, cause they don't even put an address in there anymore, they just put an e-mail address in, with the assumption that "sure, all punk kids have internet usage."

MRR: Do you think that in itself is indicative of we're moving toward a more "technocracy" based society?

Brad: Totally.

Dave: I think that its at least that its giving off that someone is trying to put us in that direction. Yeah.

MRR: Do you think that's pushing a lot of people to the way-side?

Brad: The thing is whenever you have a new industry that comes out, immediately you're going to have the privileged taking advantage of it and pushing the non-privledged out. Look at the internet and what's going on right here in the Bay Area, dot com companies willing to pay six times as much in rent as someone who works in a burrito shop and the burrito shop ends up getting evicted. Its no secret to us, I mean by the time this comes out Mordam will probably will be moving to Sacramento, you know...

Dave: The Church of John Coltraine...

Brad: The Church of John Coltraine has just been evicted cause they can't pay rent, they'll be an internet start up in there. Look at what the railroads did to the Native Americans, cause people look at a bunch of fucking tee-pees in the plains and all they can see is a railroad or a cattle farm or something. Anytime you have a new technology come out that's gonna happen.

Jon: Ok this must be said, that during our interview there was a baby changed and a live Viking...

(laughter)

Brad: Gauntlets and stools...

(laughter)

Dave: He's singing Johnny Cash....

Jon: With Johnny Cash playing, surreal...

MRR: Oh my god...

Jon: Ok but man you cannot perfect a tube amp, an old guitar, a set of drums and a bass. All the technology you ever need, right there.

(laughter, as the "Viking" sings Johnny Cash louder and pounds his chain mail'd fist into his other hand..)

Jon: So surreal...

MRR: Alright back to punk rock... talking about growing up in the Bible Belt, again, combined with something Ryan said the other night when he was kinda drunk...

(laughter)

Ryan: ...great...great...

MRR: It was something to the effect of "...man you should move to the South cause then you'll feel like a punk again..."

Dave: Woah!

MRR: I guess I just wanted to ask you what you meant by that, and why. I've always referred to this area as being sort of a punk rock retirement home, cause its really easy to have a mohawk or whatever and still have a job...

Dave: Sounds like you just said it right there...

MRR: I just want to know why you feel that why about the South in particular.

Ryan: I feel like that for myself personally. I don't feel that everyone needs to stay where they came from, I think everyone should do what they wanna do. For me personally, I feel more a part of punk living in Tennessee or prior to that living in Arkansas, doing the things that I'm doing, than I would living out here in the bay where I one in a million. There are positive benefits to being in a centralized area with a lot of other punx, you can unify and do a lot of big things or you can be on your own, being the only source in an area that's completely hostile towards your concept of life and your way of thinking.

Dave: Just makes me think of how many punk shows I could go to in a week in Nashville or Memphis or how many punk shows I could go to in a week in the Bay Area.

Jon: It's gets even worse for me and Brad, not worse in the terms... I mean some of the best fucking shows I ever saw were in a trailer in Biloxi, Mississippi and the excitement level was just fucking insane. For one, there was nothing there so when shit happened it was magic.

Dave: Once ever couple weeks or even every couple months...

Jon: I went to my first punk show in 1994, and I had been In punk forever, it just didn't happen, it just, my idea of punk was magazines like Maximum Rock and Roll where I just mailorder things. It was completely alien. The only contact that I had were these black and white photos of other people that were into punk, so I just looked gaudy and just completely dumb as hell...

(laughter)

Jon: ...but it was what I loved and I've seen some of the best things go on there, but I'm spoiled now, you know, I moved to Nashville which is nothing compared to other places, but when I moved up there, I was just enamored by the fact that there were shows going on and you had options on nights to who or what you wanted to go so see or do. I think it's just a matter of...I think it would be great to go back but...

Brad: It's funny cause a couple hours ago in Berkeley I passed a punk with patches all over his jacket of bands that I probably like, I didn't really look at it but, what was going through my head at the time is, we didn't even make eye contact, but if I was in Nashville I probably would have been like "Hey how's its going, where are you from..." I dunno, there's nothing wrong with living in a big city if that's what you like or if that's what you're all about. Personally I prefer to be left alone and not walk out into my front yard and have it be sidewalk with a busy street. Honestly if I had the ideal place to live it

by Joshua Peach

wouldn't be a city with like 300 punks in it, it would be like a house with 30 acres of untouched woods you know? A lot of people who move from the South, end up moving all their friends to this big city. So if like the four of us, who are the only ones we hang out with , basically, in Nashville, all moved to San Francisco or Portland or Seattle we'd probably still be the only four we'd ever see. What's the difference, you know? The only difference is that it might be a little easier to tour the West Coast or whatever...

Ryan: or we could play whenever we want...

Brad: Fuck, If everybody moves to three cities it's gonna be impossible to tour the Midwest. People can move wherever they want...

Ryan: If all the role models for punk in the South move away then you start back at square zero again and its not gonna... the whole point of me staying there is to keep a scene going, to help motivate a scene, to be in bands that are part of that scene. Instead of just fleeing or abandoning what I grew up in to go have it easy out somewhere I can see any punk thing, get any punk record, not know any of the punks I see around but all the big scenesters are around or whatever.... I haven't accomplished anything as far as I view what punk is.

Brad: It's like the kid who went to a high school and had biology in a class with all the unpopular kids and wishes he was in the popular kid class so he goes out of his way to get transferred to that class...you know? Fuck that.

Dave: Good analogy (laughs)

MRR: The reason why I asked that is cause number one I thought it was pretty funny when he said it, cause you were pretty schlitzed...

(laughter)

MRR: But mostly cause I can relate myself, having recently moved here and I've always said I would never move here, because you know it was punk rock retirement home. So I just wanted to clarify what you meant by that.

Ryan: Did I do a good job explaining myself?

MRR: Yeah, you explained it fine...

Brad: You would have probably done a better job if you were all liquored up...

(laughter)

MRR: I wanted to ask you too, about the flyer from last nights show. I think Brad had said something about being a cheap "dime store" porn picture, I just wanted to talk about the flyer and your issues with it and also maybe go into if there is a difference between porn and erotica and what you think it is. Or is there a difference?

Jon: The flyer was pretty much just your run of the mill picture you would find in an ad in the back of like Hustler or any other sort of mag, and it depicted two oiled up, very well shaped– I hate using the word fake but there was nothing very natural about the models, being used and like... there was no reason to use it, first of it all it was this gaudy picture of two models licking another ones ass. it was just stark. In high heels, and nothing even erotic or entertaining about it on a sexual level. It was just disgusting. I think that also, I myself love erotic art and eroticism, I think sex and sexuality is a great thing but I also see the degrading... I can tell the difference between degrading and... it was just out of place, it was just uncalled for...

Ryan: Out of place is definitely the key thing there...

Jon: It was just like, for the most part, uncalled for even if the flyer had been erotic art it might have been kinda like "Woah! that's kinda weird" but yet it still would have been cool, I mean, I guess its just a level of taste where you're gonna do that, but the picture was just ridiculous.

Brad: What pissed me off and it took awhile, at first its like "Ok there's a fucking porn picture on out flyer, that sucks," our name is under two underpaid, for what they are doing, considering their nude bodies have been reproduced on a punk rock flyer and circulated around town or whatever... the fact that our names were on it– Born Dead Icon, From Ashes Rise and Artimus Pyle– were all at the bottom and I feel that kinda lumps us into the category of Kid Rock, Limp Bizkit and stuff like that, ya know? Again, its a matter of taste. We do consider ourselves tasteful people– we're not trash. We're no people with no fucking– We do have good taste, I'd like to think so. I dunno, it was shitty.

Jon: Even pornography, has... at various times I've probably looked at the same shitty porn, but that's also a private thing. It's just something ridiculous to put it on a flyer, something completely tasteless, put three bands names on it and assume that they're gonna think its cool... it's fucking stupid.

Dave: It kinda makes me think of how your going get young female punk rockers into punk rock that way? How are you going to convince your mom that there's not really anything wrong with punk and its doing something good or your girlfriend or your sister or something like that, when they see this depiction– these two naked women licking each other on a flyer. Obviously not like they look like punk girls to me, it wasn't even anything related to what we're doing...

Brad: Yeah when that stuff is aimed towards a male audience it doesn't help to pull punk rock out a male dominated state– which it is, you can't deny it, you can't pretend that punk rock is not male dominated because it is...

Jon: ...we're supposed to be doing something different...

Brad: ...And when you put a trashy porno picture on a flyer it really doesn't help it, it probably hurts it a lot more.

Ryan: I have no problems with the picture itself, at all. People posed for the photograph, probably not under a pistol, but it had no place on the flyer.

Jon: Now Jesus naked licking a dudes ass...

(laughter)

Brad: We had that one flyer that said "Jesus is cumming" with Jesus jacking off...

(laughter)

Jon: Just for us I mean it would be... We're all into nudity and seeing people naked but do it with some tact and a little bit of respect for the people involved that are going to be coming to the show. Fuck, don't even make flyers if you can't come up with something a little more creative than a clipped out porno picture...

Dave: I wish that whoever made it would have spoken up...

Ryan: It was also computer font of all out names.

(laughter)

MRR: The reason I want to talk about that and why I asked what you felt the difference between porn and erotica was because it just seems like in the punk scene– especially the DIY hardcore scene– sex and sexuality are pushed aside and you aren't supposed to talk about it, you're not supposed to think about it, you're not supposed you like seeing other people naked...

Ryan: It became illegal somewhere along the way, at some point in time in the DIY ethic, to be into sex

by Ngoclan Tran

by Ngoclan Tran

by Ngoclan Tran

and nudity.
Jon: Which is dumb.
Ryan: And anyone who claims they aren't into it are probably lying or tricking themselves.
Jon: Everyone at this table enjoys sexual contact.
Dave: I don't.
(laughter)
Brad: Well Dave...
Ryan: He's lying...
MRR: Well he is a drummer, and drummer's never make any sense...
Jon: It is strange because that's one of our basic needs as human beings– is like food, shelter and sex. And there's creative ways and different things you can do, in like sexual exploration and erotic photographs. Everything that you wanna do.
Ryan: I mean its a personal choice, if you wanna do it do it... As long as there's at least two consenting parties involved there's nothing wrong with what you do in you bedroom.
Jon: Its almost taboo to mention it, to have any sort of... I mean when the last time Maximum had a sex issue, like five six years ago or something like that? Its something that's very apart of all of our lives and it just needs to be...
Dave: It's gotta be punk cause the Subhumans talked about sex.
Jon: I know.
(laughter)
Jon: Its the cheapest thing you can do on a regular basis...
(laughter)
Brad: Well hopefully...
Jon: I think that it becomes a little too taboo and its not out in the open, and everybody's like "Oh a naked person"
MRR: The main problem with the flyer then it was just out of place. What I was thinking about it, too, was that it was done for cheap shock value.
Ryan: Just uncreativeness I think. Like Jon was saying, this person who made the flyer just didn't have the wits about them to come up with a decent flyer. They're just like "I'll just put a picture of two naked ladies on there and these band names."
Jon: Why not instead, I mean I guess its from a guy perspective, it's a pretty straight thing putting a clipped art porno picture... if you're going to be shocking put something more disgusting sexual, like a limp penis or just something. Why don't they do that instead of some "turn-on picture." It's like "Ooh who are these bands?! Wow naked ladies!"
Ryan: It was like a phone sex ad...
Jon: Even a crude primitive drawing of something sexual would probably be more disturbing than that.
MRR: While I tend to think of it as being out of place too, something I was thinking about was something like those old Dicks flyers...
Brad: Those are awesome though...
MRR: With like "c-u-m see the dicks" written above a photo of a guy with a giant cock...
Brad: See that's the thing, people as a society, get shocked more by a penis than we do...
Ryan: The motive behind that was shock value, the motive behind this was just sleeze and stupidity.
Jon: Or something like the old Born Against shirt with the cop with the erect cock and cum dripping off it, that's disgusting, but its something completely different.
Dave: There's some symbolism there...
Jon: Yeah, but if you're just going to put a trashy picture and there's no thought it in... do something creative and disturbing, if that's gonna be your goal, or something sexually but do it with some sort of class. I don't know how I would feel if I strolled up and there was some sort of huge penis on our flyer... but you know...
MRR: Closing thoughts, tour plans etc.
Brad: There's one more LP that we just recorded, it'll be a few months on that... and a European tour.
Jon: If anyone from Japan would be interested in having us come over and setting up the shows, or any other parts, we would be totally stoked and excited to do that.
Brad: We're also going to Mexico, which is a place that isn't frequented by very many U.S. bands for various reasons, maybe because you lose money, may be because of the language barrier, but if any band reading this gets bored with touring the U.S. feel free to get in touch with us, I can hook you up. I think bands need to start going to Mexico a lot more, its a place where shows are really good and they need contact with bands here.
Jon: Also we're not a crust band.
Brad: We're not an anything band, we're just punks.
contact:
7038 Bonnavent Dr.
Nashville, TN 37076
f_a_r_@hotmail.com

THE VOIDS

The Voids are Adri, Chris, Brass, Heckyl, and Mike. Interview by Renae Bryant.

MRR: Brief history; members, releases, tours...

Adri: Well, we have been the Voids for about two and a half years. In that time we have had a couple different members, but I'm pretty sure we are stable now. I think that all of us are going to be in this for a long time. There is a longer history that Brass would probably be better at telling. We have a six song EP that has been out for a while now. It was recorded in 1998. We will also be releasing a split 7" with Narcoleptic Youth pretty soon. We haven't really toured but we want to. We went to San Francisco to play a couple of shows that were slightly disastrous! I won't go into it, but the shows were not the greatest. We have been playing locally in Orange County and L.A. for a while and we have a lot of fun doing that.

Heckyl: It's tough to say exactly when we really started. I think the Voids actually started in January 1998 when we found our singers. A lot of us used to goof around playing covers, trying to write songs, etc. for a long time before that, but it sorta all came together after Adri and Maria joined the band. It wasn't long after that before we hit the studio. After Maria left the band, we played shows with Adri singing by herself while we were looking for another singer. We tried some other girls out and even played a few shows with them, but it just didn't seem to work. We realized that things just worked better for us with just Adri singing, so we just left it at that. We've had other band members change since then, but now I think we have a very dedicated group of people in our band.

Brass: Adri is the singer, Chris plays guitar and sings, Heckyl just plays guitar, I play bass and Mike is the drummer. We released our self-titled EP in January, 1999. We will be releasing a split 7" with Narcoleptic Youth in September 2000. We will be on a four-way split with Media Blitz, Squab, and Undergirl, to be released in the Fall of 2000. We have been on a couple of compilations and will begin recording our full-length this summer and hope to release it in early- to mid-2001.

MRR: Why are you playing punk instead of pop or top 40N Why is punk importantN

Adri: We don't play pop because that stuff is just fucking stupid. There is something about punk that no other music has. There is all this energy and aggression and passion. It is about whatever the fuck you want it to be. I sing in a punk band because I like punk. I can express myself. I can say what I feel has to be said.

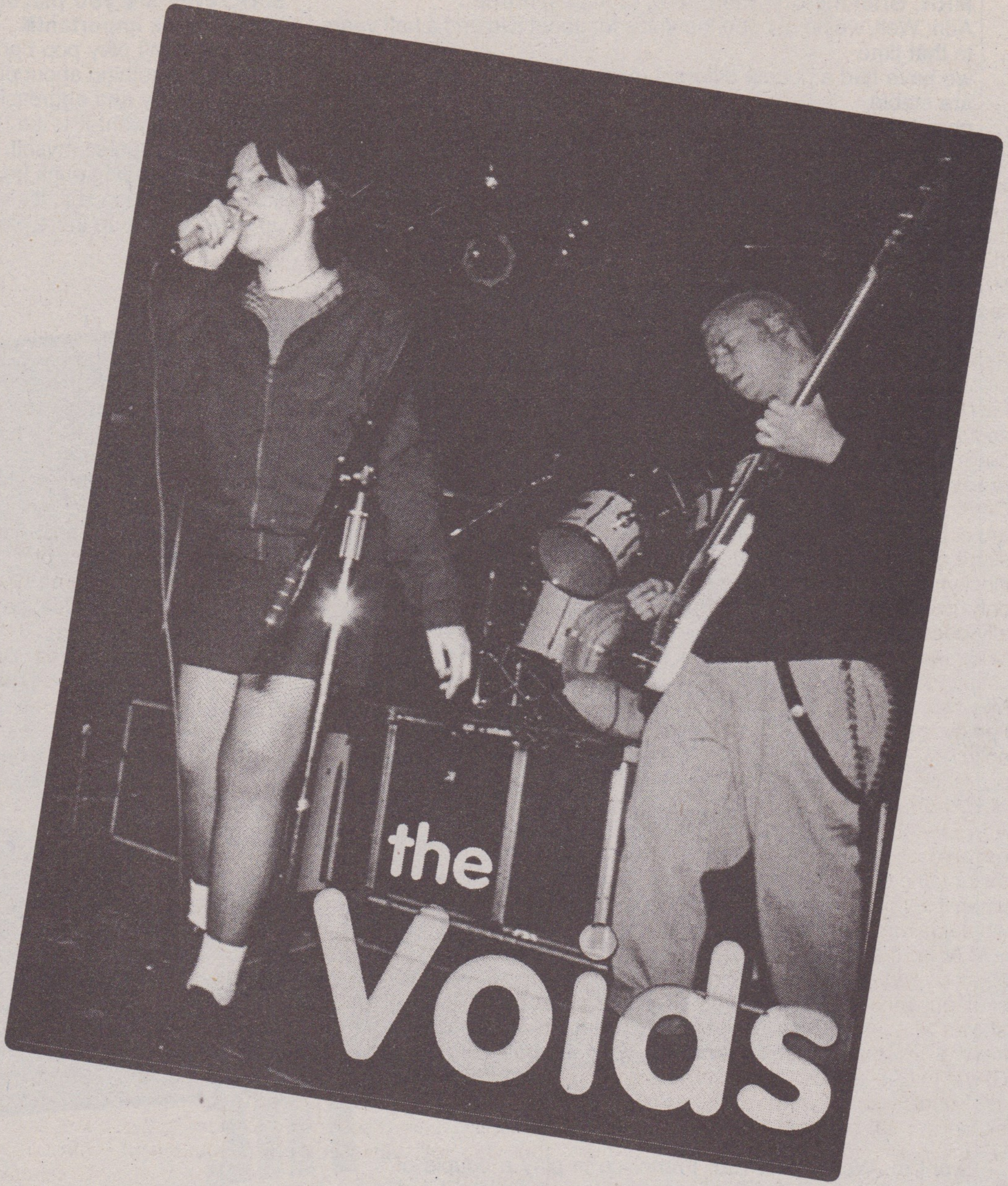
Chris: I like playing punk because it is real. It's not fake and plastic like all that pop shit. It's real in-your-face and gets you worked up when you're up there playing on stage.

Mike: I have a lot of fun playing punk.

Brass: I play in a punk band because I like the unusual and aggressive nature to punk rock. Top 40-style pop is about 95% manufactured bullshit. Punk is important to me because it is a genre that is still real and honest. It is an outlet that allows communication and self-expression in such a way that it would most certainly be shunned by mainstream Top 40 society.

MRR: Who is the lyricist and what is the inspiration for the songsM Which do you consider to be the most importantN

Adri: Some of the lyrics were written before I was even in the band. Those were written by Dave. Once I was in the band I slowly started writing, and now I do mostly all of it. Anything that I have some feelings for is what I usually write about. I'm usually inspired by what is going on or things that have happened. One of the first songs I wrote is a song called "Big Business." It is about this area just down the street from my house where there were all these huge vats of shit. I mean, I don't even know what's in them. Every night all kinds of smoke would pour out of them and the air was fucking stinky. This kind of shit happens everywhere. People have cancer because they live so close to these factories and companies that are doing something harmful to our health and environment. It's all for the cause of some greedy bastard making something so he can make more money. It's just stupid, so I wrote about it. I'm sure that all of our songs are equally important. I can't think of one that is more important than the rest. They all have



something important to say even if it is not as serious as the others.
Chris: Adri is the singer. I think everything is an inspiration, whether it is something going on in the world or something we personally believe in.
Heckyl: In the early days, Social Dave wrote all the lyrics. Now Adri writes the lyrics. It's not because we feel like she has to because she is the lead vocalist or anything, it just sorta worked out that way. I think she has a lot of things to say and she feels most comfortable expressing them in lyrics.
Brass: All the earliest lyrics were written by Social Dave. Social Dave used to sing and play guitar until he quit about a year ago. Now Adri writes the lyrics. I think I probably consider "The Cause" to be one of our most important songs because the issues it addresses are so serious and direct.

MRR: Who/what inspires you (whole band)N

Adri: As a band we are all inspired by different things. Musically I'm inspired by a lot of the older punk bands, especially English ones. I listen to a lot of older punk & oi. First of all, I'm completely inspired by most '77 punk bands. They were the first to try something different. They were the first to be aggressive and say something different. They were the beginning of punk. I'm inspired by almost any female-fronted punk band. Punk was and still is mostly male-dominated. I get excited when I hear a good female singer, one that's not timid, one that's not just singing about stupid shit like her boyfriend or being in love, one that really has something to say. I can't stand it when I see a girl up on stage and there's nothing to her. It's like the length of her skirt and the size of her boobs are the only things that make her something. That's stupid!!!! I always tell Chris that I want to be up there with the boys. I don't want the Voids to be a girl band. I mean, I can hold my own ground. There's nothing that separates me from the guys...except the obvious. So anyway, getting back to the point, I am completely inspired by female vocalists that give a shit about what they are doing, the ones that have all that energy & passion coming from them. There are singers like Beki Bondage or Eve Libertine that I am completely amazed by. They have such a good sound and don't sing about stupid shit.
Chris: I'm mostly inspired by old punk, especially old oi! bands such as Angelic Upstarts and the 4 Skins, to name a few. We are all influenced by different bands which gives a different sound when it comes to writing songs.
Heckyl: It's inspiring to meet people in the scene who understand what it's all about. It seems like so many people are trying to live up to some kind of an image. Everyone should be individuals and not feel like they have to look or act a certain way to fit in.
Brass: That is a little tough for me to answer because the whole band is made up of five individuals. We all perceive things a little differently and have different inspirations. Personally, most of my inspiration comes from life experiences and events. I think about the way they make me feel and try to translate it to music. Musically, I am mostly influenced by '70s and '80s British and California punk rock like 7 Seconds, Avengers, X-ray Spex, Siouxsie & the Banshees, etc...

MRR: Is punk a state of mind, lifestyle, or stage in your livesN

Adri: I feel punk is whatever it means to you. For me it's definitely not a stage in my life. I know this will be with me until the day I die. I like the music and everything about it too much. I'm not going to wake up one day and decide to change who I am. I couldn't really say it's a lifestyle either. I mean, what's a punk lifestyles You really can't say...punk is just punk. I'm sure the type of music I listen to influences me, but

I'm not the way I am only because I listen to punk. I'm just me. This question is weird!!! I can't answer it!

Chris: I don't think much about that stuff. I love the music but don't really care about the lifestyle. But maybe that's because I am a skinhead and that is a totally different lifestyle and state of mind.

Heckyl: It's definitely a state of mind. There's punks who squat, who run record labels, and punks who go to shows at night and punch clock the next morning. I think the only true common thread is the way we think alike in certain ways.

MRR: What is the best book you've ever readN

Adri: Ummm, I don't know. Maybe *A Brave New World*. That's one of those classic books they made you read in high school. I ended up loving it. It's a crazy story, and it could happen one day, probably not, but it could. I'm not gonna say what it's about, but everyone should read it. It's really good.

Chris: I don't really read books. I listen to music and try to collect records from obscure old punk bands.

Heckyl: *1984* by George Orwell. It is the only fictitious book I have read that is gradually becoming non-fiction.

Mike: *Animal Liberation* by Peter Singer.

Brass: The autobiographies of Rigoberta Menchu, Malcolm X, and Charles Chaplin. I enjoy reading about people who promote social change and triumph over their oppressors.

MRR: What are your goals for the bandN

Adri: I would say that one of our goals is to get on a good label, one that could help us distributing our music and touring. It's hard when you do all the stuff yourself and it would be hard to tour. Another goal of mine is to keep the Voids going for a long time, keep on recording music and getting new stuff out there. I wanna keep on playing shows and most of all I wanna keep on having fun while I'm doing all of this.

Chris: I hope a good record label will sign us. I think the main thing is to get our music spread all over the world so everyone will know who the Voids are. I want to tour all over the States and Europe.

Mike: I want to play fun shows all over the place. I'd also like to tour with AFI someday.

Brass: Put out records, tour, make friends, have fun and reach people with ideas that might be new to them or us.

MRR: Best show, worst show.

Adri: The worst show we played in this stupid little place in Whittier. When we first started playing shows, we played a few there and absolutely nobody would be there. It was probably our fault because we were stupid to think people would actually show up to see a band they had never heard of. Our best show was probably when we played with Vice Squad in May. That show was so much fun!!! I was so surprised by the reaction we got. It was such a good feeling to see so many people into us. I think the response we got from the crowd really made us play a better set. It sort of makes you get in to it more than usual. We had a lot of fun.

Chris: I would have to say that our worst show was at this place called El Tropico. The place was under new management and when all the bands got there the owner didn't even know there was a show going on. They let the show go on and when it was time for us to play this mariachi band came up and said they were supposed to be playing. The manager made us stop before we ever got to fucking play. I was pissed. Our best show was Vice Squad. The crowd really went off and they were really supportive. Not to mention I had the chance to talk to Beki Bondage and she was very nice.

Heckyl: I can't really pick one best, we've had some really good shows with Litmus Green and Narcoleptic Youth. More recently, we played a show with Vice Squad that was cool. As far as crowd reaction and overall sound of everything, that show was definitely up there. Our worst show was probably at El Tropico.

MRR: What is in the near future for the bandN

Adri: We have a 7" coming out soon. It is a split with Narcoleptic Youth. There is a also gonna be an EP coming out with us and some other bands on On The Rag Records. Soon we are going into the studio to record our first full-length. I'm not sure when its coming out, but hopefully not to long from now. I'm also hoping the near future holds some tours for us.

Chris: I would say to get in the studio and record our full-length and keep playing shows.

Brass: We are playing a record release show on September 16th at Chain Reaction with Narcoleptic Youth, Justified Anger and Notice 415. It is for the release of our split 7". I'm also looking forward to the four-way split with Media Blitz, Squab and Undergirl.

MRR: How did you get Christian to do all this non stop promoting for youMOr is he just an obsessed fanN

Adri: Christian is just an obsessed fan...just kidding. He said he would be mad if I said that! Christian is our friend and he helps us out. He does a lot.

Chris: Christian does help us out, but I think he's an obsessed fan.

Brass: Christian is a friend of mine who is really into what we are doing. He used to help me make flyers and hand them out, help distribute CDs, and just generally help out with everything. It just kind of grew from there and now Christian and I run Straitjacket Records along with Pep from Narcoleptic Youth and my girlfriend, Ferg.

MRR: What separates your band from the hundreds of other bands out there playing punk rockN

Adri: I think the fact that we don't try to be a certain way separates us from a lot of bands. I mean there are too many bands out there that have to look punk rock and their mohawks have to be perfect and their music has to be a certain way. We're not like that. I don't give a shit about the fashion part. We just play what we like. I don't think we really sound exactly like any other band. At least I hope not! Other than that I don't really know, we just do what we do. I don't sit there thinking about what makes us different from all those other bands. I just have fun doing this. When it comes down to it, we're all punk bands. We have got to be supportive of each other. It would just be fucking stupid if we sat around talking about who was more original or who stood out more. Fuck it!!! We're all playing punk.

Chris: I don't think we're separated from any of those other bands. We're all into the same type of music. But that's where our influences come in that makes us different from all those other bands.

Brass: On one hand, probably not much. We all have something to express and we are all attempting to do it through the same medium. On the other hand, most bands out there playing punk rock are doing it for the hair and the attention. We are not a hair band and we do not adjust our sound to fit in with whatever the popular genre of the month is. We are not poppy and overly melodic and we are not thrashy speed metal. We are fast, aggressive, loud, and noisy, but there is a point behind it.

MRR: Any words of inspiration or empowerment to the readersN

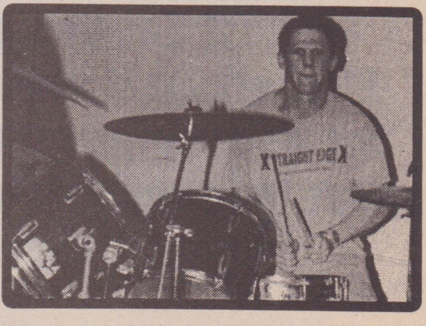
Adri: Nope, not really. Well, keep going to shows, support the bands, and keep the scene alive.

Chris: I guess to keep supporting punk and oi! and going to shows so the music will last at least another 20 years.

Mike: I love The Aborted!

Brass: Damn the man, kill whitey, support you local union.

Contact info:
For Adri or Chris: Adrivoid@aol.com
Brass: superBrass@hotmail.com
714-218-8550
http//listen.to/thevoids
The Voids
PO Box 136
Fullerton, CA 92836-0136



V O I D S

ALL PHOTOS/CANDERSON

The Guilty Pleasures are straight out of Chicago, a city deep rooted in rhythm and blues. Like the house-rockers that came before them, They belt out a foul blend of garage trash that gets right up in you. Like the stench of a west-side back alley in August, The Guilty Pleasures will make you wanna grab your night-train and get up and move!

HORIZONTAL ACTION

THE GUILTY PLEASURES

GO!

MRR Guilty Pleasures intvw. 11/15/00 The Guilty Pleasures's are Chuck (Vocals), Matt (Drums), Jered (Guitar), and Srini (Bass)

Interview done by Ted and Todd of Horizontal Action zine. Intro and layout by Andrew Scott

MRR: Are you from Bloomington/Normal, IL originally?

Matt: Unfortunately.
MRR: How long have you guys been together now?
Jered: Almost three years.
Matt: New Year's Day '97 was our first show.
Chuck: That was at Marky D's party.

MRR: So, was Srini the original bass player, then?

Matt: Yeah, but not that show, though. Then he ran off to work for Playboy, and even joined the military and fought in the Middle East for a while...covert operations.

MRR: There used to be a pretty good music scene down in Bloomington with the venue called the Gallery, what happened?

Matt: Umm, people come and people go.
Jered: Bands stopped coming through because they couldn't get the guarantees.
Matt: People started to lose enthusi The guy who booked the shows didn't care too much anymore cause they weren't seeing any results, and nobody was coming to the shows, so he thought, "why do it?" Y'know, cyn icism. The Gallery had some of the best shows ever; The DIRTBOMBS first show was there. NASHVILLE PUSSY kicked off their tour first tour there. GUITAR WOLF, PLEASURE FUCKERS, ? & THE MYSTERIANS, OBLIVIANS, DIRTYS, MULLENS, SUBSONICS, SPLASH FOUR...even back to NAKED RAYGUN.
MRR: And the BAD TIMES (Eric Oblivian, Jay Reatard, and King Louie project) did heir one and only show there, too.
Jered: and SONIC YOUTH.

MRR: and SMASHING PUMPKINS!

Matt: It's had its history, but now it's boarded up. It's all the notorious Jim Miller's fault! Hahahahaha...

MRR: Were any of you guys in prior bands?

Chuck: I was in the SHITHEADS, I was young and impressionable, I got to sing with the DEFILERS a couple times though.
MRR: Was Srini in any other bands prior?
Chuck: The SPLITCOCKS, and VIDEO NASTY.

MRR: SPLITCOCKS??!!! Great names!

Matt: I was in a band called the WASTEAWAYS, with my younger cousin.

MRR: Now what exactly does the concept of 'maximum rock 'n roll' mean to you?

Matt: The term or the magazine?

MRR: Just the term. All lowercase.

Matt: Uhh...Pure... Soul... Dangerous...
Jered: Lettin' loose...
Chuck: Pink bunnies...Anarchy signs...daisies...
Jered: And swarming sharks!
Matt: Music that actually makes girls dance, and not just helping meatheads take their shirts off.

MRR: You guys just recorded up at Ghetto Studios with Jim Diamond, how was that?

Matt: It was with all analog equipment, it was great. Mr. Diamond is a real class act. He treated us right; the recording sounds good, so far. We're glad we did it.
Chuck: He's got a big box of porn, too!
Matt: He enjoys the 70's variety of mature films. He's quite the ladies man, also. There are many things that Detroit has offered us, and we can't wait to go back there.

MRR: How about the Capital Punishment weekend show, what happened?

Matt: It was just two weekends ago...
Jered: There was some drama on Friday night.
Matt: yeah, some fuckin girl...We ended up playing Saturday night instead of Friday in Columbus, OH. We met up with our friends, the BASEBALL FURIES, and the CLONE DEFECTS. Andy Gortler (lead guit/vocals from the DEVIL DOGS) had his new band, THE ROLLER KINGS. They were unbelievable. Candy Del Mar was playin bas

MRR: So how'd the drama unfold?

Matt: So, we're drinkin' outside after the show, and we're trying to see what's goin' on with the cooze, and other people were trying to find out where the drugs and parties were. The typical after-show things. And the CLONE DEFECTS are loading up their van, and this surly tough chick comes up and... Wait, I'm sure she was some kinda cool scenester, at least she thought so. But her friend came back up to the CLONE DEFECTS and was complaining that the CD she'd bought wouldn't play. "You guys suck, blah, blah, blah..." She was throwing it at them and demanding her money back, and they were kinda laughing. And she says, "You don't want my friend to come over here!" and they just ignored her. Two seconds later, a truck pulls up, this girl runs up to Wes from the CLONE DEFECTS, and hits him in the head with a monkeywrench! And starts hitting their van with it, too. I managed to pry the wrench outta her hand by barely almost breaking her fuckin' wrist. And then somehow the back window of her car got smashed out later that night. I guess what goes around, comes around.

MRR: Didn't Srini's lights get knocked out, too?

Matt: Yeah, that was the second night. We were playing that night with the BASEBALL FURIES...
Chuck: Well, I was swinging my mic around a little too far to the bass side of the stage, and I hit him with it.
Jered: That's his Roger Daltry impression.
Chuck: And he went right down to his knees, and when he got up, he was playing a different song!

MRR: Are you guys happy with your Sack 'o Shit 7" release?

LL: Yeah!
Matt: The recording came across great, he helped us out, for sure. It was all outta his pock-

et, and he gave us a good deal on the records, themselves. The distribution hasn't quite been what we've wanted it, but it's all right.
Chuck: Romano (Sack 'o Shit) has got a third nipple doesn't he?

MRR: Superfluous third nipple.

Matt: But yeah, Sack 'o Shit records was a real good starting point for us.

MRR: Do you think people should feel guilty about experiencing pleasure?
Chuck: Of course! It's a dirty business!
Matt: That's what makes pleasure all the better, the guilt that follows it.

MRR: You guys have been together in Chicago about six months now?
Jered: I lived here in Wicker Park before it was hip.

MRR: Back when it wasn't all poodles and RV's. So whaddaya think of the current music scene here in Chicago?
Matt: For the third largest city in America, it's not that good.

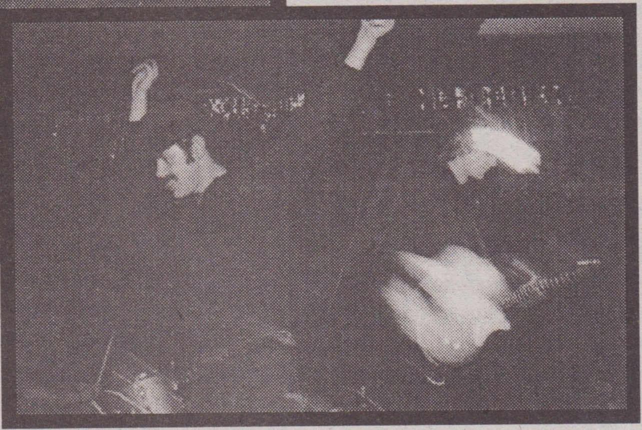
MRR: Rock 'n roll-wise, it's definitely got a helluva lot more goin' on than LA, SF, or NYC right now.
Jered: I go to shows all the time, there's something going on every weekend.
Chuck: There's great places like Detroit, too.
Jered: So many good bands come through here, there's always lotsa fun to be had.
Matt: In our genre, there's only a handful though. But, put that aside, and there's thousands of bands, depending on whatever you're into.

MRR: So what do you guys think about "major labels?" Would you ever consider being on one?
Matt: Yeah! Fuck yeah.
Chuck: I love 'em.
(laughter)

MRR: You don't think they're bad, or evil?
Matt: Actually,I could give fuckin' two shits, man.
Jered: If I could quit my job and do this, that would be great! I'm tired of working another shit-job for the rest of my life, but we wouldn't necessarily have to be on a major to do that.
Matt: I've worked 9-5 jobs since I was 14, and I still don't make squat. People should buy more of our INDEPENDENTLY RELEASED records.
Jered: Most of the better 70's punk bands started out on majors, like the NY DOLLS.

MRR: Even starting back with the VELVET UNDERGROUND, STOOGES, RAMONES, RADIO BIRDMAN, DEAD BOYS, SAINTS, KIDS, and all the rest. I mean there were hundreds of small, independent labels at the time, but these guys opted to go with a major. Do you think that was the right choice?
Matt: Well, the mind frame of major labels back then was completely different. It was still a business, but not nearly like it is today. Bands benefitted from major label support in the 70's.
Chuck: They were trying more to develop artists back then at the same time. And now they're really not into that.
Jered: Now there's such a surplus of groups, they just wanna make the money off a band and dispose of them.

pure back then. Whether you were LED ZEPPELIN or the NEW YORK DOLLS. Big labels let 'em have a tour bus and spend money out of the record company's wallet. They'd buy you an ounce of cocaine and let you trash hotel rooms just for the exposure. The only types of groups that get this kind of treatment these days are these fuckin "boy bands" that can move a million units in one day. We'd sign to a major if it was the 70's



MRR: Uh, do you guys get more "stamp collector-type" punks, or pseudo-intellectual artsy types in your audience?
Matt: Chuck's pretty highbrow, and judging from the mustache, we might draw more of the pseudo-intellectuals.
Chuck: And Jered does wear scarves a lot.
Matt: When we write music, we do a little trigonometry, and fill it into our equation of how to rock.

MRR: So are you guys straightedge, then?
Matt: ...Yeah, I am.
Chuck: I was once, but then I started smoking crack and fucked it up.

MRR: Do you guys feel better when you're on or off intoxicants?
Jered: There's a happy medium.
Matt: Usually the weed is fine, no matter what the intake is. The booze has a fine line. Cocaine is a no-no. Heavy narcotics are also a no-no.

MRR: With the cocaine, there are a bunch of fine lines! So what does Greg Lowery sound like on the phone?

THE GUILTY PLEASURES

Chuck: Kinda nasally. Kinda small.

MRR: Who do you guys think is the most powerful woman in the USA?

Chuck: Oprah Winfrey.
Jered: Hillary Clinton.
Matt: Any girl that's naked in front of me!

MRR: What's the sound of doves crying?

Chuck and Jered: Matt snoring!
Matt: It's kinda beautiful, it lulls everyone to sleep in the van, it's mesmerizing.

MRR: It's more like a fucking helicopter crashing. Ok, now when you were young, nerdy, awkward, little kids, you probably thought girls were icky and gross. Since you've discovered rock 'n roll, what do you think of them now?

Chuck: I was never awkward or nerdy, but I still think they're kinda icky, slimy, and all-around smelly.
Matt: When you're getting into the good stuff, it does get icky, and that's cool. The definition changes.

MRR: How do you relate to the two most recognizable forms of "punk rock" i.e. the 'Hardcore-Mohawk' and 'pierced-out Pop-Punk' molds, as in relation to the original idea of rock 'n roll as it was born in the 1950s?

Chuck: Well, it's all been done before. In the 1950s, it was new and dangerous. It's not really like that now.
Matt: Those hardcore kids in the early 80s had a lot to be pissed off about. Reagan in office, etc. Pretty much everything now anyone does is gonna be a copy of something done before.
Chuck: It's easy for bands that look crazy like that to find an audience.
Matt: That goes for any kind of music, really. I know it's a cliché, but "punk rock" is a mentality, bands like the SONICS, the DOORS, and the WHO all portrayed it. "Punk Rock" should just be people playing their hearts out. Chuck Berry was "Punk Rock!" (getting sick of that term yet anyone?)
(Ted farts really loud and everyone laughs)

MRR: Let the record show, three fourths of the band agrees Ted's fart was definitely "punk rock." Do you know the origin of the slang term "rock'n roll" as frequently used in African-American culture from as early as the 30's to the false "coining" of the term by Alan Freed in the 50s?

Matt: Yeah, it means SEX. Heathenism

MRR: Yeah, the bed would "rock" and the wheels on the bedframe would "roll." And it made the original rhythm.

Jered: That's why they (white America in the 50s) hated it and called it the "Devil's Music."
Matt: White mothers didn't want their daughters to be drawn to these "Negro savages." And Rock'n Roll was the groove of it... y'know, like Bo Diddley, Get one out, Bust a nut, Fuck...

MRR: So do you think it's a natural rhythm that occurs in the brain, that triggers the sex instinct in all mammals? I read recently that loud noises make girls horny...

Matt: Well, you go back to African tribes, and their ceremonial drum circles. The rhythms triggered emotions, whether it be sacrificial, or sexual.

MRR: So you guys get a bunch of girls dancing up front at every show, local or outta town it doesn't matter. Why?

Jered: Before the show, I hand out $20's!
Matt: No, it's natural, we're good looking men, and we play good music.

Chuck: We have a good beat, it's danceable.
Matt: We're from the mentality that rock'n roll should be a good time, and it needs to be catchy and fun. And you should be able to shake your ass to it, and you need to be able to FUCK to it. There's no place for politics in it.

MRR: Are any of you guys vegetarians?

(No answer)

MRR: Do you guys witness any sexism at your shows?

Chuck: Good question, Todd. Yes, it sickens me.
Matt: There's a lot of sexual harassment toward us by this group of girls that always dances at our shows.
Jered: A lot of grabbing, and throwing underwear...
Chuck: Not only is it embarrassing for us, but it kinda diminishes and "cheapens" what we're trying to do.

That's all folks. If you're sick of being stupid, get their debut 7" just rush $4.00 (payable to Ryan Romano) to Sack o' Shit Records PO BOX 308, Kankakee, IL 60901, USA (or email sos608Z@aol.com). And talk directly to the Guilty Pleasures at: theguiltypleasures@hotmail.com

XLIMP WRISTX
X
HOT
ASS PUNX

Interview by Adrienne Droogas, after Limp Wrist's show in New York. It was done in a really noisy room, so there may be confusion in the transcription. Photos by Karoline Collins and Jeremy Gewertz.

MRR: So, just to get you guys all warmed up a bit, the first question is about the band history. How you guys all found each other and decided to do this.

Mark: Around December of 1998 I called Martin and we had a rather long phone conversation and I'd said to him that I thought it would be really cool if we did a gay straight edge band. We're both gay and straight edge and there's never been a really fast, heavy punk hardcore gay straight edge band.

MRR: Ever.

Mark: Ever, yeah! At least not that I know of. We both agreed that it would be a great idea. We thought about who else we could get and the first person that we actually thought of was Andrew and another band I was playing in at the time was playing in Philadelphia a week later and so I figured I'd ask him right at the show. I did and he was into it and then through a friend of ours named Marcelle we found our first drummer, a guy by the name Scott.

Martin: Then we came together. We started on the search to try to find people that would get in the band and be into it. We managed to get it together and actually start the project. After awhile, we did a couple of shows and recorded a demo and then we lost Scott and then we asked Paul to be in the band.

MRR: So Paul and Andrew, when they asked you to be in the band were you apprehension about being this out and open and forward about being gay?

Andrew: When he first asked me about it I was thrilled because just being in the band and being able to do that is awesome and playing the kind of music we were talking about plus the whole idea of being out and having an out queer band that I could be a part of and be at shows...it's been great for me. I think it's awesome. It's a way for me to be more out for myself so that everyone else would know that I'm gay.

MRR: So Paul, how did you feel about it?

Paul: Well, here comes the big secret...I'm not gay.

MRR: What?! This interview's over!

Paul: I'm the token straight guy. I was way into the fact that I know these guys and they're all my friends and I thought when I first heard about the idea I thought it was great. Totally in your face, we are queer as hell attitude. I thought it was great. To get to do it and see all these people and get to be a part of something that's fun and giving the middle finger to a lot of the bullshit that I've witnessed in hardcore over the last few years.

MRR: What's the reaction been to the band in general? The good and the bad reactions.

Mark: For the most part I think we,ve had a lot of really positive reactions.

MRR: Tonight was great.

Mark: I think tonight is indicative of the type of response we usually get.

Martin: There may be some negative response but I think that they leave before they're into it and they don't say anything. How can you see a band like this and not crack a smile or laugh or get into it. In a certain sense it's almost like something new especially for this day and time. I don't think we've gotten anything really negative at all.

MRR: You've never had to play to a hostile crowd or to people who were being hostile and saying things?

Andrew: This is our fourth show ever so we haven't really had the opportunity to play as many shows where that might happen. If we were to tour there might be a chance where we would have one show in a line of other shows where we might have a hostile crowd because on tour you have to sometimes settle for different kinds of shows.

MRR: If you found yourself playing a show in the deep south somewhere.

Martin: Or if I was walking around in Montana looking like this.

Andrew: All of us have been in bands and been on tour and we all know what it's like to be somewhere completely different where you run into people who are just hostile to you.

Mark: For instance in Texas, you can go to play what you think is a normal show and then you'll end up seeing about twenty nazi skinheads and I'm sure that people like that wouldn't be too receptive to us.

Andrew: Based on what we,ve experienced so far, it's been really good. People are showing a lot of enthusiasm and being really supportive and it's been really, really positive. Tonight was a great night and all of the shows we've played there's been a lot of people and a lot of friends that we know and I think it's been really good.

MRR: It's so rare that a band is willing to focus so outspokenly on such a particular issue and so when a band does, everybody says yes, that issue needs to be addressed because it hasn't been addressed so let's get behind this and support it. It's great.

Mark: Also, one of the things that I think is really good is the fact that if someone were to come to one of our shows and decided that they wanted to start calling us faggots and stuff, I think for once they would be the ones that were outnumbered. Not us.

MRR: Imagine if that had happened tonight. If some people showed up and started yelling some shit at you people would have gone nuts on them.

Mark: For the most part, being gay means being in situations where you feel outnumbered so hopefully the day will come where somebody will do something like that and then they'll be the one that feels outnumbered.

MRR: Hey! There is no breaking down drum equipment during the interview! I think we've lost the straight drummer.

Paul: This is all a little too gay for me. I'm going to go work on cars or something. (everyone's laughing) Go check out some t & a magazines.

Martin: Actually, Paul came with us to the gay bar the other day and some guy comes up to me and goes "Who is that guy? Would he be into a threesome?"

MRR: Did he say yes?

Mark: He didn't say no!

MRR: He just collected numbers and left it at that.

Martin: He said "Hold on a sec, let me get those numbers."

MRR: Personally, why did you guys decide to come out publicly? I don't know if it's the right term to use, but come out of the closet?

Mark: It's who we are. The one thing that's not going to change is the fact that we're gay. We shouldn't be ashamed of that. If people can't accept that then fuck them.

MRR: The whole time that I lived in Richmond and you were living there, I had no idea that you were gay. Were you out then? I mean, you were hanging out with Steve a lot!

(Mark starts busting up and turning bright red and then everyone starts laughing over his reaction to the mention of Steve's name)

Mark: I've been actively gay probably since I was 16. I've always known, but there have only been certain select people who knew at certain times. Now I'm at a point where I'm comfortable enough with myself that this is who I am. If someone has a problem with it then it's their fucking problem. They're not going to make me hate myself or be ashamed of who I am. I've had friends who have wished that they weren't gay and ya, know, that's bullshit. You are who you are and you're not going to change it so what's the sense of beating yourself up over it?

Martin: I must say that Mark especially has come a long way since I've known him and we started talking about the band when he was still going through the process. We all deal with that process because coming out is not just a one time thing. It happens for the rest of our lives. People that we meet, whenever we meet a new person there's always that thing that happens. I can't even begin to tell you how many times I meet somebody and maybe it's a friend of the family or anybody and they'll say "So are you married or have a girlfriend?" and it's like okay, here we go. And how do you deal with that? Coming out is nonstop. I came out at an older age and I feel a lot more secure in a certain sense. Not in a positive versus negative type of secure, but I feel strong enough that I can be open about whatever. I don,t have a problem talking about things. I hear so many kids living these horrible situations and there's no fucking need for that.

Mark: Especially the suicide rate for gay teenagers is like five times what it is for a normal teenager.

Martin: Heterosexual. We're not abnormal!

Mark: The thing is too is that it's hard enough growing up and to feel like you're different or that you have something that you have to hide. A lot of people have that beaten into their heads.

MRR: Plus they're told that it's wrong. In a lot of people's minds, homosexuality is wrong. Bad, wrong, unnatural.

Mark: Immoral.

Martin: Well kids, we're here to tell you that it's okay!!

MRR: So Andrew, what made you personally decide to come out? Not just with the band, but in your life in general.

Andrew: I didn't come out until I was about twenty or twenty one. I knew long before that that I was gay. It was something that I did not want to deal with. I remember very distinctly saying to myself that I knew I had these feelings and that I just don't want to have them. I just pushed it away and kind of tricked myself into believing that if I didn't think about it that it would go away or that I could make it go away. I was trying to convince myself that I was not interested in guys. I would just try to block that out. I didn't want to deal with it because I thought that if I grew up being gay then I wouldn be like the rest of the world. I grew up being a punk kid so I wasn't really concerned with being part of mainstream culture as much as something felt like it was just missing from my life. But there was something about mainstream life that was appealing enough that I just did not want to be gay. I knew that if I was gay I would just be a complete freak. Eventually, I just cracked.

MRR: Has being openly gay effected your life in a positive way? Once you said I'm out, this is me, I'm gay...was it a positive experience or were there some negative effects in your life?

Andrew: For me, it was very, very positive. There were some close friends I was even afraid

By:Karoline Collins

By:Karoline Collins

to admit it to, but when I did they were all incredibly supportive. It was great. Nothing bad really happened. Even my parents were pretty supportive. I didn't lose any friends. A lot of people have lost friends over it but I didn't really have any problems.

Mark: For me it was a really positive experience in the sense that it made me much more comfortable being open about and accepting of myself. There are people that have been a little weird about it. No matter what, especially when you meet new people like Martin was saying, coming out is a continual process. Whenever you meet people, as soon as they find out, for the most part you will notice that you're going to be viewed a little differently. People may be a little apprehensive about saying certain things to you. That's why if I meet someone, I try to meet them as person to person and try not to have all of these labels attached.

MRR: Yeah, that you don't have to come up to someone and say "Hi! I'm Mark and I'm gay and I'm a Sagittarius!"

Mark: Actually, I'm a cancer! Hold on, I lost my train of thought...okay, as I was saying, for me at least now I'm comfortable so if people are weird about it then that's their problem.

MRR: Did you lose any friendships over this?

Mark: There's people that I wouldn't necessarily have called my friends who were more acquaintances that were weird about it. Made comments about it and stuff. But whatever, you can't please everybody and you can't be everything to everyone.

MRR: Plus if someone's going to react negatively anyway then what kind of friend are they in the first place because that means that they're not willing to accept you for whoever you might be.

Mark: Exactly. My friends support me and my family supports me. I wouldn't say that they had a hard time with it, but for instance my parents sometimes are like "What did I do wrong?" and that kind of stuff. I have three brothers and they're cool about it.

Martin: Paul, does anybody mess with you because you play in a band with all gay guys?

Paul: No, but it's funny because now a lot of people think that I'm gay and it's funny how people like to just put you in a box. I wish that there could be a day when we could get to a point where you worry less about the trappings that come with so much *(Ed. I feel really bad about this, but I've listened to this last part a million times and I can,t tell what is being said by Paul because the back ground noise is pretty loud. I'm sorry!)*

MRR: I have to apologize too because I jumped to conclusions and I assumed that you were all gay.

Martin: We push that.

MRR: I didn't think of questions to ask for you in this situation...

Paul: That's okay, it doesn't bother me. Why should it? I get all the chicks!

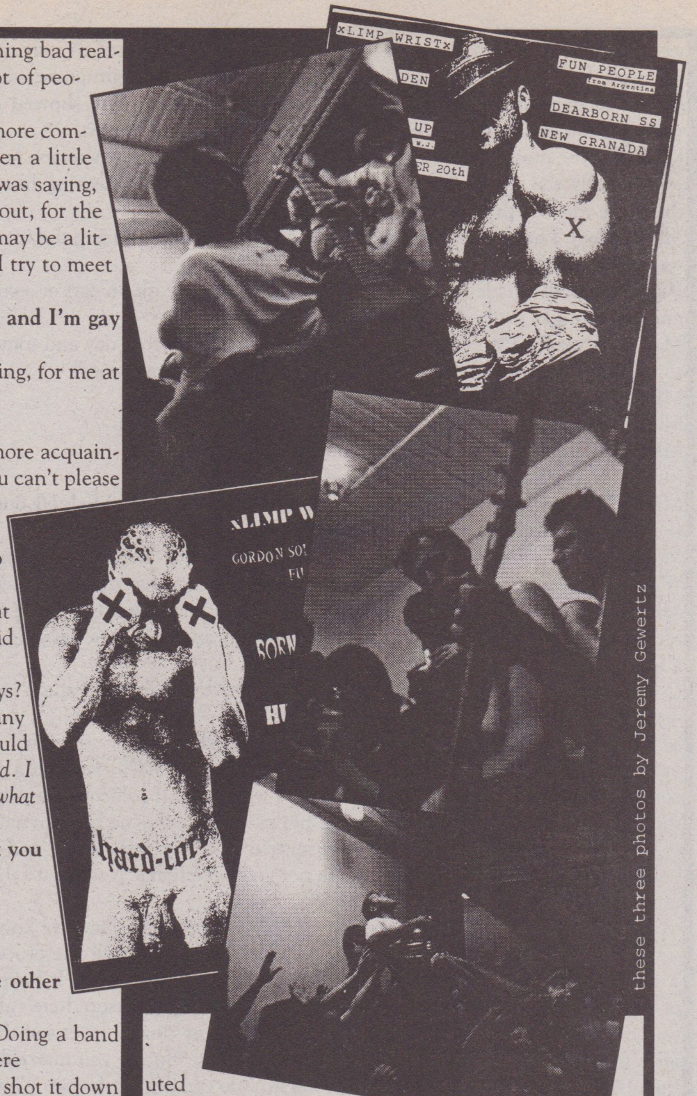
MRR: Yeah, totally! Martin, I don't think that you had a chance to answer the other question about how people reacted to the news that you were gay.

Martin: The beginning was rough, it's cool, but my family has levels of okayness. Doing a band that is openly out is okay with half my family and not okay with the other half. There was a fight in my family about what they thought about Limp Wrist. Half the family shot it down and the other half supports it.

MRR: I heard that when Los Crudos went to Europe and I think you had just started being open about being gay and I heard that things got kind of ugly. That shit was said at shows and things that happened.

By:Karoline Collins

Martin: Yeah, there were things said here and there in many different places. But I guess I just didn't care. I care because I know I'm not the only one but I didn't care that there were people who didn't like it. I don't have a problem about being vocal and being visible because I truly believe that there are other people who are thinking the same thing and who just don't have the ability to come out. There were people saying stuff and in one part of England where some guy distributed some stuff that was totally ridiculous. I actually came out at a show and that was really...a couple of people clapped and some other people were just "uhhhhh!" so it was weird but it was like hey, it's gotta come out. You find it all the time especially in mainstream culture where these popular figures like musicians and artists and actors and actresses and there's this hidden thing where people kind of know and I'm not into that shit. It's like here, this is fucking punk and if you're punk, we're supposed to be talking about what it's really about. I'm not going to candy coat anything. If we're gay, then we're gay...here ya, go. That's the way I look at it. This is what I am and if you have a problem with it get the bible out of your ass and go fucking deal with it. It's your motherfucking problem. That's my approach.



these three photos by Jeremy Gewertz

Mark: There's so much stuff now that I wish I'd known about when I was younger. There are so many support services for kids who are gay youth. Community centers. It's hard coming out and it's definitely something you should do when you're ready to and everyone should do it when they're ready to. I think everyone knows when they're ready to.

MRR: Watching you guys tonight, there is just such a positive message and you guys aren't just saying "we're here, we're queer, get used to it" it was more like saying that sexuality is okay. Being sexual is okay. Anything you want, whether you want girl or boys. That's such a positive message to put out there, especially for a younger crowd like this.

Andrew: Especially in the punk scene too because it's the kind of thing that people are insecure about. I got the impression when I was younger in the punk scene that any form of sexual expression was a real big no no. That's almost like Christian beliefs and yet it's in there.

MRR: Sexuality has almost no place in the punk scene. And if it does, then it's usually macho, moshing in the pit kind of aggressive sexuality.

Andrew: Or stupid, cheesy emo love. (everyone starts laughing)

MRR: Yeah! But which ones worse?! So, do you guys feel that someone who is queer should come out of the closet? In what ways do you think it's damaging to deny your sexuality?

Martin: It depends on the case and the person. If they feel safe enough and in a safe situation to come out then okay.

MRR: So you don't think it's a cop out to not come out?

Martin: No, no, not at all. It depends on the persons situation. Somebody coming out could really endanger their lives and so if they have to remain in the closet then that's their thing. I can only support that. I work with kids and there are some kids who aren't out and if they came out, everything collapsed for them. They're kicked out of their house with nowhere to go so it's really a personal choice and I'm not going to declare the way it should go for any one person. They declare it for themselves. That's how I see it.

Mark: Everyone has their own shit to deal with. To me, a big part of being out is more the fact of accepting the fact that you're gay and then you have to look at the situation you're in and figure out if it's safe or not. I have a friend who at the age of fourteen got thrown out of his house and when you're fourteen years old and you get thrown out into the streets you're basically thrown in the waters with the sharks. You end up having to be prostitutes and that's fucking horrible. If you know that your parents aren't going to accept it and they're going to kick you out of the house then why burn your bridges? Wait till your in a stable place where you can be independent and then do it. As I said before, everyone knows when the time is right to do it. In the ideal situation your friends and your family will accept it, but that won't always be the case. Some people have stupid, religious parents who say if you're gay you're going to burn in hell and we're going to disown you and that sucks but it's reality.

MRR: Or even that kid who was gay and his classmates nailed him up onto something and killed him.

Mark: It's fucking horrible.

Martin: It's interesting to me the e-mails I've received or the contact I've had with kids who said how incredible they think the whole Limp Wrist thing was because they read an interview and one kid who wrote to me literally from a farm and he said I cannot come out and I can't be out. I said "Come over here. You're only three or four hours away and you have a car and come over here and hang out with us" or the kid I took in and who lived with me because he had a really rough time somewhere and he lives with me and if I could run a hostel for kids trying to come out I would. It's impossible to do, but you can just hang out for a weekend.

MRR: To just have that chance to be yourself and be gay without anyone judging you.

Martin: I'm down with that. It's not easy. We're in a different situation because basically we put ourselves in a position of power by doing this, to a certain sense. We're saying fuck this, nobody is going to tell us that we can't do what we're doing because we're doing it. We're doing it.

Mark: Stop us. Or try and stop us. It's not gonna happen.

MRR: And you're all at a place where if someone tries to say something to break you down, it's not going to.

Andrew: Mentally, for ourselves, we're secure enough and financially I've lived on my own for years. I didn't come out to my parents until I moved out of my parents house. I wasn't at risk so that if my parents reacted badly, I would have been fine. I actually did come out to myself without telling anyone else while I lived with my folks but I was afraid. Not for fear of being kicked out, I just didn't know what was going to happen. My Mom was supportive and my Dad was mostly supportive. He's still not 100% supportive but he's okay. I know a kid who's fifteen who came out to me in Philly and once he told his parents, they said "Oh, you're confused." They didn't tell him that he was wrong, but they're telling him that they should take him to somebody who can sort this out. They're telling him that he's not really gay. In their mind, he's just confused.

MRR: Did you all grow up knowing you were gay?

Mark: When I was twelve years old I played hockey and there was a kid who played. In hockey, you have to change into your hockey gear so you always see guys in jock straps and there was this one guy and I was just totally into him and I couldn't explain the feelings that I had but I was just totally into him. I knew that I liked what I was seeing.

Andrew: The first guy that I hooked up with down the block, the neighbor, got me out of the feeling bad about being gay stage.

Martin: I struggled with being gay at first. I came out when I was older. I was 24 or 25.

Mark: I think at one point or another we all struggled with it and I don't want to come off as saying it's always easy and that I always knew. I tried to fight it and I tried to date women and I just knew it wasn't for me. I didn't want to end up being one of these men that got forced into getting married and having a family but having to go into men's rooms to take care of urges that were totally natural and totally fine but since certain segments of society doesn't accept it they feel it's immoral and they have to live a lie and I didn't want to end up like that. I knew it was going to be hard and I felt that it was something I had to do.

Andrew: I didn't want to admit that I was gay and I really did try to have several girlfriends and it was weird how I'd get into relationships with women. I would meet some girl and I'd end up in a relationship and after awhile I'd just be like this is not right for me and I wouldn't understand it. I knew in the back of my mind that I was gay, but I was pushing that away. I'd be in a relationship and they'd be kind of confused cuz they wouldn't understand why it wasn't working out for me but it was working out for them. They're like "What's wrong?" and I was like "I don't know!"

Mark: Paul, what about you?

Paul: I would like to go back to your original question. I don't care what team you play on, it's just really important to sort out what you want and what you can give to other people but until you figure that out you're going to have unhealthy relationships. Even just your friends or how you treat men or women. Until you figure it out it's going to be hard to deal with anyone and it's important to know what you want and to figure that out so you can give to other people what they need.

MRR: What do you think can be done to create a more queer friendly scene and queer friendly society?

Martin: Everybody laughs!

Mark: People need to think before they act or do things to other people. A lot of times as a kid my mother used to tell me do onto others as you would want them to...

Martin:...do unto you.

Mark: Yeah.

Martin: I remember that one from church.

Mark: Just think about how you want to be treated and how you want to be viewed and deal with people on that basis. If you want to be accepted for what kind of person that you are. Everyone is different. There's a whole room full of people and we have similar characteristics, but we're all different.

Martin: But realistically, the way the world works is that they don't think in that way. And although those may be the lessons that we're taught, people don't respond in those ways and people don't act in those ways. It's really nice and those are things that we've all been taught but realistically the world can respond really ugly in a certain sense to just difference. There's a really high level of intolerance in general for many different reasons. I'll tell you, even in the gay scene, there is a lot of fucked up shit in the gay scene and I wrote a song called "Queer Ass Punks" and basically, it says that just because we're gay doesn't mean that we're exempt from all these other world issues and world problems. I had a guy that I was hanging out with that I'd just met and he was laying into me with all of these really fucked up kind of race things and ya, know, fuck you. I don't need to hear that shit. On a certain level, it's important that we are visible and that we are out but we can't leave behind or ignore all these other things because we're not this one level one layer kind of people. We are many very different layers and I mentioned something about that earlier and I think that we have to keep that in mind. Whether it's in the gay scene or in the punk scene or in the world motherfucking scene we're going to have to constantly be facing and fighting with people over many different little details that are important little details and that,' the way it is. Visibility is one and it's important, but it just doesn't end there. I'm sorry to cut you off, Mark, but it was connected to what you were saying and I just had to say it.

Mark: No, that's totally fine and it's accurate.

MRR: You guys working towards making people more open minded just about this issue might lead people to challenging and thinking and considering other issues too. If you can get someone to take something like this and twist their thoughts around it, it might lead them to other issues that go beyond just queer issues.

Andrew: I would love it if during a show people would start saying stuff and challenge. Challenge us. Challenge us on any part of it. What we do is a lot of spinning on stuff. That's what we're doing. We play so much off just the punk scene alone. We just start there and move on and just totally twist everything. I wish people would come back and just throw stuff at us.

Martin: There have been other queer and gay people in punk. The Big Boys and The Dicks were doing shit so long ago. Nervous Gender. So many people before us. The Big Boys dressed in drag and The Dicks did too. They did stuff and they were gay, a lot of them, but Bob Mould came out way after the fact. He didn't come out when Husker Du was at the height of their shit. A lot of those bands that people call homocore today...where's the fucking core? It's homopop! I'm not a big pop fan. I'm a punk. I like heavy, aggressive music. I'm not going to be Rob Halford of punk! I want to fucking do it now. I'm fucking coming out. I don't want to wait until it's way, way, way down the line. Oh yeah, I was in Crudos and then I came out way later. Crudos was great and then he came out and it went bad. I got that shit when I came out in the band. "Oh, Crudos were great before he came out cuz now that's he's out he just talks about fag shit." Too fucking bad, who fucking cares! Oh, you don't like it anymore well good get the fuck on out of here and I'll just keep on doing what I've got to do.

MRR: People like that aren't getting it in the first place.

Martin: Why are you calling yourself a punk if you're not challenging anything. If you're offended that somebody is just talking about being gay or being a lesbian or whatever.

MRR: The thing that's frustrating about the punk scene is that so often, you're going to have some people coming up to you going "Oh yeah, Martin, I'm fuckin, glad that you guys are fucking fags, alright!" And then they'll go home and pop open a beer and sit around with their friends saying "...oh man, I think one of them was lookin, at me!" That's what frustrates me sometimes. People will show up at shows and give you all the kudos and support that you want, but then trying to get past that and really change thing and effect change is where it gets difficult. Hopefully, you guys are doing that. Now, is there anything that you want to add? I have to go home and hang out with my dog Norton.

Andrew: Thanks to Rob for driving us.

Paul: And the people who set up the shows.

Mark: You can contact us at P.O. Box 14253/Albany, New York/12212.

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By:Karoline Collins

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CHacHI ON AciD

CHacHi ON Acid have been the ass of the southern Ontario punk scene since the early '90s. Since their first vinyl appearance in 1996 they have released 4 split 7"s, appeared on many compilations, and have a split CD that will probably be out before this sees print. They are stupid assholes who should let there music speak for them, but I guess I'll let you decide. Interview by Chris Mess. HL is Herb Liquer (vocals), LD is Lori Driver (bass), ART is The Artist Formerly Known as Billy Dee Williams (guitar), and MH is Marilyn Hanson (drums).

MRR: So how long has CHacHi been playing together, this present line-up?

HL: Well, the most recent addition was Marilyn.

MH: Yeah, I joined the ranks in summer '99. It's kind of a funny story, actually. I was hitchhiking to hog town. I'm a pig farmer.

LD: Well that is, you were a pig farmer.

MH: Okay, was a pig farmer until Lori introduced me to the vegan lifestyle, yummy yummy. Shit I don't even eat ice cream anymore and I work part-time in a Dairy Queen.

ART: Yeah, so what the fuck, on with your fucking story.

MH: Okay, I was hitchhiking when these peckerheads picked me up. They were on the way to a gig drummerless 'cause their last drummer quit earlier that day but they were still gonna do their gig.

HL: Who the fuck needs drums to rock out? They always get in the way anyway.

MH: Shut up and let me finish. They picked me up and noticed I had drumsticks in my bag so I filled in and here I am. This was an adjustment for me since I was brought up on bands such as Farmer's Daughter, The Rankin Family and Rita MacNeil, but now I have seen the light. These folks have Crassed me up.

MRR: So is Crass a big influence on the music for you guys?

LD: Oh yes, definitely for me. I mean, we may not spend our time trying to force some anarchist doctrine down your throat and we may not really show it, but Crass is a band we have all heard of.

ART: I think our politics are more subversive in a more subtle way than your average peace-punk band. What I'm saying is just because we don't seem politically motivated you should assume we are because you have to keep in mind that keeping in step with an underground scene that is out of step, you are letting the assuming be done by people that you have to assume know what I'm saying, and if you have to leave the assumption up to other people, I assume you don't know shit yourself.

MRR: Don't know what shit? What the hell do you mean?

ART: You illustrate my point about the flaws in your collective lifestyle so well. What the hell is a do-it-yourself collective anyway?

MRR: Good question. Sounds like an oxymoron to me.

HL: You sound like an oxymoron to me. (Slaps Art) Now let's move along to something more (cut off by a punch in the face from ART).

MRR (Jumps in between): Okay settle it down you fucking idiots. Tell me about the upcoming releases you have. How did you guys get set up with NAPALM APE records?

MH: Well, Kevin Napalm is like our Tom Bosley. He's got a split CD that will be out before this is printed and then there will be a full-length later this year.

MRR: Who is the split with?

LD: A fabulous straight-up punk band from upstate New York called NOBODY CARES.

MH: Yes, they are a very exciting three-o.

HL: They are the new kids on the block and we're the bitter, jaded old bastards. Kevin weighed it out nicely but he balanced it out the wrong way. It starts out with youth and optimism and ends with negative nihilism.

MRR: So you said you would finally release a full-length later this year. That's great! Why has everything up to now been splits?

HL: We wanted to reach new audiences and we haven't been able to pull together a tour yet. Schedule problems, members come and go, marriage, kids, work etc.

LD: Yeah we're really happy to have been able to hook up with a lot of really cool people without playing any further than three hours away from home. But we really hope to tour in the future.

HL: I'd like to write a song about Doug and the Slugs and '80s video games and how I love both sincerely and I'd like to call it "I Dig Doug."

MH: Well, Doug was cool, but he was no Mike Reno, by any means.

HL: There's anouther great song idea. LOVERBOY riffs with peace punk lyrics. It's "Mike Reno By Any Means."

LD: And when it came to LOVERBOY, the ends definitely justified the means.

MRR: Can you guys stay serious for a few minutes?

LD: No.

MRR: Well, I guess that's it then.

HL: So what you are in fact saying is that those with nothing to say don't deserve a forum for their ramblings?

MH: Yeah, is it not our right to fill this void with a vacuum?

MRR: You have that right but I also have the right to ignore your bullshit.

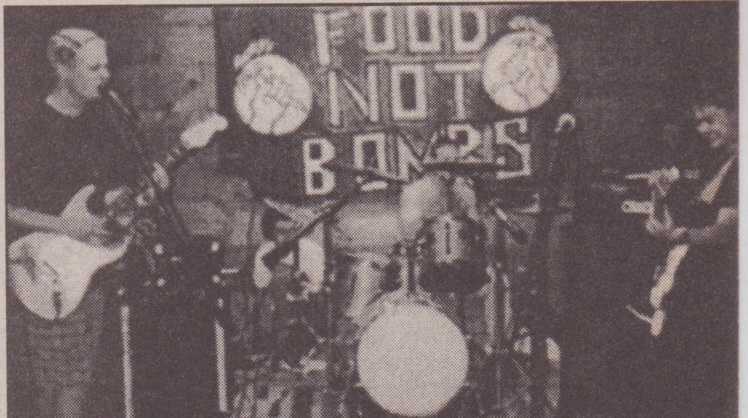
ART: So why do you buy our records then?

MRR: Because amongst your shit on record there's a nugget of truth or interesting thought presented that I really can't seem to find when I'm talking with you.

HL: That feeling is almost mutual, Mr. Personality. Why look to us to speak for you? We, like most bands we play with, can barely speak for ourselves.

MRR: Point taken, but why bury yourselves in idiocy?

LD: You must be an idiot to think this is all we are. This is like our Kit-Kat. It's our break from the everyday hassles of life, so no, we don't want to depress ourselves by dwelling on all the negatives life throws at us.

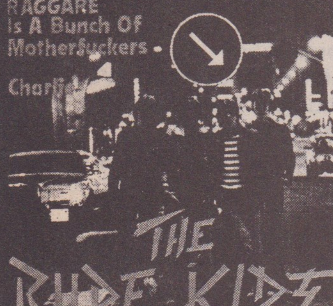


They had to go play and fucking well rocked the Casbah.

To get in touch with CHacHi ON AciD write them at P.O. Box 34 Listovel, Ontario, N4W 3H2, Canada. They have split 7"s and other merchandise available cheap. If you would like a copy of their split CD with NOBODY CARES on NAPALM APE RECORDS send $8 to Napalm Ape, P.O. Box 2510, Pt. Charlotte, Florida, 33949, USA.

¡SWEDISH THRASH SCUMPIT ATTACK!

In the last half-decade, due to the Killed By Death and Bloodstains compilations, early punk rock has become a focal point of both punk record collecting and punk historical inquiry. The work done to document the bizarre bands that dotted the landscape with their one-off 45s truly impresses me. Hardcore has been documented well, and this magazine has had an active role in that documentation from the start. However, I do think there is a need for its history to be told again because there are bands today still using the lessons Toxic Reasons or BGK taught about touring, while there are few people twiddling knobs in hopes of reproducing Tapeworm's zany production. I'm hoping to write several articles focusing on the formative early years of certain national hardcore scenes.



MISSBRUKARNA

HUVUD
TVÄTT

THE SHIT LICKER'S Ep!!
CRACKED COPS

In the last few years, European hardcore bands have re-surged in popularity, touring the US and putting out records on US labels. This is not a replay of the '80s, when bands like Raw Power and BGK changed the face of American hardcore. Rather, the bands that are coming over today reflect the change that American hardcore had on bands from other countries. For many kids, unfortunately, the mention of European hardcore calls to mind bands which imitate US hardcore (and that's why they are popular). However, there was a time when each country in the world had its own general sound for hardcore. We think of Italy, with its chaotic drumbeats, lines of lyrics far too long for the rhythm, and psychotic vocals or Brazil, with its ultra-gruff vocals, trebly, cymbal-heavy production, and rough guitar sound. Since hardcore is, like it or not, essentially imitative and self-referential, it must be possible to draw a line, even if it's crooked or dotted, to a band that laid down a certain sound template or a record that you'd play for a friend who wondered what you meant when you talked about Italian or Brazilian hardcore. Since I am most excited about Swedish hardcore, my first column will deal with Swedish hardcore—one of the most loved and internationally reproduced national sounds.

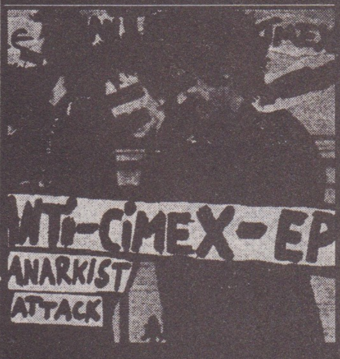
Anti-Cimex is a band name recognized by many who have only the vaguest idea that punk has always been international. Their record titles are memorable and characterize the genre: "Anarkist Attack," "Raped Ass" and "Victims of a Bombraid." Long before I had ever heard this band, I knew they had penned the immortal line: "This fucking system is like a raped ass." Then, when I finally did hear them, something clicked. I knew that Discharge was hugely influential, but I realized that it wasn't just the D-beat or the wailing waves of guitars, but it was also a certain attitude (one that is fundamentally punk) which was influential. Discharge brought hardcore to the UK at a time when nearly everyone making such declarations had declared punk dead. 1979 had some bright spots, in the form of the original "second wave" bands, but overall, punk's original idea of pushing the envelope had been forgotten. The fuck-you attitude could only grow more stale as it was rehashed by bands with music that was no longer a sonorous fuck you.

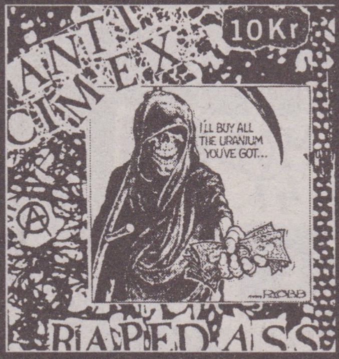
In the US, Middle Class and Bad Brains, on opposite coasts, and without having heard of each other, simultaneously put out records that are now considered the first hardcore records. It's been said that a Bad Brains demo tape made it to the Ny Våg (new wave) radio show in Sweden (the only place to hear punk on the radio in Sweden), but it's clear that the first hardcore band to influence a number of bands outside the US or UK was Discharge. Their attitude was somewhat similar to that of The Ramones: strip down the music, play it loud, don't over-emphasize lyrics because we ain't philosophers, and, oh yeah, fuck you if you don't like it because we'll do it anyway. Many ossified punk rockers who wished it was still '77 claimed that Discharge weren't punk because their music was so abrasive; of course, such people didn't realize that they has become exactly like the establishment punk had originally rejected. So, this is a long-winded way of saying that Anti-Cimex, named after an insecticide, were firmly rooted in the tradition of Discharge's attitude—one of pushing the envelope—as well as in their musical tradition.

Sweden, as the Bloodstains compilations show, had

SHIT LICKERS

a ton of punk bands in the late '70s, most of whom were centered around the nation's universities (they're free in Sweden). One of the most popular were the Rude Kids, an absolutely amazing band, who were on the major label Polydor. Their attitude was punk to the bone and their single "Raggare Is A Bunch of Motherfuckers" caused them to be severely beaten by raggare, a gang of thugs like the Teds who enjoyed beating up punks or chasing them down in their big American cars (don't you just love youth culture?). What is most important to our discussion is the Rude Kids' sound, which I would call proto-hardcore because of its rough guitars and vocals and its high energy. It seems to me that the Rude Kids probably had an influence almost equal to that of Discharge on the early Swedish hardcore scene due to their popularity. A similar comparison would be to say that even though many American bands don't sound like Minor Threat, the members have been greatly influenced by the band because they are ubiquitous in our punk heritage. Every drunk I know can sing "Straight Edge" word for word.




ANTI CIMEX
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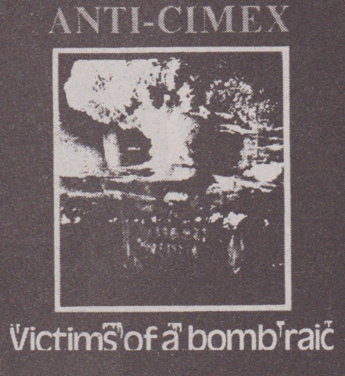
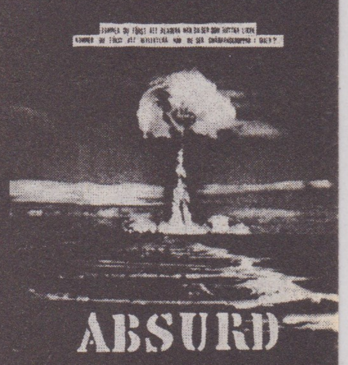
I'LL BUY ALL THE URANIUM YOU'VE GOT...
RAPED ASS


ANTI-CIMEX
Victims of a bomb raid



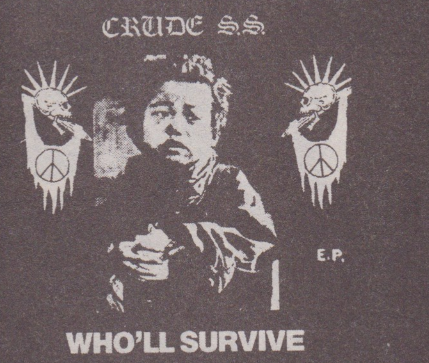
Some collectors might remind us that Missbrukarna put out a split 7" before Anti-Cimex had put out a record, and that Huvudtvatt (Headcleaners when they sang in English) had their own label and a couple releases before Anti-Cimex, but they never gigged and the band members' identities were something of a mystery to many Swedish punks. Thus, when we talk about the genre Swedish hardcore, we are not talking about bands that sound like either of those two bands, we are talking about ones that sound, more or less, like Anti-Cimex!

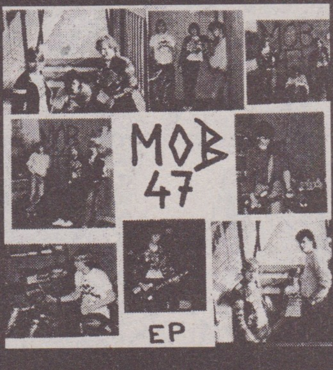
In 1982, in Göteborg, a band called Skitslickers released a 4-song 45 called "Warsystem" on GBG Records (which was really Bullshit Rec). In this magazine, Felix Havoc aptly described it as sounding like four punks broke into a recording studio in the middle of the night, cranked the knobs to eleven, and busted out the wickedest hardcore yet recorded before the cops showed up. The band released the record itself. The 7" did not see much export until later, when it was repressed on Malign Massacre Records, run by Mats of the Headcleaners. While the original press was 500 copies in a flimsy two-piece sleeve depicting some poor soul getting stabbed in the stomach by a soldier, the subsequent presses are the infamous "Cracked Cop Skulls" sleeve depicting the band, in a crude but charming drawing, murdering some cops. The bassist, Jonsson (remember that name), is ripping a cop in half—lengthwise! For export, the band anglicized their name to Shitlickers (some confused people may think the two are different bands) and called the record "Cracked Cop Skulls," which is an English translation of the song title "Spracktа Snutskallar." The export version has two presses: the first is on flimsy red paper—almost construction paper—that is a 3/4 size sheet, meaning that the back of the sleeve only goes half-way up. On my copy the ink has faded or partially rubbed off meaning that it was printed quite cheaply. The second press is on slightly heavier white paper with a slightly different drawing (see the bottom right corner) and a full back. I guess that the red-sleeve version had 500 pressed, while the white had 1000 or more. I've never seen it, but there's also a "US Press" of the 7" which was made from the left-over vinyl after the sleeves ran out. The sleeve was photocopied and it says, "Distributed by: Systematic, Rough Trade and Really Fast" on the back. There were probably about 100 copies of this press.

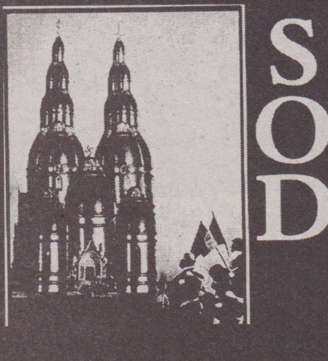
All presses have the same classic four songs. This 7" was supposedly bootlegged quite a while ago in a white-sleeve version that might be almost the same as the original. However, I've never seen one of these bootlegs. It was bootlegged in the last half-decade with the first Anti-Cimex 7" as the B-side. Distortion Records has also legitimately reissued it on CD and LP picture-disc with an unreleased second 7" as the B-side. Unfortunately the unreleased tracks are more derivative, straight Discharge-imitation with horrible, not just rough, production. Supposedly, Ny Våg would not play Skitslickers because the singer, Lasse, never returned a tee-shirt he'd borrowed from the DJ! One thing that makes the Skitslickers 7" desirable, in any of the three versions, is how fucking cool they look in the pictures. Studs, leather and spiky hair that outdoes most of the British bands without looking like they were only into looking cool. I've seen this record sell for a wide range of prices, but I would say that it's worth buying regardless of the price if you do want an original. The urgency of the songs caused the urgency of my need to own an original. However, if you first see one for more than $75, you should probably wait for the next one. If the next one is that price too, buy it. Luckily, no one needs to track down an original just to hear the music.

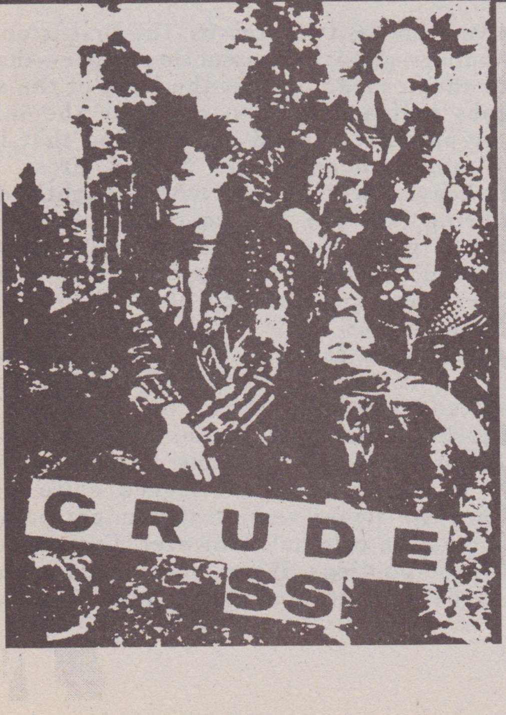
I believe it's impossible to talk about Anti-Cimex without talking about Skitslickers and vice versa. They both put out records that are among my personal top-5 ever. And they shared a sensibility about how hardcore should be played: loud and fast—before Harley actually played in a band that was either. Anti-Cimex and Skitslickers shared a member (Jonsson), but Skitslickers broke up before Anti-Cimex put out their 2nd 7".

While I think Anti-Cimex's "Anarkist Attack" is great, compared to the Skitslickers 7" or their own 2nd and 3rd 7"s, it's flat and boring. Anti-Cimex's first 7" was released on Jonsson's Bullshit Recordz in '81. There were 500 copies with a photocopied insert that I've only seen in a couple copies (it includes handwritten lyrics and band information). The Discharge influence was not present yet, and it's possible the band was listening to some early US hardcore at the time (that was Jeff Bale's hypothesis in his original MRR review of the record). Oddly enough, people who've obtained this record in the last few years have probably paid over $150 (generally more than for the second).









By the way, except for "Anarkist Attack," all the 7"s discussed in this article had blank center-labels originally. Most Swedish 7"s of the period came this way because, supposedly, it cost as much to print the labels as it did to press the records. The labels of "Anarkist Attack" have a simple drawing of a punk rocker and the song titles.

After the first 7", which was shouted in Swedish, Anti-Cimex recorded a demo or two in Swedish. The demo includes some really raw tuneage that indicated where they were headed. Three tracks from it appear on Really Fast Volume 1 LP, which came out in '83. As a side note, I should mention that this compilation (recently reissued along with #2 and #3 by Sound Idea) is unbelievably raw and urgent while also spanning nascent genres; Swedish hardcore as we know it was on the brink of inventing itself. Unlike the Finnish scene of the same time, the Swedish scene had a lot of styles of punk (not just thrash), but "Swedish hardcore" is a term that describes a specific genre within the larger Swedish hardcore scene. It may seem like I'm splitting hairs, but when someone says that Masskontroll played Swedish hardcore even though they were from Oregon in the mid-'90s, we know that they did not sound like Raped Teenagers

or Asta Kask, we know they sounded like Crude SS and Anti-Cimex. The reason I would say that the Skitslickers 7" did not spawn the genre is that it was the band's only release and they were short-lived. It could have been a fluke (of course it wasn't); an analogous 7" in the US might be SOA's only 7". But if someone put a gun to your head and asked you to say what the first Swedish hardcore record was, the Skitslickers 7" would be the best answer. Also, around the same time as RF vol 1 (perhaps before), Rosa Honung released a compilation LP called "Vägra För Helvete" with Asta Kask, Sabotage '81, Nyx Negativ, DNA, and Anti-Cimex among others. The two Anti-Cimex tracks are in the same vein as the Really Fast tracks: hard thrash with Swedish vocals; one is a thrashier version of a track from the first 7".

Before "Raped Ass" (the moment you've all been waiting for), Bullshit Rec released a total obscurity that I would say is right between "Anarkist Attack" and "Raped Ass" in sound and sentiment: the "Blodig Stag" 7" by Absurd. This record, in my opinion, is amazing because of its timing (recorded Nov '82) and its obscurity. 500 copies with a lyric insert similar to the "Anarkist Attack" insert. The band disappeared from the planet, it seems, right after its release. They were mentioned as having broken up in a Swedish scene report in this magazine, then a picture of them appeared, but I have not seen any mention of them since except on collectors' wantlists! If anyone from Absurd is reading, please get in touch because that 7" is a reissue waiting to happen!

So, Anti-Cimex, in this period, had made the crucial shift to singing in English, and putting Jonsson on vocals; Nillen, with his wimpy vocals, left the band to front DNA (who put out a 12" and some comp tracks in those days) and a new bassist, Conrad, took over on bass. Supposedly, at some point, Jonsson tried out for the vocals of Asta Kask! Can you imagine how different the world would be? He also is said to have played drums for Product Assar who appeared on Really Fast Vol 1. Busy guy, eh?

After this line-up change, Anti-Cimex found their sound, and, in my opinion, they made some of the best hardcore ever. Some punks, both at the time and since, have criticized the band for having a political pose, but not following through with it. My personal view on this (removed by a few thousand miles and almost two decades) is that their critics, predictably, haven't understood that the genre they were creating had political overtones in its anti-establishment and anti-war ideals, but, at root, was not part of any political or ideological movement. They sang about issues, but weren't obsessed with them as say, Crass were. Their politics were their action: they created urgent music that could break down barriers set up by nation-states and music-industry corporations. Other than that, serious political pronouncements was for genres of punk in which they were not taking part.

Crude SS were a more-political early Swedish hardcore band. Although they were around at the same time as Anti-Cimex, their 7" did not come out until '84 and we can see that their influence is more prevalent in current political bands like Snifter, while Anti-Cimex's influence is more prevalent in marginally political bands like Disclose or Meanwhile. In the end, though, does anyone really need a more complex political philosophy than "You talk about the freedom but we have no freedom / You talk about the rights but we have no rights / This fucking system is like a raped ass"??

The high point of Anti-Cimex's discography, of course, was the "Raped Ass" 7" on @ Rec. That label was run by an anarchist named Svempa who was connected with a local anarchist café! The five songs on this record capture the rage so many of us feel in the face of this fucked-up system; few records match the fury and immediacy of this one. Though the Skitslickers set a benchmark for raw guitars and pummeling drums, "Raped Ass" combines some of the rawest vocals ever with production that is, I think, the perfect thrash production (much better than the demos which preceded it). Today, it's difficult to think of good punk production without thinking of glossy, heavy-metal-like production, but be sure that's not what I mean when I say "Raped Ass" has sick production. Perhaps it was a studio accident, but its production helps the record be so memorable. The 7" has guitars that are up-front, like a jackhammer in your brain, and solos that whine with ferocity and pain; chaotic D-beat drums that don't dominate or bore, but aren't quiet either; bass that holds up the bottom without making the sound bottom out; and vocals that are forceful, frenetic and harsh. Again, I think "raw" is the best description for this 7". When I put it on, I can't help but clench my teeth and pound my fists! It's no accident that Swedish hardcore is called "Råpunk" in Swedish. "When The Innocent Die" is one of my favorite songs ever, and it's a great choice for the first song (the order of tracks on a record is very important to me).

Until I started to write this article, I believed what I think is common collector knowledge: that there were 2 presses of 500 of this 7". Thanks to some discussions with Mats of Distortion (who was the major distrib-

SKIT SLICKERS

utor of Swedish hardcore back then), I've discovered that there are FOUR presses of the 7". The first press, of 1000, is a cardboard, folded sleeve. The second, on Really Fast instead of @, is a fold-out poster with pictures and lyrics inside—300 of this. Out of these 300, 150 have printed sleeves (the first 30 of which differ—the "violin drawing" is absent) and 150 have photocopies of the printed sleeve due to a loss of the master. Apparently, Jonsson got very mad at Really Fast over this press because he forgot (!) that they had Svempa's permission to re-press it. The third is super-surprising, and should be at the top of your want list: 333 copies on clear vinyl with an actual photo; this press was used mainly for promotion! The fourth, the one I bought thinking it was first, is 300 copies with a two-piece sleeve made of the same flimsy paper as the Skitslickers'. Needless to say, all these presses are extremely rare. As far as I've seen, the artwork is the same for all picture sleeves. The artwork on this record is punk as fuck, too. In the grand tradition of punk appropriation of existing art, Anti-Cimex took a somewhat famous drawing by Ron Cobb for Fifth Estate, the Detroit anarcho-primitivist magazine, and placed it above the words "Raped Ass." The next time someone asks you what this punk thing is all about, you could show this sleeve to the person and say, like a Zen master, when one understands this, one understands punk. To the outsider, it's simply repugnant, but we know that such a reaction is too simple because punk, by that time, was no longer about being mindlessly shocking.

After this amazing 7", there were some rumors regarding what the next Anti-Cimex record would be. At first, in March '84, they said it would be a 7" called "Set Me Free." In May '84, the band produced the classic "Victims of a Bombraid" 7" on Malign Massacre Records (with "Set Me Free" as one of the songs). While this record is still very rare, it is the easiest of the three to find. It would have been impossible for the band to have matched the previous 7", but this one is nearly as good. If I had to choose a single 7" that defines Swedish hardcore, this one would be the one. It has all the elements: sweeping guitars, D-beat drums, harsh vocals and stark war imagery. The title track, which Jonsson screamed as "Wictims of a Bombraid," is so fucking good! A classic!

HEADCLEANERS

There are three presses of this 7". Again, the pressing information was a slight mystery to me before doing the research for this article. The first press, of 1000, was a full-size sleeve with pictures and lyrics inside and "Anti-Cimex" written in silver ink on the front. The sleeve was printed by an unreliable shop run by drunks that left the band name off the front, so they had to add it later at a different printshop. Also, on this press, there is blood dripping from the words "Victims of a Bombraid" while later ones do not have this crucial imagery. The second press was almost the same as the first, but with nothing inside it and with white lettering on the front. The third had "Anti-Cimex" written in a different font than the previous two, and included a photocopied insert with photos and lyrics. The last two presses were of 500 each. I know that math-wise, it seems like the 3rd 7" should be rarer than "Raped Ass," but experience will tell you that that is not the case.

After the 3rd 7", for fall '84, the band announced an LP and a European tour with the Skeptix (one of the best UK hardcore bands, with Discharge's drummer). The LP didn't come out and I don't know if this tour happened, but if there was ever a tour I wish I could have seen ...

In 1986, Anti-Cimex put out a 12" that is variously called "s/t" or "Painkiller." The record was released on the British label Distraught Records. NYC's now-defunct Distraught took their logo from the center-label of this 12". This record is surprisingly awesome. It reveals a slight Motorhead influence, which would be fully articulated in Wolfpack which Jonsson started in the mid-'90s. Oddly, the record has sound bites or effects between most of the songs, but they aren't totally distracting (who cares about a machine gun here or there, anyway?). A re-done version of the classic "Set Me Free" from the 3rd 7" appears on the 12". This record is definitely rarer than "Victims of a Bombraid" because there were only 1000 copies.

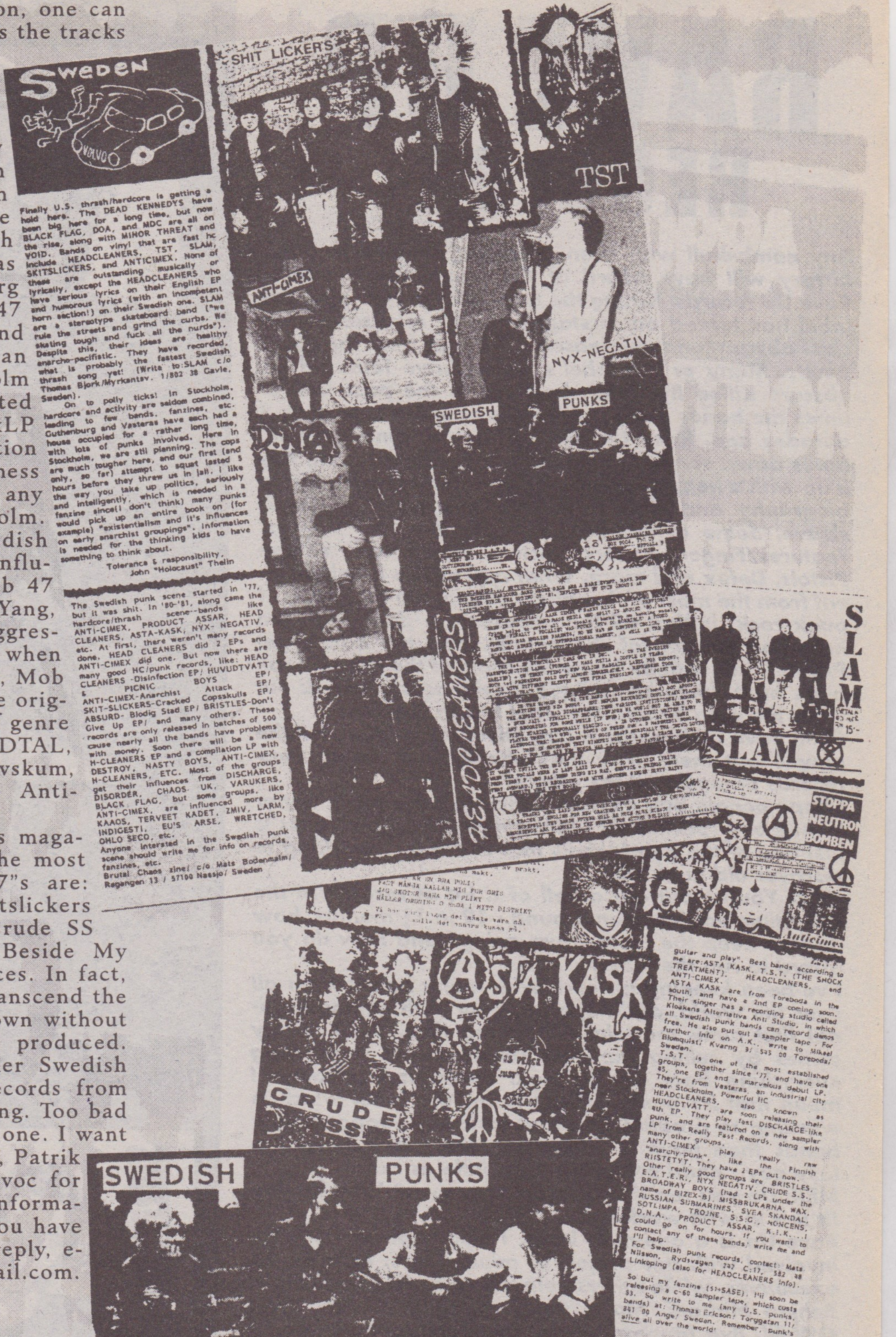
After this 12", the band released a few more records: the better-than-you'd-expect "Absolut Country of Sweden" LP, the metallic "Scandinavian Jawbreaker" LP, and a live 7" called "Fucked in Finland". The (most important) second and third 7"s have been reissued by Distortion on CD and 12" called "Victims of a Raped Ass." On the bootleg 2x7" "Let's Start a Riot in Sweden" (an excellent sampler of the era), some of the band's sick demo tracks appear: "Wave of Fear" which was to be on the never released LP "En Dod Soldat," an amazingly brutal track that was recorded a few months before "Raped Ass." There is a chance that someone will re-release all of the Swedish-language Anti-Cimex demos on CD/LP, but don't hold your breath.

On a 1986 Brazilian compilation LP put out by New Face Rec, called "Afflicted Cries in the Darkness of War," the 3rd Anti-Cimex 7" was re-released along with some other Swedish thrash classics by Crude SS, Rovsvett and Fear of War. Finally, on the relatively rare bootleg LP "Eat My

Brain Go Insane" by Revoltation, one can find the first Anti-Cimex 7" plus the tracks from "Vagra För Helvete." Demos by Asocial, Bedrövlerz and Mob 47 also appear on this LP.

Mob 47 took a heavy international influence from bands like DRI, Neos, Poison Idea and Lärm, and broke the speed record in Sweden with demos, comp tracks and a 7" as raw as those by the Göteborg bands, but much faster. Mob 47 are one of my favorite bands, and their axe-man, Åke, played an essential role in the Stockholm scene (as excellently documented by the just-released 2xLP "Stockholms Mangel" on Distortion Rec), but their speed and tightness was not really replicated by any other bands outside Stockholm. Additionally, most other Swedish bands of the time stuck to UK influences like Anti-Cimex did. Mob 47 are the Ying to Anti-Cimex's Yang, with a center of rawness and aggression in each, but the fact is that when we talk about Swedish hardcore, Mob 47 are included, but most of the original bands that form the core of genre (Disarm, Crude SS, SOD, DTAL, Krunch, Moderat Likvidation, Avskum, Asocial, etc.) sounded like Anti-Cimex, not Mob 47.

Felix Havoc wrote in this magazine a couple years ago that the most important Swedish hardcore 7"s are: Anti-Cimex "Raped Ass," Skitslickers "Warsystem," Mob 47 "s/t," Crude SS "Who'll Survive," and SOD "Beside My Head." I agree with these choices. In fact, I'd say that all these records transcend the genre and can stand on their own without references to the genre they produced. There are, however, many other Swedish hardcore and melodic punk records from the same period that are amazing. Too bad I can't write about every single one. I want to thanks Mats from Distortion, Patrik from Really Fast and Felix Havoc for help with research. For more information, write to me c/o MRR if you have time to spare, or, for a quick reply, email gameofthearseholes@hotmail.com.



Finally U.S. thrash/hardcore is getting a hold here. The DEAD KENNEDYS have been big here for a long time, but now BLACK FLAG, DOA, and MDC are all on the rise, along with MINOR THREAT and VOID. Bands on vinyl that are fast hc include HEADCLEANERS, TST, SLAM, SKITSLICKERS, and ANTICIMEX. None of these are outstanding musically or lyrically, except the HEADCLEANERS who have serious lyrics on their English EP and humorous lyrics (with an incompetent horn section!) on their Swedish one. SLAM are a stereotype skateboard band ("we rule the streets and grind the curbs. We skating tough and fuck all the nurds"). Despite this, their ideas are healthy anarcho-pacifistic. They have recorded what is probably the fastest Swedish thrash song yet! (Write to:SLAM c/o Thomas Bjork/Myrkantsv. 1/802 38 Gavle, Sweden).

On to polly ticks! In Stockholm, hardcore and activity are seldom combined, leading to few bands, fanzines, etc. Guthenburg and Vasteras have each had a house occupied for a rather long time, with lots of punks involved. Here in Stockholm, we are stil planning. The cops are much tougher here, and our first (and only, so far) attempt to squat lasted 5 hours before they threw us in jail. I like the way you take up politics, seriously and intelligently, which is needed in a fanzine since(I don't think) many punks would pick up an entire book on (for example) "existentialism and it's influences on early anarchist groupings". Information is needed for the thinking kids to have something to think about.

Tolerance & responsibility,
John "Holocaust" Thelin

The Swedish punk scene started in '77, but it was shit. In '80-'81, along came the hardcore/thrash scene--bands like ANTI-CIMEX, PRODUCT ASSAR, HEAD CLEANERS, ASTA-KASK, NYX- NEGATIV, etc. At first, there weren't many records done. HEAD CLEANERS did 2 EPs and ANTI-CIMEX did one. But now there are many good HC/punk records, like: HEAD CLEANERS -Disinfection EP/ HUVUDTVATT & PICNIC BOYS EP/ ANTI-CIMEX-Anarchist Attack EP/ SKIT-SLICKERS-Cracked Copsskulls EP/ ABSURD- Blodig Stad EP/ BRISTLES-Don't Give Up EP/ and many others. These records are only released in batches of 500 cause nearly all the bands have problems with money. Soon there will be a new H-CLEANERS EP and a compilation LP with DESTROY, NASTY BOYS, ANTI-CIMEX, H-CLEANERS, ETC. Most of the groups get their influences from DISCHARGE, DISORDER, CHAOS UK, VARUKERS, BLACK FLAG, but some groups, like ANTI-CIMEX, are influenced more by KAAOS, TERVEET KADET, ZMIV, LARM, INDIGESTI, EU'S ARSE, WRETCHED, OHLO SECO, etc.

Anyone intersted in the Swedish punk scene should write me for info on records, fanzines, etc.

Brutal Chaos zine/ c/o Mats Bodenmalm/ Regangen 13 / 57100 Nassjo/ Sweden

guitar and play". Best bands according to me are:ASTA KASK, T.S.T. (THE SHOCK TREATMENT), HEADCLEANERS, and ANTI-CIMEX.

ASTA KASK are from Toreboda in the south, and have a 2nd EP coming soon. Their singer has a recording studio called Kloakens Alternativa Anti Studio, in which all Swedish punk bands can record demos free. He also put out a sampler tape. For further info on A.K., write to Mikael Blomquist/ Kvarng 3/ 545 00 Toreboda/ Sweden.

T.S.T. is one of the most established groups, together since '77, and have one 45, one EP, and a marvelous debut LP. They're from Vasteras, an industrial city near Stockholm. Powerful HC

HEADCLEANERS, also known as HUVUDTVATT, are soon releasing their 4th EP. They play fast DISCHARGE-like punk, and are featured on a new sampler LP from Really Fast Records, along with many other groups.

ANTI-CIMEX play really raw "anarchy-punk", like the Finnish RIISTETYT. They have 2 EPs out now.

Other really good groups are BRISTLES, E.A.T.E.R., NYX NEGATIV, CRUDE S.S., BROADWAY BOYS (had 2 LPs under the name of BIZEX-B), MISSBRUKARNA, WAX, RUSSIAN SUBMARINES, SVEA SKANDAL, SOTLIMPA, TROJNE, S:S:G., NONCENS, D.N.A., PRODUCT ASSAR, K.I.K....I could go on for hours. If you want to contact any of these bands, write me and I'll help.

For Swedish punk records, contact: Mats Nilsson, Rydsvagen 247 C:17, 582 48 Linkoping (also for HEADCLEANERS info).

So but my fanzine ($1+SASE). I'll soon be releasing a c-60 sampler tape, which costs $3. So write to me (any U.S. punks, bands) at: Thomas Ericson/ Torggatan 11/ 841 00 Ange/ Sweden. Remember, Punk's alive all over the world!

D-BEAT MASSACRE

RAVE UP RECOrDS

Any numbskull with even a passing interest in punk history will have heard of the phenomenon that is Rave Up records. Hitting the turntables a year ago, the label has turned out a staggering 11 releases of top class obscure and unreleased punk rock from the dusty vaults. Many of the label's bands have featured on obscure Killed By Death bootlegs in the past and of times the bands put out only one or 2 releases over 2 decades ago. Rave Up digs up their original release, hunts down some unreleased live or studio work, ties it up with a heap of photos flyers and a comprehensive biography and slips it all into a snazzy full cover sleeve. Some of the bands released so far - Dogs, Features/Fingers, Tazers, Vectors, Penetrators, Village Pistols, Defex and more. What makes this label different from the most of the others digging up the grave of punk rock, is that all the releases are done with the help and consent of the bands....and the bands get PAID!! If you wanna know the roots of the shit you call punk hunt down some Rave Up releases......check out what the man behind the label has to say first...

MRR: Rave Up Records is a relatively new label, tell the people out there why they should hunt down your records amongst all the others?

I hope people buy the music they like the most, better if they buy rock'n'roll! I mean that Rave Up records is just one of the good labels that is actually working to discover old punk rock.

MRR: You've put out a hell of a lot of records in the short time you've been around - 12 in 11 months, how do you keep the momentum going? and how do you afford to run the label?

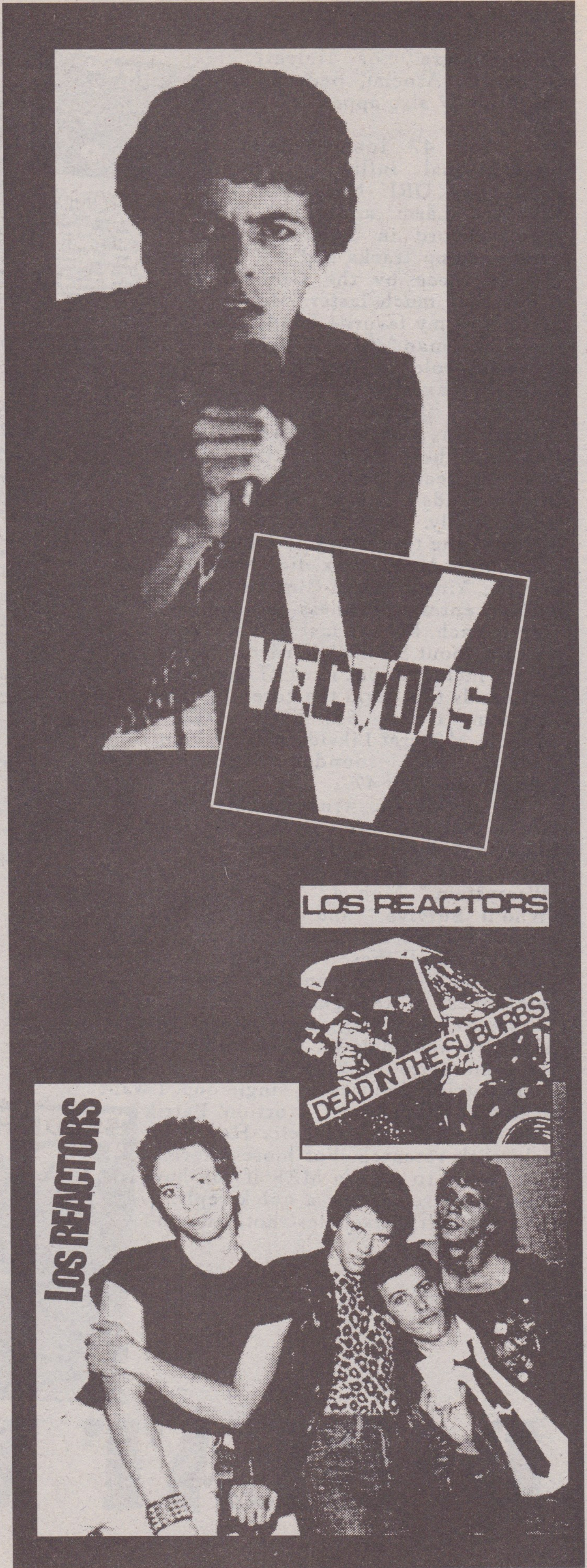
I've been keeping in touch with many bands from all over the world, and hope to go on with editing original first punk material for a long time. It all simply comes by selling the new releases and reinvesting everything back on the next up-coming releases. I mean that it's more difficult to have a label which is working to produce and that seriously supports new bands than have a "detective label" like mine. I'm lazy guy , and I prefer work as little as I can!

MRR: Do you run the label on your own? How do you fit this in with working?

Rave Up is a one-man label. I also have many guys involved with this project of mine. Some, help me as executives, while others help me at finding the bands: Behjan Mirhadi, Mario Panciera, Keith Grave, Sean O'Neill, Ilya Monosov, Brad Orgeron, Jason Litchfield and many others... but everyone who has contacts with old punk bands could be an important support for me.

MRR: Is this your first label? How long have you been actively involved within the punk scene?

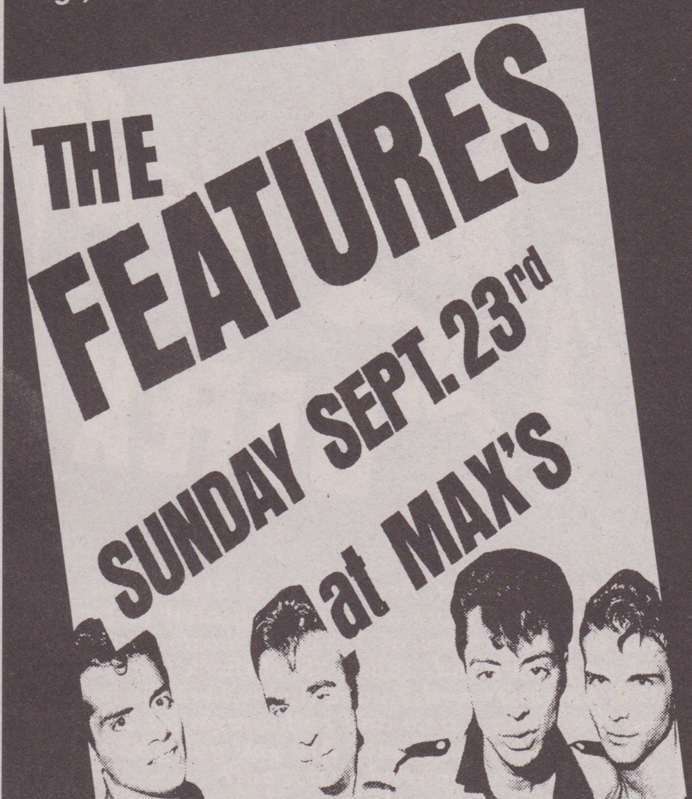
My experience with punk music actually starts a long time ago, when I listened to sixties garage punk. I wasa teenager during the eighties "garage revival." In that period I bought tons of reissues and original '60 garage music. After that period I started to buy and research '77 punk rock. I wasn't into HC scene... I also played in many garage and punk rock bands, such



Diktators (we made two singles), Lesbian Nurses, Isaac and the Pilgrims, Rising Few (some tracks on compilations) and now I'm playing with members of Bingo in a really strong punk rock band named The Law. I put on many concerts in my town (and I'm still doing the same now!) and hosted radio shows. I also had a label before Rave Up, it was Reverendo Moon records. I made some records of old Italian '77 punk bands like Gags, Waalt Disneey, Tampax and various sixties garage compilations.

MRR: All of your releases are retrospectives on bands gone by, how do you justify your releases against criticisms of living in the past. Do you not think it would be more worthy to hunt down great new bands that need supporting rather than some old has beens?

I release old stuff because I actually feel for old pieces more than for new ones (which corresponds to my taste for many other things, and it doesn't work like that only with music). And I do also trust the business as easier to handle. As I said before, getting involved with new groups requires more support and promotion working. The only new band who I'm supporting now are Taxi, actually they're the best punk rock band in Italy. They're young, but they are like brothers to me.



THE
FEATURES

MRR: Your releases are almost a who's who of the Killed By Death phenomenon, the obscure bands from the late '70s and early 80's who's releases are impossible to find. Previous to starting the label were you a Killed By Death record collector?

I've been collecting vintage records nearly all my life. I wouldn't define me as a record collector, by the way, and I'd rather drink (especially good red wine) or get high (various!) , than spending my money on expensive records. Sometimes I've sold my own collection of "big" records to go on holiday or for buying presents for my girlfriends! Usually I'm on holiday for three months during the summer. I really don't like the fetishism of many record collectors, havin' fun with people is more important than spending all the money on " impossible-to-find" records!

MRR: Why did you decide to go down the route of being a legitimate label with all the releases being done with the support of the bands? Would it not have been easier to assume the role of money grubbing bootlegger and just booted the records and cleaned up? Do the bands involved get paid?

I also compiled some boots (few volumes of Bloodstains and Killed by Death) and some bootleggers are friend of mine...Personally, I mean that if there are only few labels who work to reprint old punk, bootlegs are ok. Why give the chance to listen this great music only to the people who are able to spend lotsa of dollars? I have many young friends who actually play punk rock that started after listening to bootlegs like "Killed by Death" and so on. That's great! I definitely don't want punk rock music to be an esoteric business for 40 years old men.

When I was younger, during the early eighties. Back from the Grave, Pebbles, New England Teen Scene, Monsters of the Midwest series gave me the possibility to listen great garage tunes. It was impossible for me to spend 1000$ for Keggs 7" (and now it's the same too)!!!!!!!!!! So fuck all the stupid preachers who are against this kind of "bootlegging" (believe me, selling 500 copies of one record isn' t exactly a big business and the people who make this kind of operation spend all their money buying other old rarities) In my case, the relevance of the my contacts convinced me of the opportunity to going for a totally legal way. It's my choice and of course, I pay royalties to all the bands involved and give them free copies of the records.

MRR: Most of the bands are pretty damn obscure how did you go about tracking down the band members? and how have you managed to unearth so much previously unreleased material, was this all provided by the band members in question?

Generally, there is one member who's the "archivist" of the band. Well, the most important thing is to contact this one! If he's interested in my project, he'll send me the tapes, a small biography and the pictures of the band...and after two months the album is ready!

MRR: Many of the bands you have released have only previously released one 7" and in many cases only one song on that record is worthy (Village Pistols?) is there really any need for a whole LP of the band? Would it not be as worthy to just reissue the bands original 7"? Do you think all your releases stand up

alongside the bands previously released material or are more historical documents?

It depends about the points of views. Probably only the Village Pistols LP could be considerate an "historical document." The rest of the items are normally listenable records. There are many people who tracked down the punk rock classics records and all the bootleg compilations too and they need more. This more is the focus of Rave Up records.

MRR: What have been the reactions by band members to you putting out members to you putting out material they recorded over 20 years ago - are they all as excited as you? Have you run into any problems with people not wanting you to put their stuff out?

Generally the reaction is good and they are all interested to work with me for havin' the possibility to listen all their material on one album. If I remember well, only four bands that I've contacted haven't been interested in my project. I'm really sorry about this, but it's not a big deal for me.

MRR: Do you release music by bands which you personally love or is it based on what material is available, or how rare the material is? Which release to date is your favorite?

I love all the bands I put out on my label. The choice doesn't depend on how rare the available material is, mine is a label which is into recognizing all the good music of the period. Of course, in your record collection, you must have all the punk classics before you buy the Rave Up albums, but I think that some of the records I printed could be considered as "classics" (for my opinion Dogs, Vectors, Tazers and Penetrators).

MRR: Do you think that Rave Up has a particular musical style which is essentially the Rave Up Sound? Do you feel that you are the only label actively putting out unreleased material by these old forgotten bands and actually getting the bands themselves involved?

No, there isn't a "Rave Up" sound, like there isn't a "Killed by Death" sound! There are also labels who work in the same direction of Rave Up, like BTX, Existential Vacuum, Other People– they're all great! I'm just one of these.

MRR: Why are all your releases by American bands and not from your own country, do you not feel that Italy has a pile of great obscure music which has still yet to be heard?

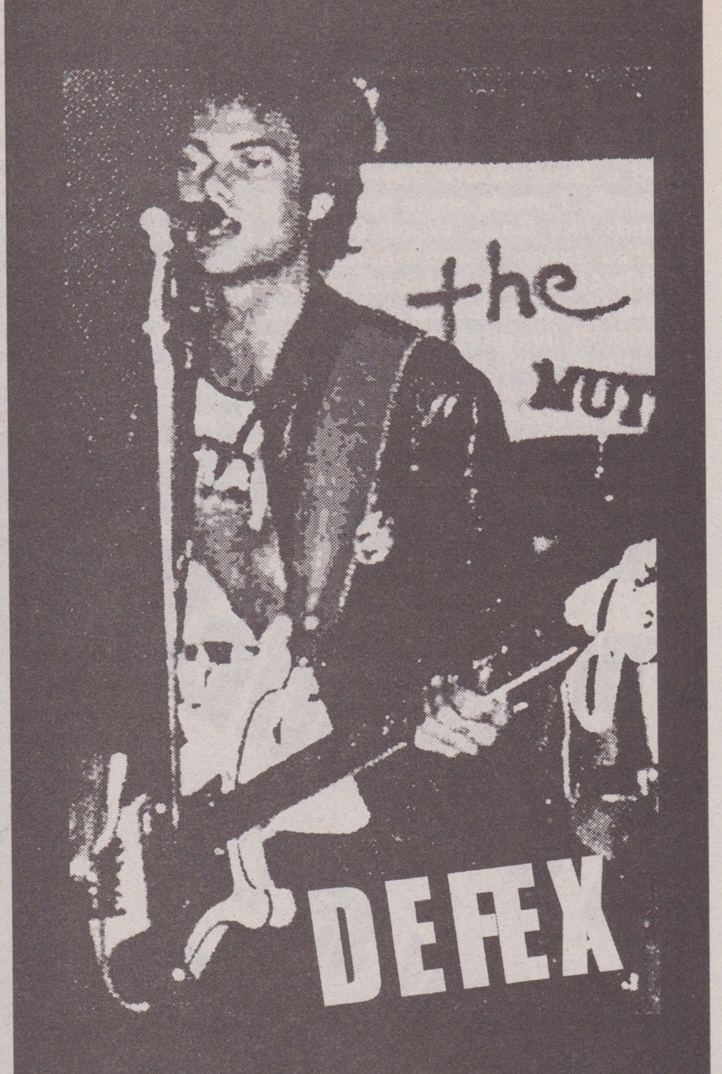
My country didn't have a real punk scene during the late seventies. Only few bands were playing this music. I know most of them personally and in my plans there is a series dedicated to Euro punk bands which will include Italian bands such Hitler SS, Tampax, Mercenary God, Dial 113, Out Kids and more... Italy is famous for it's old HC scene, but that's another story.

MRR: With all the substandard compilations being produced do feel that presentation of the product is as important as the music within, for example all your releases have not only unreleased material but also full color covers and liner notes– will this attention to detail continue with subsequent releases?

Yes, I mean that the attention to detail is important and it will continue for all the next Rave Up releases. Of course, if you need old punk bands, you must have an idea about the context where these bands played, by reading liner notes and vintage photos and old flyers.

MRR: I know you have piles of things lined up, could you run through some of what we can expect from Rave Up?

In the next months many other US punk albums will be released (Vomit Pigs, Accelerators/Dirty Dogs, Men in Black/Wayward Youth, General Foodz, Dry Heaves, Killer Bees, Skunks, Aces 88/Next, Shitdogs etc...) and in January I'll start a series dedicated to Euro punk and a small series of 7" EP dedicated to Northern Ireland punk bands called "Shellshock Rock".



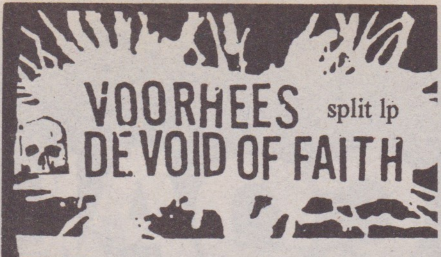
MRR: Any last words?...and how where the hell do you find the energy, time and enthusiasm for a label with such a high release rate? Are you going to run out of old unreleased material to put out?

At the moment, Rave Up records is my only job. I'm a graduate in Social Sciences and Contemporary History and also have two Masters degrees too! I'm crazy, I know, but I prefer to listen to music every hour of the day and trying to live with this strange work than goin' everyday to an office!!! Maybe, when the unreleased punk material ends, I'll start a label that'll reprint obscure heavy metal, reggae and hip-hop bands... ah! ah!!

Greetings from Italy!

Hey, if you were in a punk rock band during "those years" please contact me!! http://web.tiscalinet.it/raveup email Raveup@tiscalinet.it

RAVE UP
records



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(Run & Hide, PO Box 35094, Philadelphia, PA 19128)

This review from MaxRockNRoll No.208, Sept 2000
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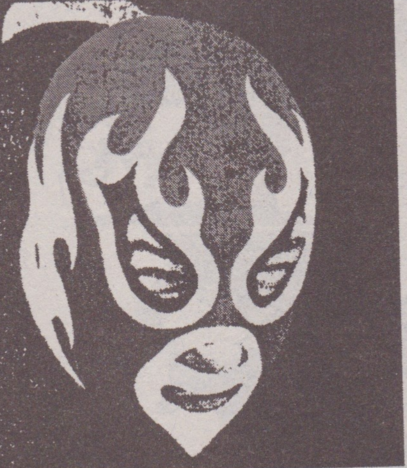

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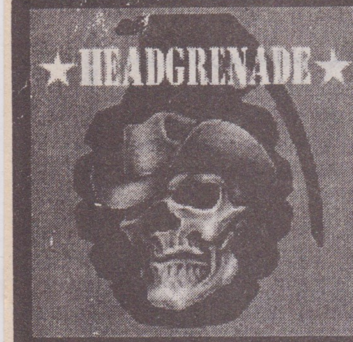

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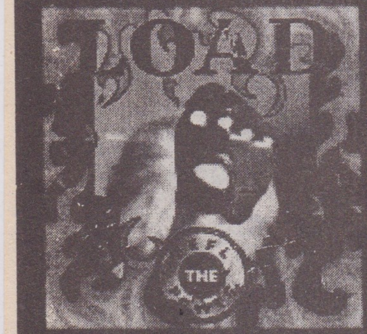

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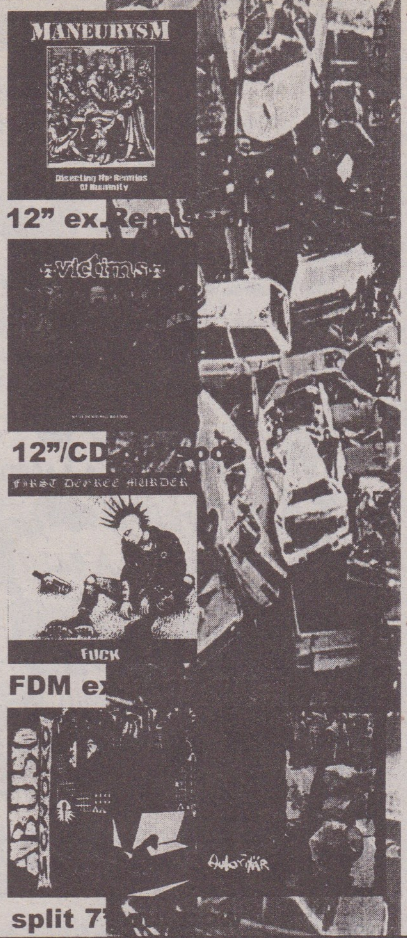

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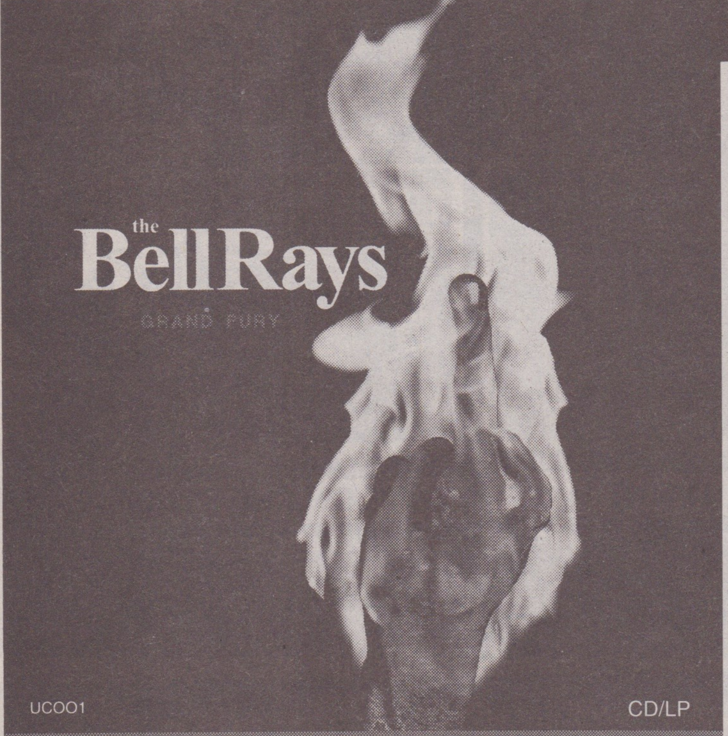

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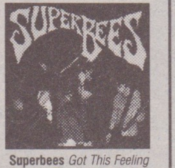

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BOOKS

When Someone You Love is Kinky • Dossie Easton and Catherine A. Liszt
160 pages • $15.95
Greenery Press • 1447 Park Ave. • Emeryville, CA • 94608

When Someone
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Dossie Easton and
Catherine A. Liszt

Rodgers and Hammerstein, Lennon and McCartney, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Easton and Liszt...

Well, Dossie Easton and Catherine A. Liszt, the Dynamic Duo of SM resource books, have just released When Someone You Love is Kinky, the latest "must-have" for every SM library. What can I say about Easton and Liszt that I haven't said a hundred times already? I love these women! I love their books! If you are at all familiar with their previous books, The Topping Book, The Bottoming Book and The Ethical Slut, chances are you do too. And how could you not? Easton is a sex radical and therapist specializing in alternative sexualities, and Liszt is a sex educator, publisher and mom. Both women are literate, both are bright, and both have a depth and breadth of experience that allows them to write about SM in a highly informed way, with a sense of humor that keeps you entertained.

Easton and Liszt tackle the daunting task of introducing the BDSM scene to the uninitiated friends and lovers of kinkyfolk. They do it so you don't have to. Just give the vanilla people in your life a copy of this book and let the authors go to work. They leave no stone unturned as they address the myriad of questions vanilla folks are most likely to have but are too afraid to ask. Everything from answering the simple question "why are some people kinky?" to explaining the basis of the saying "safe, sane and consensual" to describing the different facets that make up the culture within the kink community. Plus, dispersed throughout the book are kinky coming-out letters addressed to loved ones, most of which were never meant to be mailed. A nice touch. The letters not only reveal the diversity of people within the kink community, but also give the reader an idea of the kinds of thoughts, wishes and fears kinky people may have.

Knowing how often mainstream culture confuses SM with violence, Easton and Liszt devote an entire chapter discussing safety issues. They begin with defining the clear boundaries between fantasy and reality, and that all SM play occurs within the realm of fantasy. They describe scene negotiations, limit setting, safewords, and other safeguards the SM community uses in order to keeps themselves safe. That ideally, what takes place between two consenting adults, was discussed and agreed upon, openly and honestly, beforehand. The authors then explain all the different things that might take place, in order to demystify what is commonly thought of as kinky in today's mainstream society, including domination/submission, bondage, cross-dressing, pain play, spiritual practices, and fetishes.

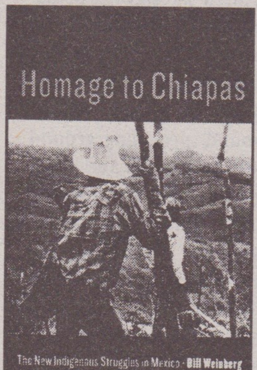
Also included is a chapter specifically for health professionals. The authors offer suggestions when treating kinky patients, including what types of questions to ask or not ask, what types of assumptions not to make and where to seek consultation if more information is needed. "If you are looking at bruised or cut skin, take a deep breath and disengage any initial emotional reaction you might be feeling. You may not understand your patient's pleasure, but you do not have the medical knowledge to determine if this person's practice was safe." I like the thought of health professionals taking the time to read about issues they don't understand, but I can't imagine any doctor I've ever seen doing so. In fact I can't imagine any doctor I've ever seen admitting they don't understand something, much less taking the time to ask me questions that might lead to having a discussion. Not in the 7-10 minutes I'm allotted for an appointment... But as a patient, I found this chapter even more useful. It states the types of questions and assumptions many health care professional may have about the kinky community as well as what information is necessary to give verses what is best left unsaid.

When Someone You Love is Kinky is a quick read, like most books by Greenery Press, but packs in more useful information than books twice its size. Designed to help non-kinky folks understand and communicate with kinky friends, partners and relatives, it's also a great resource for someone dealing with the emotional turmoil of coming-out as a kinky person. Easton and Liszt's tone is sympathetic and non-confrontational towards the reader but make it clear from the start, they are not going to apologize or show remorse for who they are.

"Proud? Of being perverted?? Well, yes. It is very difficult to come to terms with an alternative sexuality in a culture that teaches us that we are bad, sick, damaged, and/or undesirable for wanting what we want. It's also difficult to find ways to enact 'unacceptable' fantasies in a manner which is healthy, fun, and consensual for everybody involved. We think any kinky person who has succeeded in doing these things has done something of which they - and you- should be very proud."

And they have every right. Easton and Liszt have, once again, given the kink community a resource they can use and best of all, will be proud to share. -Catherine Cook

Homage to Chiapas - The New Indigenous Struggles in Mexico • Bill Weinberg
456 pages • $29.00
Verso Books • 180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014-4606



"The tribute that capitalism demands from Chiapas has no historic parallel. Fifty-five percent of national hydroelectric energy comes from this state along with 20 percent of Mexico's total electrical energy. However, only one third of the homes in Chiapas have electricity. Where do the 12,907 kilowatts produced annually by hydroelectric plants in Chiapas go?"

Increasingly, they go to the maquiladora zones of the Mexican north, where the gringo investment is. And Marcos, at his typewriter behind Zapatista lines "somewhere in the Lacandon Selva," underestimates the hydropower output of Mexico's least electrified state by a factor of several hundred: the actual figure is over 3,000 megawatts.

Bill Weinberg has left no stone unturned in Homage to Chiapas. The so-called "new indigenous struggles in Mexico" are not so new it turns out, but perhaps the last chance for a people, a land, and a culture that has been under a steady attack from those who wish to exploit it for hundreds of years. Homage to Chiapas obsessively details five hundred years of that history, and Bill Weinberg has written what truly is a homage to Chiapas. The defense of rain forests and indigenous culture takes on a new level of urgency once you realize that it has already been altered, perhaps, beyond the point of ever resembling the way it was even one hundred years ago. The fight right now is to preserve only the tiniest bit of what is left, and one of the most poignant messages Homage to Chiapas has to offer is that the plight of the people of Chiapas is our plight as a human species. It's not through a specific political ideology that we come to this conclusion, but it is through the overwhelming amount of research and factual evidence that is presented where there often hasn't been in other publications. So from that it is easy to take a step back and recognize that just as the government of Mexico is attempting to suffocate Chiapas, spurred on by NAFTA and greedy corporate interests, we are all being suffocated slowly by these same agreements and corporations, and it is even more ironic that the people and land being suffocated the quickest may actually hold the ways and means of preserving life on this planet.

The industry's newest generation of "miracle seeds" are those produced by recombinant DNA technology, rather than a mere cross-breeding. Monsanto, both a pesticide producer and a biotech pioneer, is developing new crop strains genetically engineered to be pesticide-resistant, freeing farmers to spray even more as resistant pests are bred in a vicious cycle. Monsanto's Roundup-ready soybeans are designed to be used with the company's Roundup glyphosate spray. The line between crop and pesticide itself becomes blurred: Monsanto's New Leaf Superior potato, widely used in processed foods and McDonalds chains, is genetically engineered to kill any insect that nibbles it, and registered with the US Environmental Protection agency as a pesticide.

While the United States continues to reek havoc on Mexico's environment via the pollutants from US owned maquiladoras, Bill Weinberg describes the long history that lead up to the existence of these horrendous operations. Long before foreign corporations were so bold and out front about their intent to profit at the expense of Mexico's people and the land, these same corporations came under the guise of wanting to help Mexican agriculture. They claimed to want to bring Mexico the same kind of prosperity we enjoyed here in the United States. This is just after the Dust Bowl agricultural disaster mind you. They pretended to care for the people of Mexico, and they suggested that they could even help to feed the poor and the hungry by doing away with the many different varieties of maiz and replacing all that diversity with one strain of "miracle seed." Unfortunately, there was an inherent genetic vulnerability in the seed, and at different times both Mexico and the US suffered a staggering 50% in crop losses due to — in one case — the spraying of fungicides on wheat fields. This was a devastating loss not only of crops, but of the many varieties of maiz seeds that have since disappeared, or that lie frozen and most likely dead in USDA warehouses.

There is also the case of the vanishing "tri-culture" of corn, beans, and squash. This combination of crops had flourished and spread throughout North America, in various climates, long before the United Sates ever existed. It is a simple and effective method of farming whereby the corn grows tall to reach the most sunlight, followed by the beans that wrap around the corn stocks where they receive can receive the appropriate amount of sunlight and moisture, their roots supporting colonies of nitrogen rich bacteria, which leaves finally the squash that grow low to the ground, providing ground cover. US companies and like-minded government officials didn't see much profit in that type of farming at all, and so they suggested planting only one crop at time, thus yielding greater quantities of, let's say, corn at the time of harvest. Unfortunately, good old American ingenuity didn't account for the depletion of soil or the fact that the people who grew these crops still needed to eat. The ones who profited from all of the misery this interference caused are, of course, the corporations like DuPont , Dekalb-Pfizer, and Sandoz who account for two-thirds of all the corn used in the US.

"Two grain companies - Cargill and ConAgra - control 50 percent of US grain exports."

Homage to Chiapas offers so much history, so many statistics, and such a considerable amount of perspective, from a global angle most of all, that it would be impossible to rehash even a fraction of it here in the MRR book review section. This isn't what most would consider a page turner, but in a way it is because the further along you get in your reading, the more you'll want to read on, if only to utilize the history you've been given to better analyze the most up-to-date actions taken by all sides. I highly recommend Homage to Chiapas, and I think it would make a great stocking stuffer for anyone with a stocking large enough to hold it. —Jay Dead

Animal Rites • Michael Panno

310 pages • $11.95
Primordial Press • POB 1096 • New York, NY • 10003

Animal Rites
a novel
Michael Panno

A baby animal whose parent is slain by cruel hunters. A forest fire. A seedy underworld of violence and exploitative sex, populated by quirky, shit-talking characters. Michael Panno's Animal Rites reads like the script for Bambi as written by Quentin Tarantino.

Our vigilante hero, Frank Noble (how's that for subtle name choice?), is a gruff but kindly loner who's a bit tightly wound after years in Vietnam and the Secret Service. (Understandably enough—trying not to get Reagan killed could mess with anyone's head.) Frank briefly finds tranquillity living in a shack in the woods and spending quality time with some local bears. But when a pair of greedy hunters slay two of his furry friends in order to sell their gall bladders (for their alleged Viagra-like qualities), Frank vows vengeance on behalf of bears everywhere. He may have lost two of his brawny brethren, but he makes a new buddy in the petite form of another woods-dweller, a poetry-reciting dwarf named Marcell. During his career in the circus Marcell has already offed one dude who dared abuse someone dear to him—an elephant by the name of Dinky—so he's rarin' to go.

Full of animal right-eous anger, the dynamic duo set out to exact revenge—and very bloody revenge it is too, accompanied by dialogue that is an odd mixture of PETA pamphlet meets action-movie tough-guy talk. When their first victim protests that he only killed a bear, Frank bellows: "Just a bear! Just a bear! She was a beautiful animal. She had two children. She loved Chopin and strawberry ice cream and she liked playing tag with her cubs. All she wanted was to roam the woods and fish and be left alone, and you took it all away. Now I'm offering you your life, but I'm quick running out of patience, so you can choose the eye or the finger or I'll just put a bullet through that little fucking p-brain of yours right here and now. Choose!" (I think he meant "pea brain." More on this subject later.)

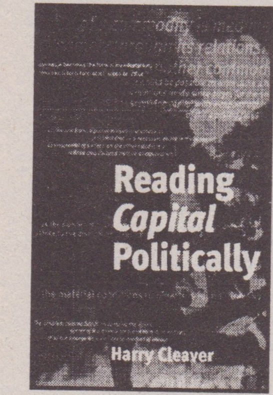
The vigilante path leads Frank and Marcell to some scummy scoundrels who profit not only from dead animal organs, but live human ones as well—they run an underage porn/prostitution ring. (It's good business practice to diversify.) Panno weaves in the stories of a motley crew of characters—the FBI detective who turns out to be Frank's old flame, her embittered alcoholic partner, a pair of separated Siamese twins—one good and one evil, a porn king who thinks he looks like Elvis, Marcell's sexy trapeze-swinging mother, a street-smart Vietnamese refugee prostitute, the new girl on the block struggling to keep her innocence. Though this cast of characters is colorful, the constant shift in focus is at times distracting and decreases the sense of discovery for the reader. We already know "whodunit" in a way that we wouldn't if we saw through the eyes of only one or two people.

There is also a lack of plausible background development. We scarcely see Frank and Marcell interacting with animals, so it's hard to buy the vehemence of their eye-for-an-eye, hand-for-a paw attitude. The whole thing has a kind of cartoonish quality and there are a few subplots which meander off like the aforementioned president's mind.

Nevertheless, Animal Rites is a definite page-turner. To his credit, Panno manages to work in spirited humor and snappy dialogue while deftly avoiding the emotionally numb, testosterone-driven text that so often accompanies a violent plot. Marcell and Frank are touching and likable characters and it's impossible not to root for them as they rescue young bear cubs and young bare women alike, even so, it's true that after the fourth or fifth person bites it you may find a small voice inside of you saying, "Gosh, it was just a bear." (Oops! Don't shoot!)

This is the author's first novel, and I do hope he keeps at it. As a final note, I encourage you to buy Animal Rites if only so that Michael Panno can have money to hire a copy editor for his next attempt. Call me a relentless grammar nerd, but I hate encountering misspellings and erroneously placed punctuation marks on every other page. It's just embearassing. —Melissa Klein

Reading Capital Politically • Harry Cleaver
184 pages • $15.00
AK Press • PO Box 40682 • San Francisco, CA • 94140-0682



The intention of this reprint of Harry Cleaver's Reading Capital Politically is to place a weapon into the arsenal of the working class. Although this sounds like an anachronism in a time where the working class is seen as being superceded by affluence, that is the stated goal. It is reasonably accomplished, although in such a way that brings up questions of motivation, the working class, and modern theoretical practice.

Mr. Cleaver is a long-standing Marxist Economics professor at the University of Texas at Austin. I was first introduced to him in his introduction to Toni Negri's incredible Marx Beyond Marx which firmly placed him in the intellectual tradition of reclaiming Marx for the "far-left," as opposed to for a greater orthodoxy or a more tepid reform. Since the original publication of Reading Capital Politically, Mr. Cleaver has been teaching from the book, expanding on its ideas and becoming involved in more modern manifestations of Capitalism's crisis (namely, the Zapitistas). Mr. Cleaver represents the best of the academic world, which may seem like pointed praise, but clearly has a place in a world that is becoming alarmingly monotone in its praises for Capital All Mighty. The university is particularly bland in this regard.

Any book that names and targets the working class raises as many questions as it asks. This is not to say that actual members of the working class are incapable of understanding Cleaver's work. They are most certainly not (although many of our saviors would claim otherwise). But it is hard to imagine that they would be interested. Even though Cleaver (and many post-Marxists) expands the definition of the working class and bulks it up with most of humanity, the fact of the matter (especially in this country) is that people do not refer to themselves as members of the working class. Couple this with the reality that mass-produced forms of entertainment are the ways that the working class (identified and not) spend their free time and you have just another unread book on a shelf. Furthermore, as a strategy, it is hard to advocate for the practice of helping the working class edify itself. The terminology does not suit the context of most of our lived experiences, even if it is accurate.

One place where Cleaver is dead-on is his position on where the struggle against Capital should occur. He spends quite a bit of time (that I will come back to) discussing the differing trends in Marxist thought, how they represent themselves in contestation, and where they can be improved. Specifically he refers to the idea of the party or union organizing as the centrist, self-serving destroyers of actual working-class aspirations that they are.

An alarming thought that arises upon a reading is that it takes 161 pages to "read" Das Kapital politically. The thought that the commodity form, a take on the issue of value, and how our labor is implicated, takes this much dense writing to liberate them as a tool for a theoretical praxis is puzzling. This is partly due to the fact that half of the actual content of the book is an Introduction. This introduction is also an introduction to all of the classic Marxist infighting issues. Cleaver makes a mistake in taking a great deal of time to both call out names and crimes in such a way that comes off as dividing and unworkable. I do not believe that Cleaver is wrong, and the historical positioning of the factions in each of the Internationals is certainly interesting (although in somewhat of a gossipy, snicker-behind-your-hands kind of a way) but serves to highlight an aspect of the Revolutionary tradition that parallels the Academic one: belittle and dismiss your rivals before addressing your audience.

With that said, I greatly appreciated Cleaver's thoughts on Althusser as the herald of a new Orthodoxy, the Frankfurt School's flaw regarding crisis, and Luxemburg's subjective revolution-ism. Cleaver's well-indexed and footnoted approach differs from the aphoristic and far-left strategies of letting ideas speak for themselves without space for context. It provides a nice balance.

Cleaver spends most of the actual content of the book providing a backdrop to raise the following point. The working class and the extracting class see most every economic function from a differing and contested position. Where the worker sees their labor as real (useful) time spent, they also have to see it as its exchange-value (for their wage). The Capitalist sees the time only as it exists on a balance sheet. The political reading is one where exchange value is completely in service to the capitalist at odds with the worker. This should speak clearly to those who question the motives of the cottage industrialists who leverage the need for cultural consumables into a leisurely lifestyle of producing artifacts. More importantly exchange value is divorced from any reading that would "democratize" it. Money as the form of value is historicized, examined and made comprehensible from Marx's writing. Value as a theme is also covered in some detail and clarity.

There are a few more points that are worth making. Very early there is a criticism of Engels's understanding of Hegel (read from Marx) that is rather amusing. Not just in that Engels is shown to be dead wrong, but in that anyone can extract anything from Hegel. Also, the conclusion that Cleaver makes is that the working class (not the unions) should fight on both the arena of the qualitative (working conditions, benefits) and quantitative (money made, hours worked) without falling into the trap of self-management, the ruse of the workers serving as both worker and manager while still extracting profit for the Capitalist.

For the theorist who is not alarmed by a reading of Marx without authoritarian baggage, Cleaver's book holds no small promise. As a practice that should be emulated, Cleaver is also successful. As a tool with which the working class can begin to dismantle the rule of Capital, I believe that this book is a failure. But that says more about "the working class" than it does about Cleaver's contribution. —Aragorn!

Sixties Rock: Garage, Psychedelic, and Other Satisfactions • Michael Hicks
$16.95
University of Illinois Press

SIXTIES ROCK
Garage, Psychedelic & Other Satisfactions
Michael Hicks

One of the problems with writing about rock-'n-roll is succeeding in translating the high energy and excitement of the music into words. Out of the thousands of writers who have attempted, few have really done it. Lester Bangs's writing was consistently as vibrant as his subject matter, R. Meltzer and Nick Tosches could occasionally do the form right. And the writers around Kicks, Bomp!, Sniffin' Glue, Punk, Black to Comm, and a few other zines knew how to write rock. The reasons these folks are able to succeed in rock-'n-roll writing is because they are fans first. As fans, they know the excitement of rock-'n-roll and know that there is a point at which you put your pen down and just listen and dance.

The academic doesn't have the luxury of the fan. The academic has been trained to ponder, to analyze the life out of their subjects. Excitement must be explained, broken down into fragments that can be measured and weighed, and dissected, their subjects dead as the prose which is keyed into their computers. Michael Hicks, professor of music at Brigham Young University, is one such academic. Sixties Rock: Garage, Psychedelic, and Other Satisfactions is his listless, sickly lab rat of a book.

In Sixties Rock, Hicks attempts to "educate" the reader as to what the fuss about Sixties underground rock-'n-roll is really about. His explanation is broken down into seven chapters, five of which attempt to explain what makes garage and psychedelic music exciting. In "The Against-the-Grain Voice," Hicks writes that underground rock-'n-roll vocalists have exciting voices because they are untrained and usually lack the qualities that make a professional vocalist good. Hicks reveals that this flippancy toward what the status quo thinks is a "correct voice" is a rebel stance, and that rebel stance is also exciting. Hicks's prime example is Mick Jagger ("I'm no Tom Jones, and I couldn't give a fuck.").

Voice explained, guitar comes next. In "The Fuzz," the history of guitarists0 use of distortion is discussed, as well as "fuzz's" meaning. Again, Hicks places the instrument in opposition to what establishment ears want to hear. He pegs fuzz as an expression of youthful discontent, anger and rebellion, as well as a way to be heard over the din of drums.

Hicks follows his deconstruction of voice and guitar, with a dissection of the garage and psychedelic forms. Rather than accept the notion that garage bands were just playing to the best of their abilities, Hicks insists that the sound of Sixties teens is an avant-garde attempt at rebellion, that the virility and speed of the music (reminiscent of the Futurists) and the primitiveness of the form are a conscious move toward outsiderness. Psychedelia, he contends, is a step further out, a continuation of the rebel stance by mutating form and sound.

So far, there is little to argue with Hicks about: Many garage and psych vocalist don't have pure voices and that's what makes them good. Distortion is a great way of pissing adults off as well as being heard above pounding drums. And, to a certain extent, garage and psych bands adopted a rebel pose. Unfortunately for Hicks, these statements of the obvious aren't enough to fill a book. Unfortunately for the reader, Hicks pads his book with analysis.

Not content to leave garage vocalists with "they don't have good0 voices" and "they try to sound like Black men" (or in the case of many American teens, like Englishmen trying to sound like Black men), Hicks tells us why and how these vocalist sing the way they do. He focuses on phrasing—is the singer singing "bay talk" or is he "roaring?" How does he slur vowels? What is the "multi-layered projection of the text?"

Hicks flattens fuzz by musing that distortion reflects youth's obsession with new technology, and pulling apart songs so we can all see how distortion enlivens the listening experience.

The dissection of songs finds more ink in Hicks0 poking and prodding of garage songs. The chapter "Avant Garage," is Hicks full on. Hicks states his thesis that garage is not just primitive but intentionally so. Hicks0 rockers think. That is why "the Seeds0 'Pushin' Too Hard'0 (perhaps the best known example of a song whose harmony consists only of I-VII oscillation), suggests an equilibrium, a harmonic paralysis that illustrates the frustration expressed in the lyrics 'All I want is to just be free.'" yeah, tell that to Sky Saxon!

Hicks does write one interesting and not-too-irritating chapter on the history of the song "Hey Joe." However, even for an academic, writing the history of a music is difficult to mangle.)

The problem with Hicks is that he can0t accept that the best rock-'n-roll is dumb, garage included. Sometimes smart people play dumb music and sometimes dumb bands (such as the Stooges) turn out genius stuff ("1969 and nuthin to do/oh my my and a boo-hoo"), but if you really want to dissect rock-'n-roll what you get are a bunch of beer-drunk, hormone-crazed yahoos who live for fun and just don't give a fuck. Drag a needle through any volume of "Back to the Grave," and you will find teen after teen turning out great and muddled rip-offs of the Pretty Things, Sonics, Yardbirds, and Them. Never will you discover some Mod-styled manifesto of Futurist intent. Throw on a Blue Cheer record and nowhere will stumble upon some fruity, intellectual hoo-haw. Blue Cheer, by the way, merit no mention in Hicks's study, though they are the best psych band ever (and certainly fit his criteria). (Blue Cheer isn't the only no-show here. In the book's acknowledgments, there is no mention of Crypt Records0 Tim Warren or Ugly Things mag's Mike Stax. That Hicks could write a book about garage music without talking them up shows how clueless he is.)

As Professor Hicks is unwilling to accept that such a great music can be dumb, I will point him toward the squeaky clean laboratory of "Smart Rock." There he can sit and listen to Zappa, They Might Be Giants, and Mr. Bungle without ever having to worry that those around him might think he's dumb. I know David Byrne doesn't have the edge (or the hip quotient) of Gerry Roslie, but everyone knows Mister Bryne went to college so you can save the explaining. Roslie? College? Who knows? And really, who give a fuck? —Scott Soriano

Desire Unlimited • Paul Julian Smith

203 pages • $20.00
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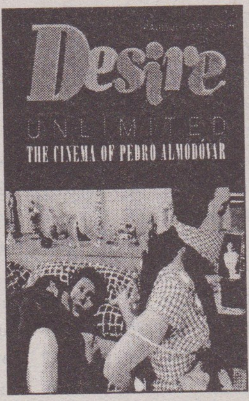


Desire Unlimited suits the subject, but not the writing style of this second edition documenting the works of Pedro Almodóvar. Paul Julian Smith reviews each of Almodóvar's thirteen films in a sterile, academic voice lacking the passion necessary to discuss such a flamboyant director's filmography. This distant dissection acknowledges Almodóvar films like Matador, Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown, Kika and All About My Mother: juicy sexual deviance and complexities, yet these words do not compel, intrigue or spark any new "desire" for the reader delve into unfamiliar cinematic territories. For those already smitten by Almodóvar's style, this volume supplies additional conjecture to fuel one's own personal analysis.

The beginning of the chapter on The Flower of My Secret chapter might shed some light on Smith's demeanor. Almodóvar arrives at a film opening in the U.K., Smith observes the crowd's welcome as un-British because of their warmth and excitement. As a professor at Cambridge University, Smith may feel it is his duty to uphold the characteristic overly refined cold British persona. Only when quoting Almodóvar does this book seem to reflect the spirit of his films: "Never fuck the actors, they won't take direction the next day when they know the size of your dick." Even when addressing the press, Pedro Almodóvar combines shock value, humor, and quite possibly the truth in his introduction. One can hope that the now out-of-print Almodóvar On Almodóvar will be updated and re-released with more of Pedro's personal reflections.

This new edition tacks on four new chapters covering Almodóvar's most recent films without any integration of the first edition material and these new chapters. A completely understandable choice if this was a monetary decision, but not combining at least the filmography and plot synopses leaves this feeling disjointed. These newer films are important in understanding this constantly maturing director. All About My Mother impressed critics and audiences world wide last year, instead of abandoning deviant themes, Almodóvar wallows in them and simultaneously shows new depth of character development and plot structure.

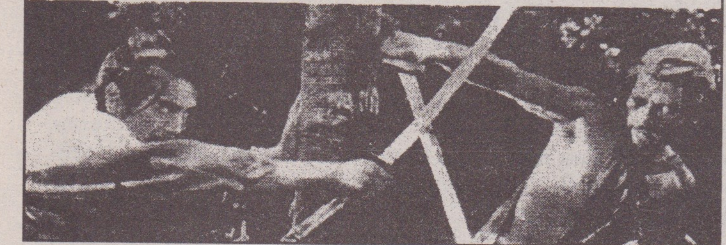
Similar to John Waters or Ingmar Bergman, Almodóvar collected a troupe of actors to collaborate with on film after film. Under Almodóvar's direction, Carmen Maura, Rossy de Palma, Chus Lampreave and Victoria Abril have given compelling performances in diverse rolls. Antonio Banderas once belonged to this troupe and gave the best performances of his career. Young Banderas portrayed believable, sometimes awkward and disturbed, characters in way he has not replicated as a macho leading man in American films. These recurring actors are essential to these colorful films, it would be nice to include more information about their input and personal histories with Almodóvar. Smith, who specialty is Spanish history, could have implanted more information on how Spain's history of oppression and censorship caused a backlash into acceptance and demand for films like Almodóvar's, though this is briefly touched on.

This is a good reference for familiarizing oneself with Almodóvar's film titles, dates, cast, but this is neither a starting point nor a complete guide. There is so much more to this man and these films. The best way to appreciate Pedro Almodóvar is to watch his films and read interviews with him along with his own writings.—Tobia

MOVIES

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



THE WAR OF INDEPENDENTS

The notion that everyone has their consuming addictions, from TV and computer games to drugs, has been exploited by many in the post-Burroughs generations to rationalize the junkie lifestyle. Darren Aronofsky's **Requiem for a Dream** aims to puncture that myth (and one or two others) in one of the more savage drug films to come along in some time.

Graphic enough to earn an NC-17 rating (later swapped for the "no rating" label), **Requiem for a Dream** attacks the addictive lifestyle with such ferocity that much of the film flattens into a lurid (though technically sophisticated) anti-drug parable. It's hard to imagine a life as nightmarish and uni-dimensional as this, surviving from fix to fix as you slowly move down the social food chain. But that's exactly what happens here, and nobody escapes.

Harry (Jared Leto) and his best pal Tyrone (Marlon Wayans, sans comedy shtick) are young and ambitious enough to think they can pull off the near-impossible—to score big running a drug distribution ring while feeding their own habits. As long as the supply is good, they're able to pull down a nice cigar box full of cash through middleman deals, cutting the drugs and keeping the profit. Harry's girlfriend Marion (Jennifer Connolly), a disaffected scion of rich folk, hangs on for the ride. She's turned on as much by Harry's fringy lifestyle as she is the drugs; her idea of fun is sneaking past an alarm system with her boyfriend, then setting it off for the hell of it.

The kids' short-sighted ambitions are, of course, doomed from the start, but things are even more desperate for Harry's mother, Sara (Ellen Burstyn). A widow, she wastes her time between television info-mercials, chocolate tuffle-induced altered states, and attempting to lose weight for an appearance on a TV quiz show. After falling off a grapefruit diet, she visits a doctor who prescribes a regimen of uppers and downers. She loses weight all right, but she also gets hallucinations of her refrigerator lurching forward to swallow her up.

Most of the sequences happen in the shadow of an amusement park/beach boardwalk where, ironically, older and simpler thrills don't quite cut it anymore.

As drugs take full control in the film's final act, watching **Requiem for a Dream** becomes a psychotronic terror-ride—a mastermix of shakes, blurs, sound effects, and closeups. Some renderings are more effective than others. Harry has a gruesome encounter with black tar heroin and necrosis; Tyrone gets busted just for being there; and Marion—alone and without a fix—is left with the one thing a desperate and beautiful woman can do.

The least fortunate character is Sara, who's older and feels she has so little to live for in the first place. She's in way over her head, a potential nutcase without a clue as to how to claw her way out of her game-show hallucinations. It's hard to even look at the sweating, quivering, defeated woman at film's end.

Aronofsky previous film, **Pi**, had a brilliant statistician using a brew of pills and injections to stave off unbearable seizures as he tried to discover meaning in seeming randomness. No such aspirations for these characters; they're pathetic specimens who fall prey to medical quackery, the spiral of addiction, and the destruction of their dreams. **Requiem for a Dream** is relentless and effective, but not quite entertainment.

You can always count on a good comedy to clear up the bad vibes, and **Best in Show** is just the ticket for your post-Aronofsky blues. Director Christopher Guest (*This is Spinal Tap*, *Waiting for Guffman*) has mastered that feeling of loose improvisation that seems to work so well with the SCTV alumni. **Best in Show** is a mockumentary in which any random statement can push a character into unforeseen levels of embarrassment.

The movie shows its inspiration in a potpourri of simple comic situations that don't so much build as accumulate. Gerry and Cookie Fleck (Eugene Levy, Catherine Ohara) are a Florida couple whose love for their Norwich terrier Winky conceals a basic mismatch; Cookie seems to have gone to bed with nearly every slobbering male Gerry meets, while Gerry has two left feet...to go along with two left shoes. Another happily married couple (Michael Hitchcock, Parker Posey) met and fell in love by gazing at each other from Starbucks coffee shops across the street from one another, and share J. Crew catalogs as their heavy reading material.

A few of the other couples are less typical. Stefan Vanderhoof and Scott Donlon (Michael McKean, John Michael Higgins) are an over-the-top gay couple whose second love is for their furry Shih-tzus. Another pair has been attending doggie therapy sessions ever since their depressed pooch saw them trying out positions from the Kama Sutra (positions Cookie has probably already tried).

And bombshell Sherri Ann Ward Cabot (Jennifer Coolidge) is married to a toothless millionaire twice her age. She gets drawn into an affair with their lesbian poodle groomer, the future editor of *Purebred Bitch Magazine*—the only publication dedicated to lesbian dog breeders.

Best in Show shows its class in the dog show segments, where color commentator Buck Laughlin (Fred Willard, in an inspired Fernwood Tonight mode), spits up one tasteless joke after another to an implacable announcing partner. "You know," he quips, "in some parts of the world, these dogs are food."

The movie has a nice touch for the kind of verite humor that's intentional, but looks unintentional. The side benefit is that when lines flop, you don't even notice. But with eccentric characters like this, the gags come fast enough to make for a general mood of amusement.

And now across the ocean. **Sasayaki** (also marketed under the title **Moonlight Whispers**) is a very independent-minded import that almost didn't get made. Affable director Akihiko Shiota had submitted several of his screenplays, without success, before a studio realized it needed a TV movie screenplay—and fast—to fill an unexpected dead spot in their programming schedule. Shiota made a deal; he'd let them film one of his own screenplays, but only if he directed. The results were so satisfactory all around that he got a chance to direct this, his debut theatrical release and a horror to Japanese parents everywhere.

Based on the manga *Gekko no Sasayaki*, the movie is a sweetly perverse play on teen passions that leaves you stuck between the extremes almost as badly as the protagonists.

Forlorn high-schooler Takuya Hidaka (Kenji Mizuhashi) battles his fierce female kendo partner Satsuki Kitabara (Tsugumi) every morning before class. She's secretly in love with him, but he reveres the dirt she walks on. He also keeps a secret library of snapshots (many taken of her underclothes), and cherishes any private item of hers he can find, or steal. Not too long after they confess their love for one another, she discovers Takuya's secret cache of goodies, and of course he's going to pay.

I've heard it said that the Japanese lack a sense of irony, but director Shiota seems to be learning fast. It comes through particularly well in the framing of the scenes—vivid drama pulled through a careless comic book sensibility. But this is more than an examination of human fetishes (Japan being that rare sort of land where you can buy used women's panties from vending machines). Takuya's feelings are closer to reverence, where a collection of beloved objects keeps him in virtual contact with the object of his affection long after she's gone.

Satsuki is disgusted by the boy she loved, but no manner of humiliation sends him away. He'd lap the dirt off her feet if she asks (and he does). And during her sex sessions with another boy, she hides Takuya in the closet so he can hear (and sometimes see) everything.

The film evolves into something like a sadomasochistic hellride for the pair, but maybe that's too coarse to describe for what happens here. Sasayaki steps into the realm where worship and love collide, and everyone wishes things just could have been simpler.

Reactions? E-mail at spinali@postmark.net —Steve Spinali

INTERMITTENT MOVEMENT
CAROLYN KEDDY

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE AVERAGE DRUG USER

I won't pretend to be an expert on drug use. I'm not. I only have my assumptions about what it's like from people who have related experiences and from films and books. I have never tried heroin. I probably won't. It's just not something that I'm interested in doing. Am I curious? Maybe a little, but I figure if I really was, I would have done some by now. Maybe I have more self-control than most, or maybe I am not delusional about being the next William S. Burroughs, which is the usual excuse people give for getting into it. It just ain't me.

Requiem For a Dream is a drug movie. It glamorizes drugs while trying to condemn them. The thing I hate about drug movies is that the so-called drug addicts are always really good looking. I have never seen an actual junkie who looks like cute boy Jared Leto. Now someone will immediately say, "maybe you just don't know who is doing heroin and who isn't." True, but I see junkies every day, and they don't look that good. It's not a big deal, but it's one thing that definitely sticks out. Jared Leto lost weight to fit into his role, but somehow his big puppy dog eyes and clear skin remind me that he is an actor playing the part.

The story focuses on four people who all become addicted to some type of drug. Sara Goldfarb is an average, middle aged housewife. Her husband has died and her son Harry keeps pawning her TV to support his heroin habit. Sara is lonely and possibly bored. All she has to occupy her time is watching TV and gossiping with other women who live in the building. I could easily suggest a job or going to a museum as a way of occupying her time, but that wouldn't advance the story much, would it?

One day she receives a phone call that she has been selected to appear on a television show and that the applications are being sent to her. This scenario provides a little excitement for the women in the building, as Sara prepares for her appearance. Naturally, she is overweight, so she has to get thin for TV. One of the women suggests a diet drug her niece used.

Harry Goldfarb and his friend Tyrone C. Love are heroin users who in a drug induced haze, come to the realization that if they start dealing they will make money so they won't have to pawn Mrs. Goldfarb's TV anymore. Harry's girlfriend Marion Silver is a rich girl whose parents pay her way even though "she doesn't even care about the money." (That's what rich kids always say.) She starts doing heroin with the boys. Harry and Tyrone start making money, things are going really well, and then the heroin supply dries up.

So now we have the set up for the comparison of drug addictions: doctor-prescribed diet pills vs. heroin. Both are bad. Yet, the diet pills come off as the worse of the two. It seems more a case of the director/writer Darren Aronofsky and/or co-writer Hubert Selby Jr.—who also wrote the book the film is based on in 1978—being sympathetic to heroin users, but judgmental of prescription drug users. Sara is treated more harshly than the kids and is shown as kind of pathetic, yet she is the one that comes off most realistically. Her speech to her son about the loneliness she feels really crushed me. That was the most honest and best moment in the film.

Sara takes the diet pills given to her by an uncaring doctor. I guess a quick aside comment on HMOs: tsdhe doctor doesn't even look at her, but prescribes the pills because she is overweight. Sara, in her naivete, doesn't realize the pills contain speed. Things move along fine at first; she begins to lose weight, has a lot of energy, and has stopped craving food. Then she stops feeling the effects of the drug, begins to worry that it is not working and starts to take more than the regular dose. She starts to hallucinate.

Sara's hallucinations are really silly. The refrigerator starts to get angry, she appears on super infomercial the *Tappy Tibbons Show* and then Tappy and the prize girl from the show appear in her living room. This is where Aronofsky gets to show off some fancy technology by making Tappy and the other TV star appear as they do on TV with static and washed out colors. They torment Sara making fun of her furniture and ceiling which she timidly tries to defend. I guess that's what a well-educated white kid thinks a housewife would hallucinate.

The heroin addicts' hallucinations come off artier. First Harry and Marion are lying down, talking sweetly of their great love through a drug haze. They are shown in split screen even though they are next to each other and touching. The split screen has a nice effect showing the division of the drug that another person can only slightly break. Harry's hallucinations involve stealing guns from cops and walking down a long pier toward Marion who ends up not being there when he gets to the end. Tyrone dreams of being a kid and sitting on his mother's lap. Innocent fantasies that seem to insist that these people are still good no matter what they do.

The film is very slick, like a commercial or music video, with rapid editing which gets faster as the film progresses. I prefer long shots where I can get a good look at the actor and the scenery, something out of the ordinary going on behind the action or anything to add to the overall feel of the film. The trend toward quick montages can get on my nerves. Sometimes it seems as if there isn't enough so it's just covered up with a quick edit. Aronofsky's representation of the drug use is very stylistic. He shows the elements of preparation and use as a montage that is preferable to repeated showings of the characters shooting up, but after about the fifth time I got it and didn't need to see it anymore. When drugs finally completely ravage the characters, everything is shown so quickly as to give an adrenaline rush and leave you a bit out of breath. Some of the images are extreme, but lose a lot of their impact when speeding by.

As my friend and I were leaving the theater, I joking asked, "What is the moral of the story?" We learned that drugs are bad, TV is bad, being overweight is bad, being a housewife, chocolate, junkies, HMOs, drug dealers, redneck cops and rich urban men are all bad. It was a pretty intense lesson to learn.

I'm always looking for films to review. If you made one, I'd like to see it. Send a copy to me c/o *MRR*. —Carolyn Keddy

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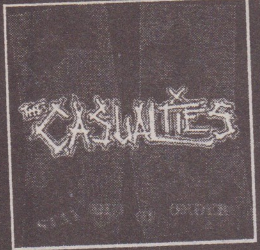
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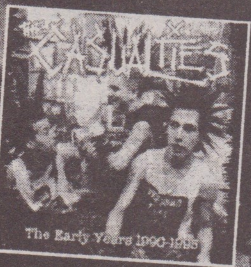
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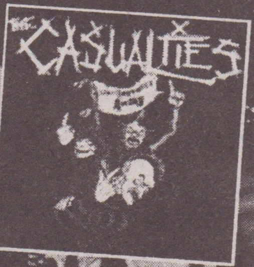
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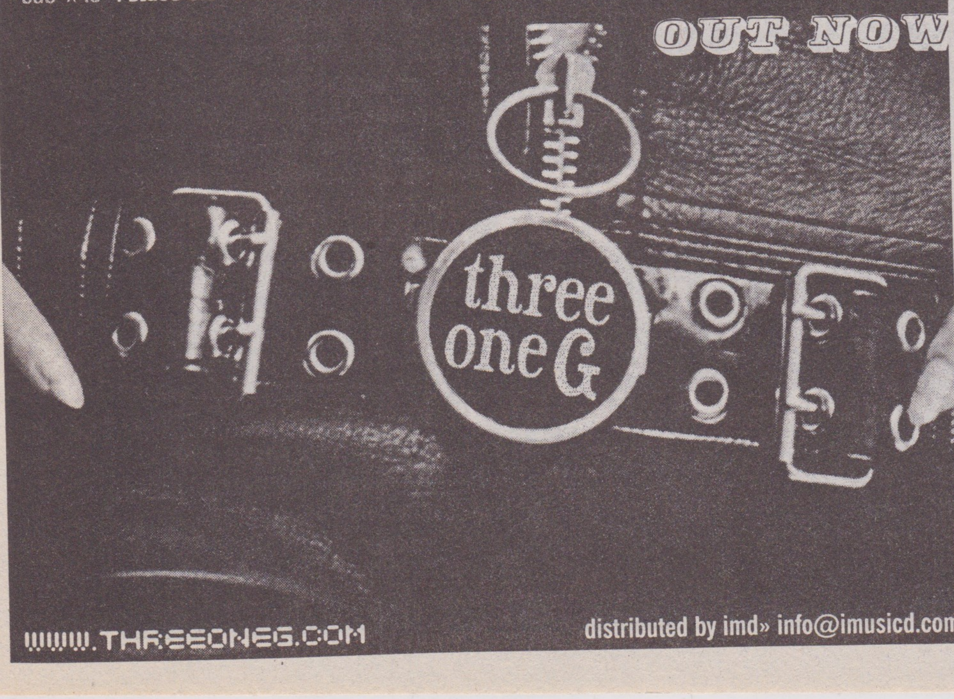

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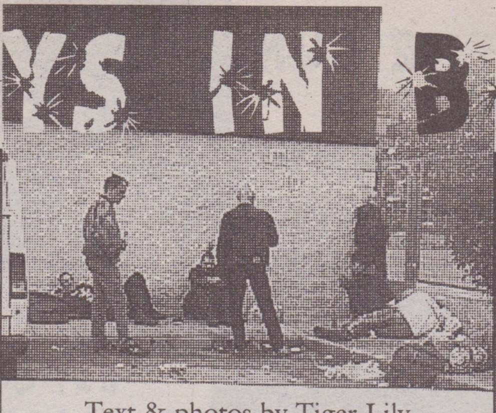
HOLIDAYS IN BERGARA



Text & photos by Tiger Lily
(*My Letter to the World* 'zine)

BERGARA, SPANISH BASQUE COUNTRY Having stirred up the mudflats of northwestern England since 1995, the three-day punk festival known as Holidays in the Sun ambitiously branched out to two other locales in 2000: Berlin, Germany (about time!), and Bergara, Spanish Basque Country.

In May, the Berlin bash was as well-organized and trouble-free (at least until the novelty of tipping the bathroom attendant wore off) as its English counterpart. Providing the no-longer-revolutionary yet still-spunky soundtrack were, among others, punk veterans Stiff Little Fingers, The Exploited, GBH, The Crack, and Agnostic Front; German bands Loikaemie, Bierpatrioten, Daily Terror, and The Troopers also contributed their talents.

The fête in the semi-industrial village of Bergara in September, however, felt more like an informal get-together—at least initially. (Perhaps it was a reflection of the laidback nature of the Basque Country.) When Nora and I arrived via the "punk coach" from Bilbao sometime after 5pm, the doors had not opened yet despite the scheduled 4:30pm start time. The revelry had commenced regardless: a fairly cosmopolitan congregation of punks and skins, many looking well-equipped for a weekend under the stars (camping was included with the ticket price), socialized amiably as the midday heat slowly dissipated.

BERGARA
III
UR-ZERBITZUA

At 7pm, the **Devotchkas** from New York struck the first chord of the weekend and were followed by Spain's **Suburban Rebels** and **La Broma de Satan**, both of whom roused a large portion of the Spanish-speaking contingent. Audience zeal spread tenfold when the **Cockney Rejects** (with Red Alert's Tony on bass) introduced themselves with "I'm Not a Fool" and proceeded to perform virtually all of *Greatest Hits Vol. 1* in addition to selections from the rest of their discography. The fist-raising, headbanging, and beer-flinging continued with **Slaughter & the Dogs**, who fired up "You're a Bore," "Cranked Up Really High," "Hell in New York," and other classics; I doubt I was the only one who did a manic version of the Twist to "Johnny T," their encore.

When their set ended around 3am, Nora and I didn't stick around to see if the bars would stay open 24 hours as advertised. Instead, we engaged in a rather perilous race back to our hotel six miles away in Arrasate. (Taxis, you see, were in short supply.)

Temperatures hit 96°F the next day and I mused if "Holidays in Hell" wouldn't have been a more apt moniker. Paralyzed by the scorching heat, we missed Madrid's **Aerobitch**, unfortunately, but caught spirited **Segismundo Toxicomano**. Italy's charismatic **Klasse Kriminale** was excellent, even though I only recognized the cover songs ("Angels with Dirty Faces," "Police Oppression," "If the Kids Are United"). **Splodgenessabounds** then presented Max Splodge's vocal stylings. Halfway through their performance, however, hunger pangs took precedence and we thus allowed a friendly resident (of which the town had an amazing abundance) to guide us to a restaurant for some local cuisine.

Peter & the Test Tube Babies had gone on in our absence but we returned in time for **The Boys**. They launched into "TCP," which was succeeded by a slew of signature tunes like "Brickfield Nights" and "First Time"; their sense of humor still intact, they also amused the crowd with the Yobs' rendition of "The Worm Song." Although there was just enough room on the floor to do the Twist to The Boys' anthemic finale, the throng of tattooed, pierced bodies melded into one heaving unit come time for **Cock Sparrer**. "Runnin' Riot," "Because You're Young," "What's It Like to Be Old?"—the inspiring set drew to a close with "Sunday Stripper"...until the band returned to bring down the house around 2am with "We're Coming Back."

It wasn't until Sunday—oddly overcast and cool—that I became aware of the cocaine/speed dealings in the unisex restrooms and the fist-sized balls of hash circulating on the dancefloor, not to mention the patrons who had passed out courteously in dark corners instead of, say, on the stairs. Italy's **Reazione** kickstarted the last day with its catchy brand of streetpunk. Vinyl inflatable sheep graced the premises long after **Sic Boy Federation** bounded off stage. **The Stains** from London supplied '77-style tunes, and before we knew it, **Oxymoron** was belting out "Westworld" and "Beware" to an appreciative audience. Shortly after, the strains of "Never 'ad Nothing" ushered in (and would likewise usher out) the **Angelic Upstarts**, whose set was sprinkled with gems like "Teenage Warning," "Leave Me Alone," and "I Understand"; Tony from Red Alert strapped on his guitar and joined them for "England."

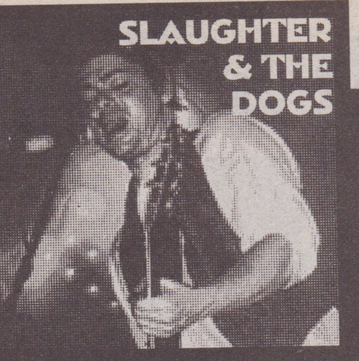
Topping off the event was **The Business**, who cranked out "Smash the Discos," "Suburban Rebels," "Guttersnipe," and other favorites. Robust audience members fulfilled our expectations during the finale ("Drinkin' and Drivin'") by flooding the stage in sweaty droves. (The display of cooperation—necessary to scale both the barrier and stage—was rather...umm...heartwarming.)

And then the house music came on, signaling the end to a long, intoxicated weekend of zesty punk rock spiced with sporadic sleep and little bathing. But though this chapter of Holidays in the Sun has concluded, another waits to be written.

Holidays in the Sun is celebrating punk's 25th anniversary in Morecambe, England, from July 6–8, 2001. For more information about this and other future HITS, contact Darren Smith Concerts by e-mail (Jennie@HITS.fsnet.co.uk) or mail (PO Box 2650, Wells, Somerset, BA5 1YL, United Kingdom), or check out the web site (www.datarecords.com/holidays).

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN
BERGARA

COCK SPARRER


SLAUGHTER
& THE
DOGS

COCKNEY REJECTS

DAY ONE

Slaughter & the Dogs
Cockney Rejects
La Broma de Satan
Suburban Rebels
The Devotchkas

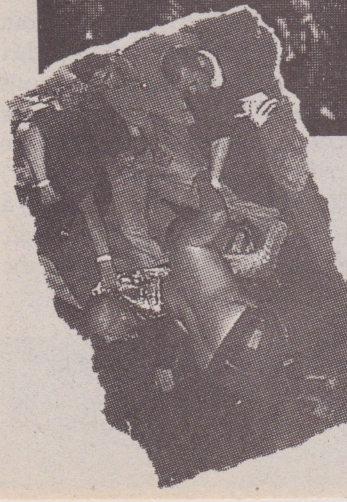
KLASSE KRIMINALE

DAY TWO

Cock Sparrer
The Boys
Peter & the
Test Tube Babies
Splodgenessabounds
Klasse Kriminale
Vicious Rumours
Segismundo Toxicomano
Aerobitch

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

DRINKIN' & DRIVIN'



THE BUSINESS

DAY THREE

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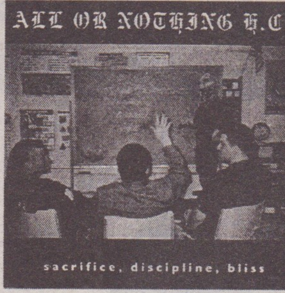
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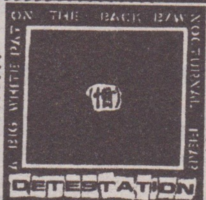
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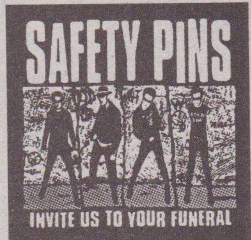
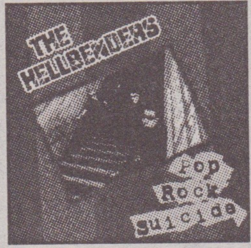
Hellbenders/Safety Pins- split LP/CD

-First up are the Hellbenders, demolishing nearly every pussy ass rock n roll band out there today. This is the band that everyone will be saying 'Where Was I When They Were Around?' Well here they are motherfuckers!! 5 tunes of bloody guitar pic, angst ridden Rock n Roll. Next up are those reckless degenerates the Safety Pins. They're back to invoke sonic subterfuge on the underworld screaming through 5 GG, LEWD, Dwarves style slashers. With a new second guitar player who only fuels this sick fucked up band, the Safety Pins maim you with every GODDAMN NOTE!!

Safety Pins- Invite Us To Your Funeral LP/CD



-The I don't Give A Fuck-ometer is totally in the red on this one!! After 2 completely smoking albums on Munster Records, these Spanish punks move over to Dead Beat for their debut American release. The Safety Pins are pure pissed off rage in songs like 'Suburban Twat', 'Plastic Punks' and 'Invite Us To Your Funeral!'. These guys bring a genuine sense of sheer anger and discontent reminiscent in early Jabbers era GG Allin. 13 songs on the cutting board floor including a cover by one of San Francisco's most hated bands... The Fuck Ups!!



The Hellbenders- Pop Rock Suicide LP/CD

-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They're not playing the Sunset strip or waiting to get that big call from Capitol. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Better act quick, 500 collector scum red wax almost gone!!

Smogtown- Beach City Butchers 10"

-Fear not my fellow punk rockers, the New Beach Alliance NEVER disappoint. With two shit hot 45's and, a killer track on the Viva La Vinyl #3 LP, they've returned with their strongest material to date . 6 scorching anthems in this masterpiece: 'Beach City Buthcers.' Also, check out their new album on Disaster, it's another trigger finger smoker!

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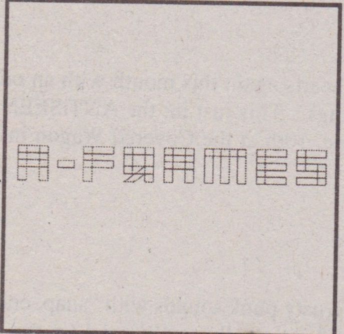


HASIL ADKINS AND HIS HAPPY GUITAR - "911 Bubblegum/Kim Hunching Rock"

......well.....it's another HASIL 45...... yup, another HASIL 45......hmmmm, yes-sir-eee.....it's another HASIL 45....same old shit.....nothing new....HASIL being HASIL......yup, it's another HASIL 45.... (SW)

(Ball, PO Box 152, Gardiner, ME 04345)

A-FRAMES - "Neutron Bomb" EP

Initial impressions: arch, minimal. Lyrics that read like compressed science-fiction horror stories ("electric death/destruction from the skies"), mangled guitar leads over choppy rhythms, martial drumming. "Test Tube Baby" combines upsetting prenatal imagery with a buzzing up-down punk riff, and "Radiation Generation" serves as an anthem for all the disaffected teenagers huffing pitchblende in America's back alleys. I've seen/heard/enjoyed the A-FRAMES ply their trade in front of a paying audience twice now, and while this disc doesn't convey all the magic of the *live* experience (they play this stuff loud, no mistake) it serves as a fine introduction for the willing listener. Try the A-FRAMES today! (JH)

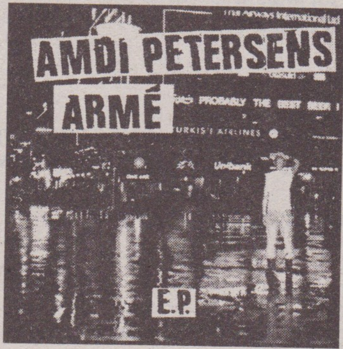
($3: Dragnet, 3519 SW Elmgrove St., Seattle, WA 98126, info@dragnetrecords.com)

A GLOBAL THREAT
IN THE Red

A GLOBAL THREAT – "In the Red" EP

Six tracks of fast-paced EXPLOITED-type punk thrash. Mohawks and GBH shirts, studded leather jackets and forties, oh to be young again... This is really good, this kind of stuff can sometimes go in one ear and out the other, but A GLOBAL THREAT pull it off well. Good lyrics too. (AD)

(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)



ADAMANTIUM - "When It Rains It Pours" CD

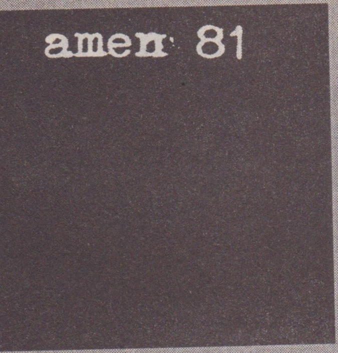
OK, all you kickboxing hardcore fans better jump on this. Fierce metal hardcore that has all the choppy breakdowns right where they need to be. Powerfully harsh vocals round this fucker out and make for an excellent release! I bet these guys have nice haircuts. Can somebody tell me why hardcore kids have such nice haircuts? (RC)

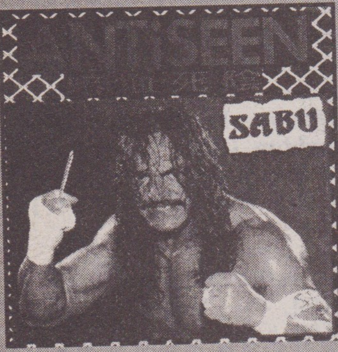
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

ADOLF & THE PISS ARTISTS - "Zero Hour" CD

Tough-as-nails hardcore punk rock with a pogo edge. These guys are definitely giving the BLANKS 77, CASUALTIES, and the likes a run for their money. This CD comes highly recommended!!! (NF)

(GMM Records, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)





ANTISGAMMO

AMDI PETERSEN'S ARMÉ - "De Hjernedødes Nat" EP

Holy Fuck! What is in the water Scandinavian peoples drink? First DS-13, and now this. Fuck. Fast and furious hardcore punk that sounds like it could have come out in 1982. Makes me wanna run around the room, smash shit and spray paint their logo on the walls. Looks like the drummer from INTENSITY is in this band so you know the deal. Raw, angry and pissed the fuck off. You like BLACK FLAG (pre-ROLLINS of course) or NECROS? Get this now or pose forever. (MT)

(Kick N' Punch, PO BOX 578, 2200 Copenhagen, DENMARK)

AMEN 81 - "Käfig" EP

AMEN 81's angry, thrashy German political hardcore is painstakingly packaged, but the muffled recording dims out the impact of the drums; hence the changes. Still, self-produced with nine rockin' songs, and plenty to say about the cops and the system, this is worth your cash. (AC)

(Frankenstr. 15, 90443 Nürnberg, GERMANY)

ANCHORMEN - "Punk Rock is Awesome" CD

I'm still not sure how seriously I should be taking this release—the goony title, the band photo, the references to Chuck Palahniuk and Don DeLillo... I'm going to have to say it's a pisstake on the new wave of Boston bands. The singer sounds somewhere in between the CRUCIFUCKS' Doc Dart and John from THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS. Dorky, three-chorded and and surprisingly well-played, with a bit of the PIXIES thrown in for good measure. (RD)

(Box 441915, Somerville, MA 02144-0006)

ANTISEEN - "Sabu/Sick Things" 45

Right back atcha! The Unholy find their way into our hearts again this month with an ode to Sabu the wrestler and a live version of the gnad pumper, "Sick Things". This just in: the ANTiSEEN are making their first West Coast appearance in 10 years!! Sunday Dec. 10th at the Covered Wagon in SF. Don't even think of missing that!! (RY)

(Steel Cage Records, PO Box 29247 Philadelphia, PA 19125)

ANTISGAMMO - "Assortite Ragioni" EP

Typical screaming vocalist over real dirgy and intense crusty punk sounds with "snap, crackle, pop" throughout the bad recording. Only one song on this Italian 7" is actually really good (in my mind anyways—and what does that matter to you?) "Difficile Accettazione" starts out real gloomy and slow, with a loud bass line, starts building up, and then pow! I love it. But I don't really like the rest half as much. (SR)

(Paank Levyt, 1-2-29 Asahikawa, Yokote, Akita, 013, JAPAN)

ANUS PRAETER - "Nationality Sucks" EP

German thrash, circa Y2K. Rough, raw hardcore with unintelligible vocals, guttural moaning and unpolished breaks. They managed to keep me wondering, with some interludes like the ones in "Renter," whereas you couldn't get a sense for where they might go. The super overflanged guitar (see "Don't Trouble Me") was a bit much to take, but they managed to bring it back into the fold by turning up the speed/aggression. Decent stuff—nothing ground breaking, but not painful either. (TM)

(Wahnfried, PO Box 100806, 01078 Dresden, GERMANY)

THE ASSAILANTS - "Modern Technology" CD

Twelve songs here. Pretty straight forward U.K.-influenced punk and hardcore, with just a bit of early eighties American hardcore coming through in the shouted vocals. It's pretty obvious that these guys have listened to DEFIANCE a couple of times as well. Good for what it is. (RM)

(Upstart Productions, 65A W. Madison Ave. #254, Dumont, NJ 07628)

ATESTABASSA - "Clone O.G.M." EP

Modern style hardcore that is good and fast with just a slight touch of melody thrown in for good measure. Maybe it was the music or maybe it was the way those vocals sung in Italian flowed off the tounge, but I found this to be a really catchy release. (RC)

(Rumble Fish Corporation, via G Giusti, 9372015, Fasano (BR) ITALY)

BEATSTEAKS - "48/49" CD

Several different styles of punk are present on this CD. The two most prevalent styles being that

TEN FOOT POLE/Epitaph style of "melodic hardcore" and more of a strait out chuga chuga hardcore. The "ska-punk" song is, as always, uncalled for. Otherwise, the songs are rather catchy with thick guitar and vocals that are similar to many of the Epitaph bands. Some lyrics are in English some in German. (PA)
(X'N'O, Schlesische Str. 14, 10997 Berlin, Germany)

ANUS PRAETER

BEDROCKERS - "Brian is an Arsonist" EP

These boys love the TEEN IDOLS and Panic Button records. It shows. I really dug this (even though the vocals were mixed low during the verses). Their cover of "Angel Eyes" is the best on the disc simply because of the baritone back ups. I would like to hear a full length from these boys. (BM)
(PO Box 14231 Columbus, OH 43214)

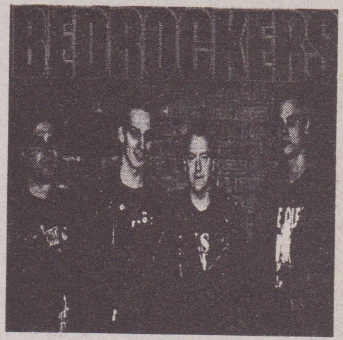
BLACK MAN WHITE MAN DEAD MAN - "Self Evident Truths Hold Tightly" EP

Discordant, petulant chaos a la BORN AGAINST. Looser and less controlled, but also lacking some of their intensity and impact. Still, as good an example of modern hardcore as I've heard recently. I actually listened to this record three times in a row. (AM)
(Thin The Herd, PO Box 7452, Olympia, WA 98507)

CLONE O.G.M.
CLONE O.G.M.
CLONE O.G.M.
CLONE O.G.M.
CLONE O.G.M.
CLONE O.G.M.
ATESTABASSA

BLACK MARKET FETUS/CATHETER - Split 7"

Middle America is pissed and ready to heard. BLACK MARKET FETUS' (not to be confused with the BLACK MARKET BABIES) screeching atop blast beats attack like a wild fire in late summer grasslands, growing more powerful and unstoppable as they destroy. CATHETER (not to be confused with the CATHETERS) on the flipside are similar but not quite as blistering—they include more heavy parts. Definitely for the lovers of speed. (TJ)
(Selfishfucker, PO Box 615, Wsti, CO 80036/selfishfcker@hotmail.com)



THE BLAME - "Germany" CD

Well..... emo with youth crew tendencies. Rather sloppy with horribly half-assed, half-screamed vocals. Mid tempo songs with predictable breakdowns and poor song writing in general (that includes lyrics). The whole CD sounds forced and if there is any really emotion, it just doesn't come through on the CD. (PA)
(Grrr, 920 W. Wilson Ave., Chicago, IL 60640, www.theblamed.com)

BONECRUSHER - "Followers of a Brutal Calling" CD

This is pretty hammer! Heavy mid-tempo punk that's got some good hooks. Sort of like POISON IDEA with more of a UK influence. I've seen these guys play live a couple of times and I can honestly say that the songs here sound as tough as these fellows look. Fifteen tunes total with this being solid from start to finish. (RM)
(Outsider, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809)

CATHETER
3 SONG E.P.

BOTTLES AND SKULLS - "Amped and Fucked Up" EP

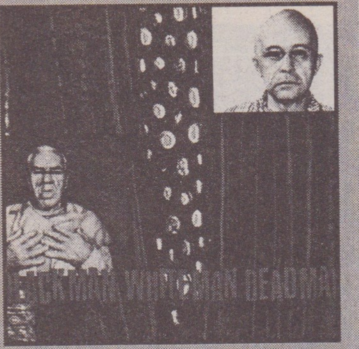
I guess these guys are locals but this is my first exposure to them as far as I can recall. The music here is fast and chaotic punk with screamed, painful vocals and fairly heavy guitars but the tunes manage to be catchy enough. Kind of eclectic in a BIG BOYS or DICKS kind of way. All in all a good release. (RM)
(735 Grove St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94102)

BRIGADE O.D./PIZDA MATERNA - split LP

I know we recently reviewed a split EP with the exact same bands, except now we have an LP. The BRIGADE O.D. side of the LP was recorded live. The recording is actually really good and it capture their crusty style quite well. Gruff vocals, gruff music and gruff lyrics. I think you get the picture. PIZDA MATERNA follow suit with some strong punk as well. They venture into some slowed down more melodic territory, which was a refreshing change of pace. They have a female vocalist who has a very strong voice and she even sings at times. There is even a live recording where they cover the EXPLOITED's "Sex and Violence." This D.I.Y. release all comes on a big fancy picture disk. I just hope I put down the correct contact address since there were about 9 of them! (RC)
(Tazzor Existence, David Clocchiati, Via Rovigo 7, 33010, Tavagnacco (UD) ITALY)

BRISTLES - "Tattooed and Rotten" CD

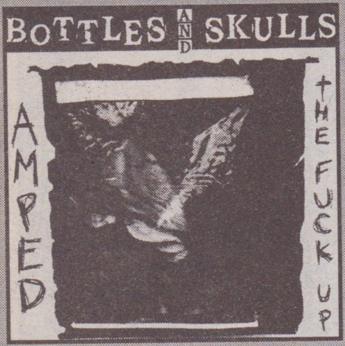
Let's see. Twelve songs. Pretty straight forward street/pop punk that borders on sounding like SCREECHING



WEASEL at times. I don't know, this isn't terrible, it's just there's no sense of urgency and the vocals sound lackadaisical. (RM)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226 0035)

BULEMICS - "Product of America" EP

This band asked Texas Terri from TEX & THE HORSEHEADS to sing on the b-side of this record and then proceeded to drown out the vocals almost completely. The overall sound is also consistent with being recorded in a large empty metal room. Otherwise, they're about what you'd expect from an Austin band with demonic symbols on their record cover. (DP)
(Scarey, PO Box 49467, Austin, TX 78765, bulemics@hotmail.com)



BUTCHERS/SUBWAY THUGS - split LP "DSS Records Double Fist Series Vol. 1"

The SUBWAY THUGS were one of the best streetpunk/Oi! bands in all of North America! These Vancouver, British Colombia skinheads played mean and tough street music with lots of authority ! Mike's guitar work coupled with Greg's gruff vocals were absolutely earth-shaking! This was THE band of it's era in Canada. The BUTCHERS side of this split LP does not hold up as well. These guys get some good guitar playing help from Mr. Carl Fritscher of the TEMPLARS. The ROSE TATTOO brand of rock 'n' roll the BUTCHERS play might be great live, but it is hampered here by weak vocals that would be more at home with the SUPERSUCKERS. This record is definitely worth owning just for the SUBWAY THUGS side! (BR)
(DSS Records, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, Austria dss@telecom.at)

CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS - "On M'Appelle Pussycat" EP

Hey alright, this is some great party/dancing music. CECILIA and friends are unleashing some hot shit French beat music here, and unlike some of the weaker competition, this has as much raw soul as attitude. The gritty organ sections and fuzz guitar breaks are especially nice touches. And CECILIA herself? Sexy, dangerous, and soulful, of course. With such raw grooves and sultry vocals, this is a perfectly realized project. (BG)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

elle
question
j'aime danser
qu'un jour

COFFEIN BOMB/ SOUL BOYS - split EP "Thrilling New Hamburg Bash No.1"

Yes! After a brilliant EP on DSS Records earlier this year. The SOUL BOYS from Hamburg, Germany have a great new split EP with COFFEIN BOMB available on Moltow Shop Records. The SOUL BOYS start off with a bang on the song "Aggressive Blend". This is a rough and ready Oi! song with some of the best vocals this side of the TEMPLARS. The SOUL BOYS have achieved a good blend of gruff vocals and refined guitar parts. This band is in line to sweep Europe and the States by storm, with their raucous sound. The second SOUL BOYS song is a COCK SPARRER cover song-'Tough Guys", from the *Guilty as Charged* LP from 1994.The other side of this split has COFFEIN BOMB singing their songs "Entertainment for Fools" and "I Don't Wanna Listen". This is melodic punk with rock 'n' roll guitars. (BR)
(Molotow Shop Records, Blustr. 21, 19370 Parchim , Hamburg, GERMANY)

CONTENDERS/BACKSTABBERS - "Live in the Big Sleazy" LP

Volume 11 in Rave Up's *American Lost Punk Nuggets* series which also brought great stuff from REACTORS, VECTORS, FEATURES, DOGS, DEFEX and more. There's been some really good stuff coming out. The CONTENDERS and the BACKSTABBERS hail from New Orleans in the mid-'70s. The lead singer left the BACKSTABBERS to form the CONTENDERS when "personality conflicts and drugs" started getting in the way. BACKSTABBERS tracks are demos and live tracks from 1976-77 which are strongly influenced by the NEW YORK DOLLS, glammy with a rock and roll background. The CONTENDERS tracks are from the comp *N.O. Experience Necessary* and live stuff that sounds like a cross between the REAL KIDS and RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS, more punky, but the rock and roll is still there. Cool stuff. (CK)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 Roma, ITALY, raveup@tiscalinet.it)

CRIA CUERVOS - "Soap Opera" CD

Songs in French, Spanish, and English by these multi-lingual French ladies. This is excellent catchy, melodic, and driving punk rock with a pretty fast tempo. I'd love to hear more from these women. Check them out. (SR)
(Cria Cuervos, c/o T. Moya, 3 allee des Cytises, 91100 Corbeil, Essonnes, FRANCE, cria_cuervos@hotmail.com)

THE CROOKS – "Just Released" CD

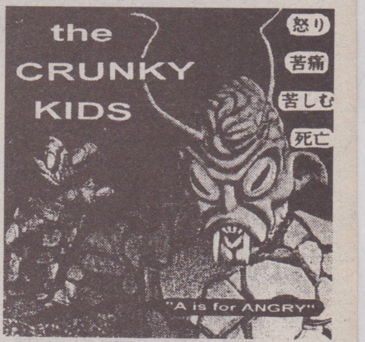
An unknown mod gem reissue here. This disc is this short-lived band's LP from 1980 and a couple of singles tracks. This has a softer LAMBRETTAS or SECRET AFFAIR type of sound. Still one of

the better mod revival bands from back in the day. Well recommended to any mod rocker or pop fan. (RL)
(Captain Mod, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

THE CROWD
I'M NOT HAPPY HERE.

THE CROWD - "I'm Not Happy Here" EP

Remember these cats from the heyday of Rodney on the ROQ and SoCal beach punk? Neither do I, but I've heard stories. I always regretted missing that era—Posh Boy, Beach Boulevard, the SIMPLETONES...but this latest EP changes my mind. I knew that the charm of 'luded out beach toughs like these guys would wear thin, and it has. Two originals that try their damnedest to compete with SMOGTOWN, the STITCHES and U.S. BOMBS, and a passable cover of the WEIRDOS' "Solitary Confinement." The production's good, but the lyrics are unforgivable. Looks like an early retirement for these sad sacks. (RD)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

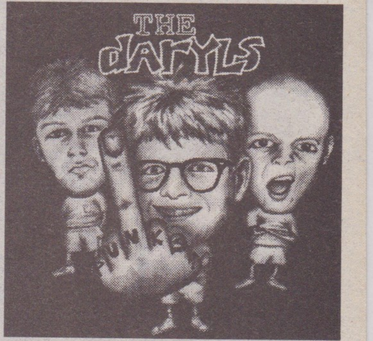


CRUNKY KIDS - "A is for Angry" EP

I think this band is from Ohio. I work with a guy from Ohio who will get up on stage with any band, anywhere, and do as great a version of "The Humpty Dance" as you ever heard. I was looking forward to some similar house party hip hop jamz from this slab of vinyl, but I had to make do with an ONSLAUGHT cover. The pace of the fast 1-2/1-2 thrash never lets up, so at times the singer ends up sounding a bit like the Cookie Monster, but all in all they don't have a bad sound. The lyrics are pretty good as well, especially the one about sterilization. Still, I wish they'd done the Humpty Hump. (AM)
(Hibachi Records, 497 Owego Street, Painesville, OH 44077-4122)

CRUX - "How Does This Go" CD

This being my first taste of CRUX, I was taken back by their mild vocals. The music is very thrashy, kinda like early, early JUGHEAD'S REVENGE (which I really liked) yet the vocals kinda have this melodic mildness to them that I couldn't look past. This CD contains sessions from 1998, '93 and '94, and while the recording gets heavier and rawer (and the music even more thrashier), the vocals maintain that SNFU style that only Chi-Pig could really pull off. (MW)
(Boot to Head, PO Box 9005, Portland, OR 97207)



CSSO - Live LP

CSSO play that style that walks the line between grindcore and noise. Looped samples, feedback, fusion, blast beats, grindcore songs....you get it all on this. The tracks are taken from different sets so you get a good variety of recordings. Yet you need to be a fan of the most extreme of grindcore to really appreciate. (MW)
(Riot City Japan, Po Box 33590, Portland, OR 97292)

THE DARYLS - "Punks" CD

The DARYLS are three goofy guys who seem to enjoy playing songs with four chords and simple lyrics that one would assume would not take much thought to pen, however after a closer look the DARYLS are three goofy guys who enjoy playing simple songs with four chords and *just enough* lyrics to get their point across. What is the point they are trying to make? That they are three goofy guys who enjoy playing songs with only four chords and simple lyrics. Geek Rock if you will. Perfect sound track to computer dating, high school dating, not getting a date, etc... Juvenile? Of course, but wouldn't you rather worry about if that cute girl in the sweater likes you or not, rather than which presidential candidate will fuck things up worse?? Dismiss this off as generic pop punk or simply "Mutant Pop wuss shit", but this is what we all secretly want. (BM)
($8 ppd; Brucemonkey, PO Box 2743, Salem, OR 97308, members.home.net.brucemonkey)

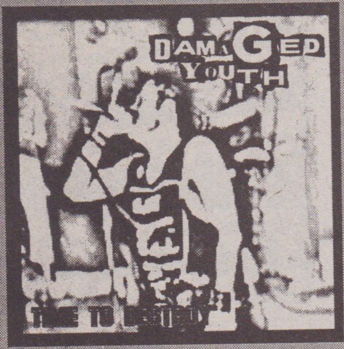
DALTONIC RADIO ON

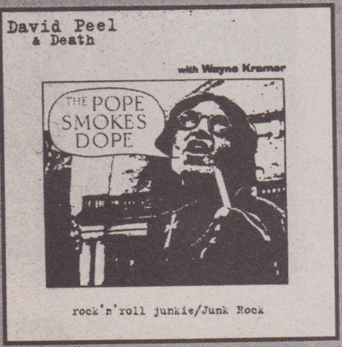
DALTONIC - "Radio On" CD

This is probably the second or third release I've heard from these guys. On each they seem to be making some sort of transition, as if on the cusp of a new style. This time they sound like a band caught between their late wave straight edge past and what appears to be an emo laden future. The music is fiery and coiled. Picture *Salad Days*-era MINOR THREAT, or SAMIAM before they gave up the ghost. They feature a strange effect on the vocals, which can be distracting, but otherwise this is an interesting release. (BG)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

DAMAGED YOUTH - "Time to Destroy" EP

Three songs of speedy, early eighties UK type hardcore/punk ala GBH. Not bad. (RM)
(Straight Up, Kowa Bld 3F Minami-2 Nishi-1 Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062 JAPAN)





DEARBORN S.S.

DAVID PEEL & DEATH - "Rock'n'Roll Junkie/Junk Rock"

Why don't more Americans reissue the cool stuff—why do the euro boys get all the good shit? Anyhausen, this is yet another, originally from '79 on the hep Orange label (which also sported a young GG ALLIN). Awesome lo-fi crispy production values throughout. Fucked lyrics delivered in shout mode. Noisy as hell crispy gtr sound deftly sputtered by the MC5's Wayne Kramer. The A-side's a way cool trad proto-punk anthem, but the flip's the gem: a totally spazzed out rant that's gotta be heard to be believed. I believe in rock'n roll again. (HY)

(Hate, circ.ne gianicolense 112, 00152, Roma, ITALY, haters@tiscalinet.it)

DEARBORN SS - "Dying on the Blue Cross" EP

First off, the title is in reference to what this EP/band is addressing: the fact that Henry Ford of Ford Motor Company was an anti-Semite. The liner notes describes how he published and distributed anti-Semitic materials within his factories and communities. It goes on to discuss the reverence that Hitler had for Ford, and describes the history of Ford's Dearborn Independent journal, the vehicle in which he published his views. Now to the music, well written, catchy mid-tempo hardcore with dual male/female vocals. Driven by ex-members of countless Mid-West bands, this EP shows how much experience this unit has at making punishing and insightful thrash.(MW)

(Council, PO Box 220691, Chicago, IL 60622)

DEBT - "The Pain of Constant Living" CD

Hailing from Ireland, DEBT pump out 9 songs of angst ridden metallic hardcore. Brings to mind CATHARSIS or maybe a little GEHENNA. Not too much of fan of this style these days, but they do it good. The cover is a little hard to spot, they suffer from "small cursive writing laid on top of spooky-art" syndrome. So you'll have to take some time in the distro box to get this one. (MW)

(Rejected, Po Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, IRELAND)

DEMONS - "Riot Salvation" LP

More Swedes, less meatball. Gearhead R 'n' R from the TURKS/E.F. book. Respectably rockin', but not worth tearin' yer panties off for. Soft on attitude, this kinda goes down too easy. They do me no harm, and that's too bad. (RY)

(Gearhead, PO Box 421219 San Francisco, CA 94142)

DICKIES – "The Incredible Shrinking Dickies" CD

A reissue of this semi-recently deleted in the US disc. Although I lean a little more towards *Dawn Of The Dickies* this debut LP is still great. Tack on six singles' tracks and you have a no brainer if you don't have these songs in your collection. One of goof punks legendary bands. (RL)

(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

DISRUPT YOUTH – "Lookin' for Answers" CD

Aussie HC punk on Beer City. To me it sounds like a harder CASUALTIES, Dougie says they sound like S.F.A. or SHEER TERROR, so you could say they blend tough hardcore and older Britpunk to create a loud angry hybrid or something. The CD also contains their first two 7"s. Pretty good stuff. (AD)

($8: Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

THE DOGS - "Charlie Was a Good Boy" EP

This is a reissue of the Melodies Massacre seven inch from the early eighties. These guys were rock 'n' roll boys from France who sang in English. Sounds like late '60s garage. This reminds me of the CLASH—the singer does a sort of Joe Strummer thing. In the title song, they just talk about this guy named Charlie; Charlie did this, Charlie did that... (JT)

(Munster, PO Box 18107, Madrid, SPAIN)

DRAGONS - "Woah Yeah!/Wasted Days and Wasted Nights" 45

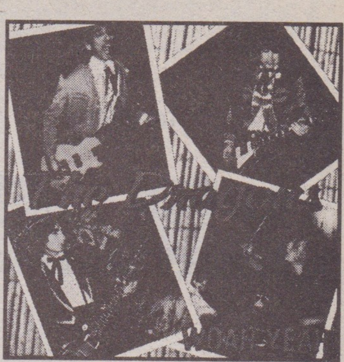
With this single, the DRAGONS squeeze everything they can out of their non-stop lead guitar breaks and hyper-STOOGES antics to make a blaring rock testament that will either leave you grooving or out in the cold. The flip is the better of the two songs, a familiar chunk of hard rock that survives its guitar excesses. (SS)

(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142)

THE DROP OUTS - "Nobody Likes You" CD

The DROP OUTS do pretty good snotty pop punk. They work NOFX, SCREECHING WEASEL and GG ALLIN bits nicely into their own raucous tunes. I'd venture to say they're a head above of the millions of their pop punk peers especially after being exposed to their 18-minute hidden track mystery jam. Pretty decent CD. (HM)

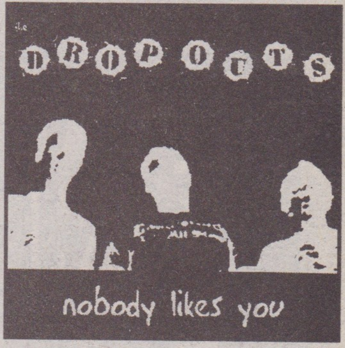
($8: Brucemonkey, PO Box 2743, Salem, OR 97308, http://dropouts.8k.com)



THE DRUNKS - "Ruin it for Everyone" CD

Mediocre punk meets oi-type band from New England. Maybe a CASUALTIES and BRUISERS hybrid, but not done very well. (NF)

(TKO Records, 4104 24th St, San Francisco, CA 94114)



ECLIPSE - "The Jehovah Congress" 10"

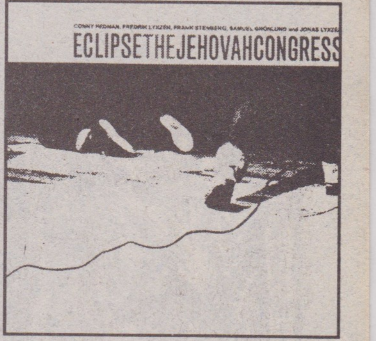
This is fucking incredible. The super-heavy guitars and general dark tone place ECLIPSE in the same arena as URANUS and ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY, but with the beat and energy of HIS HERO IS GONE. Introspective lyrics, excellent production, and just an awesome release in general. I am told that the band contains members of DS-13, SEPARATION, and a whole slew of others. Seek this out. (SP)

(Desperate Fight, Box 4340, 10267 Stockholm, SWEDEN, eclipse@thejehovahcongress.cjb.net)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN - "An Evening with..." EP

Three songs recorded live in Denver in 1999. I can't tell if this is a bootleg or not. They list an "EF" address and a FEAG Productions e-mail address. At any rate the song quality is decent, but certainly not anything to get excited about. If you're an EF junkie, you might want to look for it. Otherwise it's not worth the effort. (KK)

(EF, PO Box 210, Boonton, NJ, 07005, feag2000@aol.com)


CONNY PEDMAN, FREDRIK LYXZÉN, FRANK STENBERG, SAMUEL GRÖNLUND and JONAS LYXZÉ
ECLIPSETHEJEHOVAHCONGRESS

ELBOW DEEP/THREE FOUND DEAD - split LP

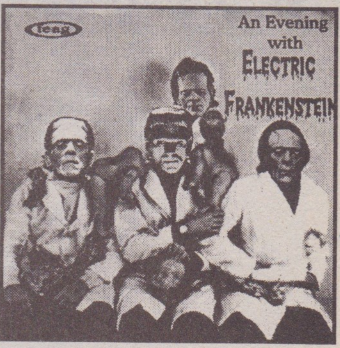
Crazy Aussie hardcore, ferocious stuff. ELBOW DEEP go straight for the throat—short, fast, and brutal songs pile one after another without relief. Alternating between hoarse grindcore and gruff hardcore, the vocals change about as quickly and as often as the pace. A lot of samples, which can be distracting, but with songs like "All Work, No Play," I'm not complaining. Powerhouse stuff. The flip is also a keeper—THREE FOUND DEAD work some blistering hardcore—quick in tempo and delivery—awesome. Somehow they jam 20 songs on to their side of the LP, so you can do the math. Secret cover tracks in there as well—excellent. Whole thing is packaged in a gatefold sleeve with lyrics, band photos and the like. Some ace stuff. (TM)

(Youth Enrage, 2 Megalong Crescent, Campbelltown NSW 2560 AUSTRALIA)

FETUS EATERS - "Vomitcore" EP

SoCal death metal/grindcore that was released posthumously. Fans of early Seraphic Decay Records might dig...its got that early 90s death metal demo quality to it. (MW)

(Fetus Eaters, PO Box 6488, Burbank, CA 91510-6488)



FIELD DAY - "Dawn of a New Day" CD

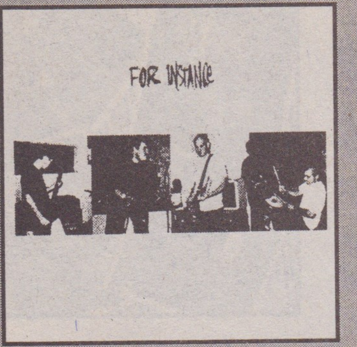
The inside of this CD features a picture of the band hanging out in what is, I presume, either a practice room or one of the member's bedrooms. Either way, the walls are covered with old punk rock posters and flyers from, like the early '80s to now. Reminds me of my room in high school. Even eyeballed a few of the same old classic flyers I had. Oh, but this is a record review right? They sound like predictable pop punk, with tight arrangements and sport a singer that mercifully doesn't sound as generic as the music (more of an old school, slightly throaty sound). They seem proficient enough to have a following, but I had more fun with the photo of the fly(er)paper room. (BG)

(Onefoot, PO Box 3072,7, Long Beach, CA 90853)

FIFTEEN - "Survivor" CD

I thought this band had decided to call it quits a while ago, but alas, we weren't that lucky. So what we get is another CD of FIFTEEN and their bad brand of East Bay melodic punk rock. I must admit that the lyrics are intelligent until you consider the source—then they are just hypocritical. If only this band had kept its word when they had their "final" show. (JF)

(Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)



Foreign Legion
punkrock jukebox

GLOOM
SPEED NOISE HARDCORE RAGS

FIRST ALERT - "Thrills and Spills of 48 Hours, Just Before She Undresses Herself" LP

........fucking strange record to listen to with the head-set on.....the production is all over the place....guitars pop in, pop out....everything real uneven..... and the vocals are buried.....I guess Todd Rundgren hasn't been hanging in Japan these days.....too bad, 'cause this album needs to come to life....I remember these lads very well.....the INFECTIONS played their last show with them in Japan back in the day..... and they sound pretty much the same now as they did then...... pure pop..... jingle-jangle power pop hooky nipple twisters..... and they came complete with a fashion-boy mascott, Sawayan Brian....a nice looking band indeed...... this isn't a bad record, but the lousy production ruins it for me.....my dick is only half hard and it doesn't look like it wants to cum..... (SW)

(Time Bomb, Toporo 51 Bldg, 2-18-18 Nishi-shinsaibashi, Chuo-ku, Osaka, 542-0086 JAPAN)

FOR INSTANCE/REDUX - split EP

Honestly, how long was it before there would be Christian crust? I hoped I wouldn't live to see the day, but REDUX took care of that. Aside from thanking God multiple times in the lyric sheet (which, I know, isn't that big of a deal), they're a by-the-numbers mix of the CASUALTIES' steez and HATEBREED singing. The religion isn't prominent at all; it just seems comically incongruous with their style. FOR INSTANCE is more of the same—it's done quite well, and I can picture both bands tearing it up in some small-town community center, with kickboxers going off. Not too shabby. (RD)

(PO Box 2391, Orcutt, CA 93457)

FOREIGN LEGION - "Punkrock Jukebox" EP

Melodic, sing-a-long type oi that's middle of the road at best. Maybe if the BUSINESS were pretty bad and poppier too. Thumbs down. (NF)

(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)

FUN PEOPLE – "Art Of Romance" LP

At one time, Argentina's FUN PEOPLE could do no wrong with their unique brand of SNFU *How To Catch A Fish* -era punk. But as the membership has changed, so has the sound. Today's FUN PEOPLE, while still retaining some of their early sound, also have a distinct mid '70s New York undercurrent, a la HEARTBREAKERS or NEW YORK DOLLS. Not that this is bad. it just doesn't touch the first three albums that this band produced. (JF)

(Little Deputy)

GLOOM - "Speed Noise Hardcore Rags" EP

Repress of their first EP that came out a few years back by these D-beat masters. Total DISCHARGE worship in full effect. Not quite as good as DISCLOSE, in my humble opinion, but really, who is? Shit like this makes me wanna throw on my studded jacket, charge my hair and smash the state. Now if only I had a studded jacket... Oh well. (MT)

(M.C.R. Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN)

GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS - "Power Bomb Anthems Vol 1" 10"

Fuck. This is some powerhouse stuff—can't say that I'm surprised, as I pretty much expected this to kick ass, but I've certainly been wrong before. Eleven tracks of blistering hardcore—breaks galore, this is the apocalypse of Ohio hardcore. Fuck. Short is just the beginning—they keep it short because you can't take it. Tight, like a gnat's ass. Tight because wasted effort is effort wasted. When you're efficient, you need little else. Blazing hardcore in the way all great hardcore has been, quick, unapologetic and energetic. Lyrics are all over the place: diatribes on cops and our corrupt political system, the spite overfloweth. Can't wait for the CD. (TM)

(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco CA 94142)

GORE BEYOND NECROPSY/ARSEDESTROYER - split EP

GBN is famous for their almost noisecore approach to primitive grindcore...something they refer to as "harshit core." Works for me. These tracks aren't as good as the new EP on Blurred. ARSEDESTROYER kick down some lo-fi Swedish grind that their known for. Unfortunately this record is mastered kinda weird, so it doesn't stand out that well. For those keeping track, it was put out to support a Japanese tour that both bands went on. (MW)

(GBN, Akinob Ohtaki, 837-6 Horinishi, Hadano-city, Kanagawa, 259-1331, JAPAN)

GRAVE DANGER - CD

This seems like a bar band that heard there was an interest in bands that play garage and surf music, and sing songs about misogyny and horror movies. They finally got around to playing that type of music a few years later. Yawn. (CK)
(Rustic, PO Box 15225, Phoenix, AZ 85060)

gordon solie motherfuckers!
power bomb anthems vol. 1

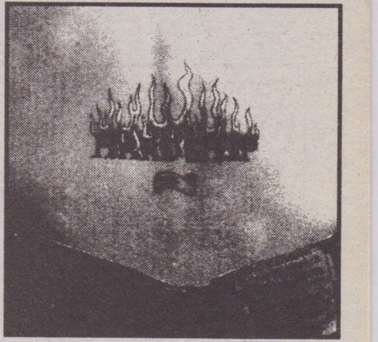
GYOGUN RENDS - "Fish Eyed Soul" LP

An entire album's worth of strut and stomp rock 'n' roll from this Japanese three-piece. GYOGUN RENDS can slip fantastically from an aggressive reworking of PRETTY THINGS-style rock to a manic and fuzzy rhythm and blues with the deep vocals of one member accomplishing a terrific stand in for a saxophone fill. This is up there with the NEW BOMB TURKS, TEENGENERATE, and the OBLIVIANS. Honestly. (TH)
(Screaming Apple, Düstemichstr. 14, 509 39 Köln, GERMANY, ScreamApp@aol.com)

GORE BEYOND
NECROPSY

HARDSHIP - "Stray" EP

Another solid release from these Portland stalwarts, who have been around for a while now, and haven't produced a dud (that I've heard at least!) release yet. Midpaced hardcore—they can be distorted and noisy at times, yet maintain a straight ahead approach that keeps it catchy. Couple of runs through and you'd be able to sing along and play air drums, if that's your thing. Especially like songs like "Fatal Blow," where they turn up the energy a bit. Heard plenty of comparisons to bands like ECONOCHRIST and DEAD AND GONE, certainly respectable company to keep. Wish they had included lyrics as they've been great in the past, but y'know... (TM)
(Stealth Ordeal, 3817 SE Liebe St, Portland, OR 97202)

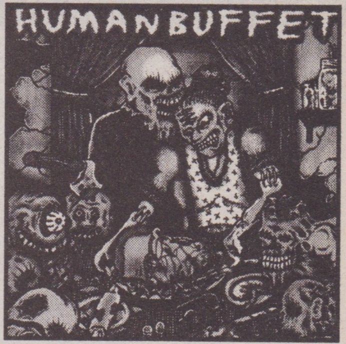


HIGH STRUNG/ONE REASON - split CD

HIGH STRUNG is out of control! A full on hammer fight between NO FX and FYP, but not with a PROPAGHANDI or I SPY result. Fast, sloppy, and punk guitars with ultra-rapid delivery of tight and melodic vocals. There are the occasional slow bits but they drop that crap *fast*. You'll know when the CD switches over to ONE REASON, but just barely. OK, a little more than barely, there's thicker bass and dual male female vocals that are more pop. Still pretty sick, however. Good song attacking sexist lyrics. (TH)
(no address, highstrungtn@hotmail.com, onereason@geeklife.com)

HUMAN BUFFET - EP

This band is trying to do the MISFITS thing, but come off more like the UNDEAD. This is not a compliment, unless you like bad rock with a bad horror comic element. (JF)
(Brain Transplant, 6759 Transparent Drive, Clarkston, MI 48346)



HUMAN DESPAIR - "Cry Out, Fist Up" EP

Before we start the review, think about that title. By far that is the greatest EP title I have ever heard. This is HUMAN DESPAIR's second EP, and as with the first, they play some kick-ass Japanese hardcore in the traditional vein. Emphasizing the shouted vocals, the rocking solos...man, I love this style. (MW)
(Discrete, no address, JAPAN)

INVICTUS - "Never Forget Your Commitment" LP

In my hands I hold every reason why straight edge is despised and ridiculed. Dumb jocks who poorly rehash mid-tempo '90s hardcore and call other finger pointers "shallow" as if they have some higher motivating force. Wise up when you cover SEVEN SECONDS "You Lose" you shouldn't be thanking the (ultra-violent) Courage Crew over and over. And to quote from an intro of their live song, they "don't care if its not cool or not original. That what (they) we are." The cover reflects the crap inside with its botched Photoshop tragedy, devoid of any style. They should trade their computers in for a lifetime supply of glue sticks and photocopies, it could only improve their style. (TJ)
(Break Even Point, Via Vallebona 28, 00168 Rome ITALY)

JET BOYS - "I Don't Need Your Love/I Wanna Fuck Myself"45

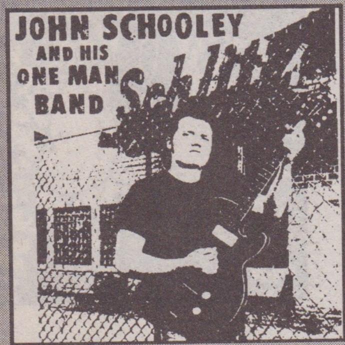
Short record. "I Don't Need Your Love" ended before I was able to move my hands from the turntable back to the keyboard and commence typing...real tuff and fun tune, though, in the patented Japanese TEENGENERATE-ish REGISTRATORS-ian hit-'em-fast-and-hit-'em-hard mode. "I Wanna Fuck Myself" is indeed an old GG ALLIN number, which offers a useful indication of where the JET BOYS' interests lie (fact: last night a friend showed me his prized possession: a GG ALLIN & the SCUMFUCKS

Jet Boys
ONO CHING
I DON'T NEED YOUR LOVE

record not only signed by every member of the band, but coated with GG's *dried blood*! I was astounded!). Fun noise for hopped-up perverts. (JH)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Bldg. 1F, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Tokyo, JAPAN, vinyl@aay.mtci.ne.jp)

JET BOYS - "Ready Jet Go!!" CD

The JET BOYS have a tough time keeping their clothes on: the photographs that accompany *Ready Jet Go* stand as proof of that. They bash their guitars against walls, floors and human skulls, flail madly in a desperate race against time and/or good taste, and abuse both their elderly grandparents and household pets. Real stand-up guys, y'know. Role models that your kid brothers and sisters can really look up to and admire. Twenty tracks of almighty sleaze 'n' roll here, all of them boss noise that gets my endocrine system in an uproar. "Wild, Drive, Jail, Vacant", "Rock 'n' Roll Girlfriend", "Rock 'n' Roll All Nite", "Sex Animal" and "Jet Kung-Fu ___________ (*insert unintelligible Japanese characters here*)" are about as sophisticated of statements as the JET BOYS are capable of making, which is, of course, where their appeal lies. Good. Like. (JH)
(IAM, 11F Prime Square Tower 1-1-39 Hiroo, Shibuya-ku, 150-0012 Tokyo, JAPAN, shiho@modd.com)



JOHN SCHOOLEY'S ONE MAN BAND – "Rock 'n' Roll Party" EP

He may have a central band to concern himself with these days (the superb HARD FEELINGS) but this guy seems to be able to save a few tunes to stamp as his very own. Raw (duh) two tracker conjures everything a modern-day truckstop (eg.) is all about: crusty speed-feeling emptiness and a sick gut. You get drums and guitar and soul, thank you. He looks very JOHNNY CASH circa '56 on the back sleeve. (RW)
(Ball, PO Box 152, Gardiner, ME, 04345)

Jumpin' Beans
and
Willie

JUMPIN' BEANS & WILLIE - "Popcorn/Milkshake for Two"

Band most likely to win the JANDEK award for incongruous, lo-fi, non-marketplace-awareness propensities. Y'know, these guys have about 4 other singles out all with the same washed-out, inconsequential photo of some unshaven Joe/Joes in some band complete with flannel shirt and another photo of the drummer with a washing machine clearly in the background. Both songs are practically acapella as there's a barely audible guitar and some rumbling in the background. that when listened to closely, turns out to be some badly recorded drums (perhaps its the washing machine in said picture). Musically, this is somewhere between Beserkley-era JONATHAN RICHMAN and any number of retro-billy type things with a certain '50s era teen thing (ala popcorn/milkshakes) going. Not aggro at all and barely above a whisper. These guys have my respect for their unflinching steadfastness to their vision. (JY)
(Ball, PO Box 152, Gardiner, ME 04345)

KID WITH A MAN HEAD - "Fond Memories Of The Halibut Rodeo" CDEP

Does *MRR* have it in for me or what? Once again I receive a slew of ugly, suburban white boy pop-pish fucking pap (or is it punk?) to review for the month. You know, in case anyone's asking, I can reasonably listen to maybe 5% of this sort of thing before the gag reflex kicks in. Thank fucking God these guys are one of the minuscule few who can do it with real emotion and personality. They are reminiscent of DOUGHBOYS or BIG DRILL CAR, but very much their own thing, as well. I hear lots of longing and frustrated, pent up energy here. A good hearty stew, if you ask me. Four of the six songs are new, and rock accordingly. The fifth is a horrible mistake, but with their track record, I'll let them slide. Oh yeah, and the sixth is an old chestnut from many a year ago that holds up quite well in this company. Yeah, I actually like it. (BG)
(Forest, PO Box 20, Matawan, NJ 07747)

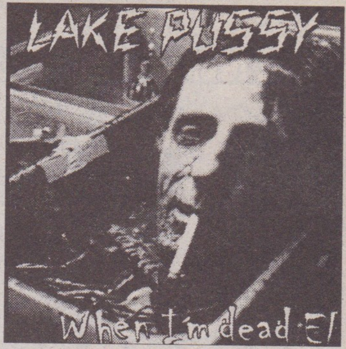
LAKE PUSSY - "When I'm Dead" EP

This is the second seven-inch release by LAKE PUSSY on their own Caustic Rock Records .On the new EP you get hectic dual-guitar punk from Massenhausen, Germany, sung in English. The vocals contain angst-ridden, tortured, peels of high-pitched discomfort. The band members sing along dutifully. When LAKE PUSSY play their fast songs they create an efficient punk rock machine. The vocals are, intentionally I believe, grating on the nerves. This irritation persists throughout the duration of the EP. You get good guitar chops here coupled with cynical lyrics. Punk rock you fucks! (BR)
(Caustic Rock Records, c/o Tom Becker, Muhlweg 13 85376 Massenhausen, GERMANY)

LAMBS - CD

Metal. From Finland. But, not "Black Metal". METALLICA metal. I do enjoy the cover art, all

black with their name and the silhouette of a lamb. Cute and evil. Yarrrrr! (RY)
(Devil Doll, PO Box 30727 Long Beach, CA 90853)



LONDON – "The Punk Rock Collection" CD

Until recently I never knew Captain Oi had reissued this great LP on disc. There is a boot of this on vinyl floated around too but get the sure thing here. Although this band may go down in history as the drummer in CULTURE CLUB's punk band, this release is much more. Catchy brit punk in a EDDIE & the HOT RODS and VIBRATORS way. "No Time" and original LP title track "Animal Games" fuel this to classic first wave punk heaven. (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

LOVE SONGS - "Restore L'Amore" CD

LOVE SONGS is the solo project by Craigums of YOUR MOTHER and WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? that proves Craigums is a genius! He plays rock, rap, and pop punk tunes with masterful songwriting and comedic brilliance. This heartfelt, low fi, low budget product is a must. Totally Awesome! (HM)
(Impatience or Indifference c/o HBA Elliot Lange, 826 Valencia St, San Francisco, CA 94110, craigums@yourmother.com)

LUCID NATION – "The Stillness of Over" CD

Rockin' punk with female vocals from LA. I don't generally like girl-fronted bands, but these guys are a cut above the rest; good songs with great lyrics. They remind me a little of X, but also DETOX as they have a underlying menacing feeling about them. I'm not sure if they're still around, these songs are all recorded in '95 and '96. Cool. (AD)
($10 ppd: Brain Floss, 1015 N. Kings Rd. #313, Los Angeles, CA 90069)

LYSDEXICS
Cut me Mickey OFF

LYSADEXICS – "Cut Me Mickey Off" EP

This comes with *Summer's Over* "zine (406 Wznsts #3, Melrose, MN 56352.) Unfortunately it arrived broken, so I can only review the last two songs on each side (there's nine tracks altogether...) It's very fast spazzed-out thrashy snotty punk. What I could hear was pretty good. (AD)
(Meat Envy, PO Box 1993, St. Cloud, MN 56302)

MIGHTY IONS – "Face Rakin' Rock" CD

A punk/new wave band from the Boston area circa 1981. A collection of 24 tracks with varied quality. US collector geeks would probably dig this more than your tough types. Lots of silly stuff that varies in punkness from the GIZMOS to the OUTLETS. (RL)
(Dino, PO Box 802, Northampton, MA 01061, www.dinorecords.com)

THE MORNING SHAKES - "Piss Off Daddy/Civilization's Dying"

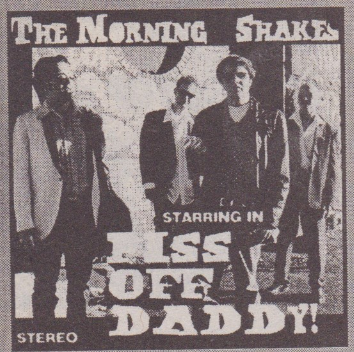
This one has been out for a while and has just made it's way into *MRR*. Better late than never. "Piss Off Daddy" is one of my favorite songs of the last couple of years. A slower rock and roll tune with lyrics full of hatred and self-loathing. Great stuff. B-side is a pretty good ZERO BOYS cover. (CK)
(Get Hip, Columbus & Preble Aves., Pittsburgh, PA 15233)

MY MINDS MINE - "Between Soothing Consolations And Uncontrollable Madness" LP

Ah, the Netherlands...Anyone who's into heavy, pissed, brutal music knows that this cold part of the world is kicking ass in a variety of music scenes. The weather and lack of sun makes bands rock. MY MINDS MINE proves that grindcore no exception. Dismembering your ears with extreme blasts, they don't fall pray to the temptation to be too fast too be interesting, full of intriguing guitar work and plenty of tempo changes (even if their slow parts put most bands fast parts to shame). MY MINDS MINE just keeps getting better. (TJ)
(Amenta, PO Box 990, 9400 AZ Assen, HOLLAND/shantia666@yahoo.com)

MY MINDS MINE/VIOLENT HEADACHE - split EP

Whoa. Andy from Mortville has paired a couple of unlikely candidate—MY MINES MINE from Holland and VIOLENT HEADACHE from Spain—similar in that I can't understand a word from either of them, so perhaps that's the connection. VIOLENT HEADACHE play some quick, spastic thrash without the benefit of huge production. The sound quality is fair, which actually detracts somewhat from the impact they might have—too bad. MY MINDS MINE up the speed to 45 rpm, and are a frenzied blurr of



MY MINDS MINE

drum rolls, hi hat machine gun fire and underwater vocals. Nothing wrong with this overall, but nothing so right that I'd think about listening to it often either. For something much more fitting their impact potential—check the MY MINDS MINE LP also out this month—enormously better. (TM)
(Mortville, 713 Grace St, Ottumwa, IA 52501)

THE NATION OF ULYSSES - "The Embassy Tapes" LP

Ok, young candy wired revolutionaries, here's something for you. An unearthed, previously unreleased NOU demo. These songs were recorded on a 4 track in '92 and sound like it. The basement rawness has an aesthetic appeal, but I would motion elsewhere for those unfamiliar with the good NATION's melodic propaganda. What it really sounds like is a decent quality live tape from one of their direct actions. You'll find that they are their usual wild boy selves here; with squawking horns, sloppy chaotic drumming, guitars falling apart, and Ian all hopped up on sugar, mumbling, ranting, screaming, and testifying. A fun and educational ride. (BG)
($9 ppd: Dischord, 3819 Beecher St, NW Washington, DC 20007)

NEEDFUL THINGS/WADGE - split EP

The NEEDFUL THINGS side of this is a solid wall of serious Britcore, hearkening back to the days when EXTREME NOISE TERROR were a regular fixture on the John Peel show and NAPALM DEATH were at their cacophonous best. Three songs, each maybe a bit long, but 100% quality. WADGE twist things around a little, playing some kind of art-damaged thrash, with treated vocals and what sounds like a drum machine. I'm thinking TIT WRENCH and MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT played twice as fast over a CB radio. Confusing as a Florida ballot paper. (AM)
(Psychotherapy, c/o Otto Beran, Anenska 1296, Pardubice, 530 02, CZECH REPUBLIC)

NEIL PERRY/A SATELLITE CRASH - split LP

Wait a second, is this SWING KIDS? Nope, its NEIL PERRY, but that intro sure does sound familiar. Anyway, NEIL PERRY fits right into that screamo power violence scene that is becoming oh so popular these days. Bands like HONEYWELL come to mind as an influence, but in terms of style they are most similar to bands like JENNY PICCOLO and the like. Their songs are well thought out with an abundance of well orchestrated time changes and hooks that make the songs memorable, and put NEIL PERRY a step above most of their peers. A SATELLITE CRASH, on the other hand, was kind of a disappointment. Their music is mostly mid-tempo wandering and focuses itself on quirky riffs and hooks. The vocalist is so monotone and unappealing that it makes the whole band difficult to withstand. Despite what I just said, I think this record is worth the purchase for the NEIL PERRY side alone. (SP)
(Spiritfall, 215 Hancock Ave., Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

THE NEW WAVE HOOKERS - "Pornschlegel" LP

Garage punk with a '60s pop influence that is most evident in the vocal style. Mostly mid tempo catchy pop tunes with a distorted bass, fuzzy guitar and clean vocals. If you are familiar with the band, this record sounds much like their "Kings in Slatanic Service" record but this is much tighter and they seem to have really found their sound. (PA)
(G-Punkt, PO Box 1612, D-96306 KC, GERMANY, thenewwavehookers@mindless.com)

NEVERTHELESS - "Through the Night" CD

Fast, fast, faster, music to skateboard and snow board to, safe, safe, safer, do I smell Epitaph, I know they do (hell, they probably have fantasies about them), this is a good emulation, chug, chug, chugging guitars, talk, talk, talked vocals, not too much melody, not too much aggression, bland, bland, blandest, help, I want off this ride, mommy. (BG)
(Boot To The Head, PO Box 9005, Pdx, OR 97207)

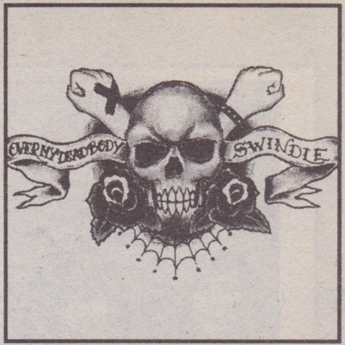
999 - CD

The debut 1978 LP from this Brit band. Although this has been out on CD before this version tacks on three singles tracks including "Nasty Nasty." Although I've never ranked this band in the upper tier of Brit punk, years later this sounds like a good slab of pub/glam rock and roll punk to me now. Besides where else are you gonna find this outside of our good friends at Captain Oi? (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

OPPRESSED LOGIC - "It's Harassment" LP

Singer Mike Avilez is back with a whole new line up, but the same in-your-face punk stylings.

OPPRESSED sounds as tight and powerful as ever with their silly and adolescent lyrics. The best part of this LP is the awesome selection of sound bytes betwixt every tune! P.C. folk BEWARE! (HM)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)



OVER MY DEAD BODY/ SWINDLE - Split EP

From the below average tattoo flash-style drawing on the front cover one can ascertain that this a straight edge/punk band split, hence X on one hand and studded bracelet on the other. Both of these bands are floundering in the deep waters of mediocrity, but they aren't completely horrible. SWINDLE's style is reminiscent of that MTV punk-that-sells with pop vocals, though their second song gains speed and is the best thing going on this 7". OVER MY DEAD BODY seem like innovate hardcore heroes after listening to INVICTUS, but their soft approach to youth crew doesn't do it for me. (TJ)
(Slow Gun Records, www.slowgunrecords.com)

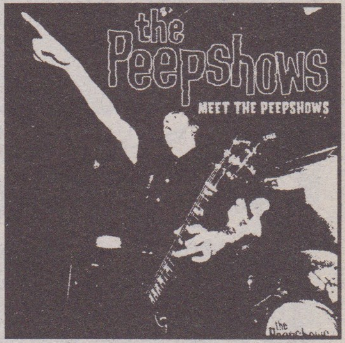
PBR STREET GANG

OXYMORON- "Best Before 2000" - CD

Fucking OXYMORON—the punk rock pride of Erlangen/Nurnberg, Germany, have a completely raging compilation of all their singles available for you this month on Cyclone Records!!! This shit blisters the fucking face of the planet with classic punk and oi tunes that start way back in 1993 and go through 1999. These guys carry the street punk banner that bands like the SKEPTIX and BLITZ unfurled many years ago. If you are a punk, If you are a skinhead, Fuck!!!! If you like music with great melodies, tight sing-along parts, and fantastic strong guitar and vocals then you need this disc! OXYMORON are clearly one of the very best purveyors of the early English punk 'n' oi No Future Records sound! Get this collection! (BR)
(Cyclone Records, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

PATRIOT - "We the People" CD

If you haven't heard PATRIOT by now, do yourself a favor and pick this here disc up and see what you've been missing out on. Melodic, yet powerful oi done with a set of balls that blows 90% of the competition away. (NF)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)



PBR STREETGANG - "Anthem" EP

Let the Pabst Blue Ribbon flow here's some fast & raw old school punk for punx who like to drink and hate, complete with obnoxious vocalist and easily understood utterances of disapproval. "God, I fucking Hate You" is a touching song about how annoying it is to have someone try to talk to you at a bar and having to slit his throat to shut him up. Hate is tops in my book of emotions. It's so much fun to hate, even though this some what lowbrow in my book. Sure, I would have to get in a knife fight if I was hanging out with this band, but it would be all in good fun. (TJ)
($3ppd/Shitjack, 545 Broadway, Denver, Co 80203/XL5PBPX@aol.com)

THE PICTS
TO STAND AND FIGHT AGAINST THE CORRUPT POLICE STATE

THE PEEPS - LP

Uh ohh, here come three bad girls who sing about being such lipstick and leather rebels. They even wear "tongue in cheek" '80s New Wave clothes. I hope they intend this to be as ridiculous as it comes off. I'd maybe buy it if they were 15 or 16, but come on...Well, anyway, sounds like the RUNAWAYS and a girl version of the RAMONES, and everything else you'd expect from such delinquents. Oh my. (BG)
(Sympathy)

THE PEEPSHOWS - "Meet the Peepshows" - EP

Swedish meatballs the PEEPSHOWS walk away with it this month. I praised the CD release a while back, and this just adds to that. Could easily share a stage with PUFFBALL (and I believe they do, often) and TURBONEGRO (if only...). I'm waiting for the California appearance. Swedes ablaze!!! (RY)
(Glazed Records, PO Box 82006 Columbus, Ohio 43202)

PHOENIX THUNDERSTONE - "Under the Covers" 7"

It's hard to get past the silly pirates-doin'-it-doggie-style cover, and then it's the strange combination of tunes: JOHNNY CASH's "Get Rhythm" backed with ADAM ANT's "Goody Two Shoes". PT pulls them off with a rhythmic fury I think JOHNNY and ADAM could appreciate. (HM)
(Transparent c/o Paul Holstein 6759 Transparent Dr, Clarkston, MI 48346, http://members.aol.com/phnxs-tone)

PICTS - "To Stand & Fight Against the Corrupt Police State" EP

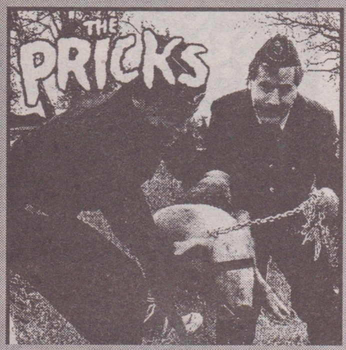
Rough melodic punk that mixes the just barely tuneful guitars and charismatic vocals of *How Could Hell Be Any Worse?* BAD RELIGION with a bit of a punchy Midwest delivery as performed by DIE KREUZEN. The PICTS are from my old stomping grounds of New Orleans and please the hell out of me with their strong (but not humorless) political lyrics. A tremendously catchy EP. (TH)

(Super Pezhead, PO Box 588, Friendswood, TX 77549, www.spr.4mg.com)

THE PENETRATORS - "Kings of Basement Rock" LP

Here's is a reissue of this mid-eighties Syracuse,N.Y. punk band's 1988 LP. Basement is right–but the PENETRATORS embody a classic '60s punk sound that comes alive in the hilarious "Life Stinks" and their well-chosen cover, "It's My Life." While their songs aren't up to the SONICS level, their hard, screeching style is pretty close stylistically. And when they sing, "We're the Penetrators/We don't fuck around/Cuz we're number one/In this town" you're almost tempted to believe them. (SS)

(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 Roma, ITALY)



PINKOS – "Pinkos Theme Song" EP

A duo from Seattle with gal vocals that have a GITS quality. Guitar and drums on two punky numbers and two more on the folk side. This is OK, but the songs don't seem unique or even strong enough to translate well on vinyl. Maybe at your local unplugged pub event but not in the *MRR* rock and roll world. (RL)

(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102, yir@yeahitsrock.com)

THE PINKZ - "USA/You're Tearin' Me Apart"

Last March I saw the PINKZ play at The Stork Club in Oakland with the FLESHIES and the PHANTOM LIMBS. The girls played tight, poppy rock 'n' roll about heartbreak and driving fast. I liked them because they seemed really into what they were doing and weren't posing. Their music is really up-beat feel good rock 'n' roll. Like: "we don't give a shit, we're going to rock out, yea!" This 7" has two songs. I like side B best: "You're Tearing Me Apart." (JT)

(Radio Beat, PO Box 8198, Bellflower, CA 90707-8198)

PSYCHO 13
I Bury the Living

THE PINKZ - "USA/You're Tearin' Me Apart"

I got the chance to see these girls at the Vegas Shakedown and they blew my mind. Former members of the RETARDOS, FABULOUS TUSCODEROS, LOLI & the CHONES and BITCHSCHOOL make this band a sassy and hook filled power pop dream come true. Two covers (the TEENAGE HEAD tune being my favorite) to whet your appetite until the full length is recorded. Do yourself a favor and catch them now, because with the short runs of their former bands who knows how long they'll be around. (BM)

(Radio Beat, PO Box 8198, Beflower, Ca 90707-8198)

POISON IDEA - "Best of Poison Idea" CD

Title was somewhat misleading—although not entirely inaccurate. This is a collection CD (40 songs) is merely a compilation of their *Learning to Scream* EP (1998) and three old LPs: *Kings of Punk*, *Record Collectors* and *Pick Your King*. For what it's worth, I agree that's their best material (the three older LPs), which is not to say they didn't crank out some other stuff that kicked ass. POISON IDEA were known for being one of the heaviest bands around, and this shows why. Midpaced, pummeling hardcore which relies primarily on huge riffs—it's by no means slow, but they don't depend on speed either. I'm still a huge POISON IDEA fan—it's catchy, hard hitting punk which is still a great listen. Lyrics run the gamut; generally dark, pessimistic and personal. Awesome stuff. (TM)

(Taang!, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

PRICKS - EP

More blessings from the mighty shores of Sweden. Straight forward and to the point melodic punk in the realm of HICKEY, F.Y.P. and their ilk. Simple fast and catchy. Wouldn't listen to it everyday, but you could do a lot worse. The kinda record you'd put on sitting on your porch on summer day drinking beers (not that I would know anything about that). (MT)

(Hard-On, Järntorgsgatan 10, 703 61 Örebro, SWEDEN)

THE PRIESTS - CD

Play by the rules surfy rock 'n' roll with low sung vocals a la LUX INTERIOR and an interest horror movies. (CK)

(Garage Pop, PO Box 88003, Rochester, NY 14618)

PSYCHO 13 - "I Bury the Living" EP

The art looks kinda othic, but the band's not, reminds me of BAD RELIGION, and maybe the MISFITS. So I guess that's the gothic reference. (EC)

(Murder & Mayhem, 1500 Miriam St. Garner, NC 27529)

THE PURPOSE - "Art as a Weapon" EP

It's the new age of straight edge. Much more melodic, many more octaves, far too influenced by that HOT WATER emo thing. Not that it sounds like HWM, it's much faster and still has much of the chunk, but it's that little influence that is giving hardcore more of a pop feel. There are definitely worthwhile hardcore moments though. Keep in mind that just because this angers me, it seems that since LIFETIME came around the general population has been taking to this new genre rather well. (PA)

(Underestimated, P.O. Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613, www.purpose.burnit.net)

REACT
GREED
split e.p.

QUITTERS - "Second Album" CD

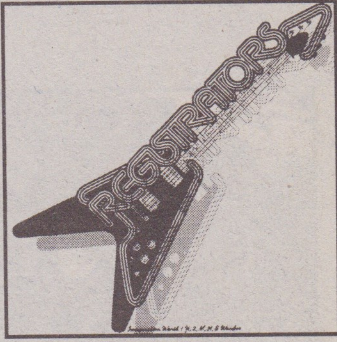
Garage party music for the retro set. Sorta made me think of the WOGGLES or somebody like that. Despite the overall, goofball-pop-mode that these guys usually operate in, there's some real good tunes here like "Dear Jane", "Who's Talkin'" and "Hello Neighbor", songs with hooks that sorta hit you besides the head. Rest of the disc pretty much is unrelenting frat-pop with big power pop leanings that will probably start a good time somewhere. Also a singer here that knows how to testify and can do the faux-soul/gospel pretty well. Chock full of good tunes if you're in the pop market. (JY)

(Garage-Pop, PO Box 88003, Rochester NY 14618)

RAWRIDE/ANARCHY CONDOMS - split EP

OK, let me get this straight. There is a band called ANARCHY CONDOMS? How fucking cool is that? ANARCHY CONDOMS from Japan have got that total D-Beat Scandinavian style with thick powerful bass lines followed with heavily distorted guitars. They do two songs, and of course they are awesome. On the other hand, RAWRIDE, who are also from Japan, can be summed up by quoting their song "GxUxMxS." The lyrics go "Give us more speed!! Give us more speed!! Give us more speed!! Play loud cos it's punk rock. Play fast cos it's punk rock." Ferociously fast songs with crazy screaming and drumming. Fuck this is an awesome band! Give me more of the blur-core! (RC)

(Hamakko, 3-2-7-202 Nagata-Higasi, Minami-Ku, Yokohama, Kanagawa, JAPAN 232-0072)



REACT/GREED – "Ask Yourself" EP

What a great pairing... REACT started this thing off for with their driving head bop'n yet spooky and ominous combo of NAUSEA, ANTI-CIMEX and DISCHARGE. Good lyrics about the killing effect the suburbs has on the creative psyché, delivered by good male and female vox—seeming always a good combo in the land of crust. Quality stuff from ex-PIST (if you're keeping score). GREED bring us four trax of fast D-beat attack. They're from Sweden and they've done their homework on their countries classics for sure. Good stuff. (MT)

(13th Floor, PO Box 1502, New Haven, CT 06511)

Rocket 455
Cross-Eyed

REGISTRATORS - "Imagination World" EP

Are they the Japanese CHEAP TRICK? Kinda loopy pop punk, reminds me of REDD KROSS, who are one of my favorite bands of all the time. Cool fun single from my favorite SF label. (EC)

(Broken, P.O. Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146)

ROCKET 455 - "Cross-Eyed" EP

I think this band is from Detroit. I also think that something there, maybe fumes from the automobile manufacturing plants, makes bands from Detroit fucking rock. Maybe they're from France, I don't know, but they've definitely been to Detroit. (DP)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

THE ROLEMODELS "Blurred Vision" CD

An unpleasant experience. Confused about whether they are SOCIAL DISTORTION or the REPLACEMENTS, straight edge or not, none of it is true—and I don't give a fuck. Nothing about this grabs me. I'm glad these four little MIKE NESSies found each other, and LA can take 'em. (RY)

(Novocaine Records, www.novocaine-records.com)

SCREEN OUT
DESPAIR OF IGNORANT

SCURVY DOGS

SHE-MALE TROUBLE

ROSE ROSE - "No Medicine Cures an Asshole" CD
Heavily overproduced alterna-metal-thrash from Japan. When I say overproduced I really mean it: tons of overdubs, heavy use of effects on the vocals, I think you get the picture. Their sound reminds me of HELL-CHILD, but seems much more derivative and ultimately forgettable. This style of music may be popular in Japan, but I just can't see it going over well anywhere else. (SP)
(Rose Rose, 3-13-31-406 Funabori, Edogawa-ku, Tokyo 134-0091)

SATANIC SURFERS - "Fragments and Fractions" CD
It looks as if the SATANIC SURFERS decided they don't need to play every song fast any more and it works pretty well. It also looks as if you can no longer give them a generic Epitaph label because now they sound very much like PROPAGANDHI. Catchy, tight, clean vocals and well written songs. They mix up the tempo on the CD rather well for a pleasing listen. This is really one of the better bands that is playing this style of music these days. (PA)
(Bad Taste, Stora Sodergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, Sweden, info@BadTasteRecords.se)

SCALPLOCK/SHANK - Split EP
Here's one to keep the blood flowing on those long winter nights. Two bands that individuality could blow you away, but together they are one winning tag team. Back to back hard hitting hardcore with tremendous amounts of speed. For some absurd reason I was slow to catch on to the force of SCALPLOCK. A few months ago when their last full length came out I had to realize the error of my ways. You too will come to adore them. SHANK...what can I say...they have a song called "I Love Power Violence" and they dedicate a song (or their entire side—I'm not sure) to SSD. My heart is pounding. (TJ)
(Retribution Records, Orchard House, Breeds Road, GT Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex, CM3 1EE, ENGLAND/colbran666@hotmail.com)

SCREEN OUT - "Despair of Ignorant" EP
Phew, at last, another contribution from Japan to combat the world hardcore famine. I'm glad that at least one nation has taken it upon themselves to make sure that no child anywhere in the world will die of starvation from blistering thrash. There really is no other way to describe this record—it's an unstoppable 200mph juggernaut that you'll gladly throw yourself in front of. Amazing. (AM)
(Tribal War Asia, JH549, 825-Ishihata, Mizuho, Nishitama, Tokyo, 190-1211 JAPAN)

SCUM OF THE EARTH- "Better Late Than Never" CD
Coming off somewhere between the IDIOTS, *End Of Silence* ROLLINS BAND, and the DEFTONES, Australia's SCUM OF THE EARTH just don't do it for me. Just a little to much metal. (JF)
(Boot TO The Head, Box 9005, Portland, OR 97207)

SCURVY DOGS - "Can You Afford All This Cheese" EP
Deck-moppin', slam dancin' punk rock from the infamous Pirate Punks of San Francisco. Raw sounding recording, which definitely adds to the character of this release. Super crunchy guitar riffs, and a singer who has such a high abrasive voice, he could lose it at any second. Shiver me timbers! (SP)
(Pyrate, PO Box 28137, Oakland, CA 94604, danger-island.com/pyratepunx)

SHEER TERROR - "Bulldog Edition" DBL CD
Hmm… SHEER TERROR is one of those bands that I always think that I like a lot, I mean they got all the right requirements– bad attitude, gruff vocals, ugly as shit– but fuck, man, Paul and company really should have only put out some of the songs on *JustCan't Hate Enough* as a totally kick ass 12" EP. I mean tracks like "Just Can't Hate Enough" and "Here to Stay" just fucking rip, but I challenge anyone to really listen to songs like "Hymn 43" or "Roses" and still claim that they were worth releasing, ever. Just one more reason why my claim that NYHC is waaaaaaaay overrated. Worth it if you find it in the $3 bin at the used record store but other than that… (MT)
(Blackout, no address)

SHE-MALE TROUBLE "Burner" CD EP
A good anthemic release here with gal vocals in the AEROBITCH vein with a bit of the musical stylings of TURBONEGRO. This does teeter on that rock feel at times but this is still heavy and fast paced. (RL)(XNO, Schlesische, Str. 14, 10997, Berlin, GERMANY, www.xno.net)

The Spectators
for your future

SELBY TIGERS - "Charm City" LP

This is good. This band plays mid-tempo, new wave/garage punk rock which unfortunately sounds robotic at times.There is consistently a catchy part in each song, which is great in my book, and they switch between girl and boy vocals. It kind of reminds me of the B-52's with gloomier guitar parts. I wish they rocked just a little bit harder, because I would be hooked. (WT)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

SLOTH/SCHNAUZER - split 10"

Hey lets try to be offensive, and then when the kids don't get it, we can say they don't have a sense of humor. SLOTH and SCHNAUZER, both like to try and shock and offend with liberal use of the words "bitch" and "faggot", but what is truly offensive is the music on this release. SLOTH are just bad, and SCHNAUZER relies on too many bad metal riffs. A waste of vinyl. (JF)
(no label, ain't that a shame)

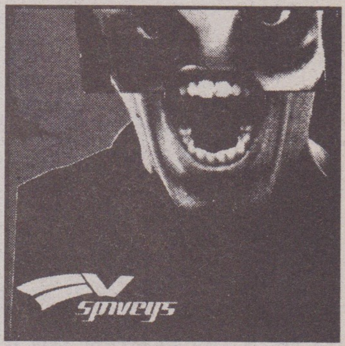
spitfirerevolver

SPADES - "Fuckin' It Up on Friday Night" EP

Looking at the cover I figured I was in for some meat-head type hardcore/punk rock—German, heavy metal style lettering, a drawing of four bare-chested, punk/skin wrestling type dudes. Then I saw that they cover IGGY POP's "Cock in My Pocket" and worried that perhaps I was too quick to pass judgment. As it turns out, I think my initial call was the correct call. Straightforward hardcore, punk rock with some metal tendencies and the throaty vocals that just don't do it for me. Well played I would say, but how many MOTORHEAD driven bands does the world really need? (KK)
(Rock'n'Roll Radio, Oosthamsesteenweg 129, 3581 Beverlo-Beringen, BELGIUM, rawkfm@hotmail.com)

THE SPECTATORS - "For Your Future" CD

Don't be fooled by the band name or the scooter on the cover, this is good raw punk. A Japanese band that rocks in a Rip Off records way with leanings toward street punk a la US BOMBS. Although a little more production could have helped here, this still sounds pretty kick ass. (RL)
(Straight Up, Kowa bld 2F Minami-2nishi-1, Sapporo 060-0062, JAPAN, reallife@netfarm.ne.jp)



SPIDER BABIES - "Undressed to Kill" LP

Along with PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES, the SPIDER BABIES are the only other of the "babies" bands out there that doesn't suck shit! Anyhow, I fuckin love this shit house recording! Kinda like some of G.G.'s early recordings. Really stripped down n railer as hell. The G.G. comparisons carry on into the lyrics with song titles like "Don't Give a Fuck About You", "Gimme Some Drugs", "Girl To Abuse", "My Cock, Your Ass"... You get the gist. All n all, the songs on this record are pretty fuckin' rippin' straight forward punk rock tunes played the way it should be played! Thumbs up! (NF)
(Black Lung, PO Box 976, Morgantown, WV 26507)

SPIDER BABIES - "Undressed to Kill" LP

Shocking? Nah. Songs like "Rock n' Roll Fag Bash" don't brazenly challenge our cultural mores; they just lamely copycat bands who were nasty with a point. This is just mean-spirited and boring. (AC)
(Black Lung)

SPUR
Season's Greetings

SPITFIRE REVOLVER - "Broken Heart Surgery" EP

This record gets on my nerves. Three really long drawn out punk/power pop songs in 4/4 time, with crunchy guitars. I hear a more upbeat JAWBREAKER with PEARL JAM vocals. Also brings to mind FACE TO FACE and ALKALINE TRIO. A lot of emotion here, if you catch my drift. If this band fucked around a little more and tried something new, they could be the town heroes. (WT)
(Slowgun, no address)

SPIVEYS – "V" CD

Interesting, I'll bet these guys are great live. Groove, scream, drums, tortured vocals, a groove pounding and pounding, the guitar scrapey-scrapey on yer uvula, itch-itch, next song very similar. Compares to early 90's Touch & Go Records action. OH! They be from Minneapolis! Gotcha! (RW)
(Doubleplusgood, PO Box 18721, Minneapolis, MN, 55418, doubleplus@earthlink.net)

SPUR - "Seasons Greetings" EP

The best thing back the holiday season is the music. I am a sucker for X-Mas tunes by rock and roll bands, especially when they are originals. SPUR offers on original, a cover of "Run, Run Rudolph" and Christmas medley. This is so most definitely going to be playing at my "Feliz Navid 2000: Count Down to Aztlan" party (you all have invitations in the mail). Standard pop punk rock and roll here but done in the Holiday Spirit. (BM)
(PO Box 2120, Fairfax, VA 22031)

SUPERHELICOPTER
ROCK'N'ROLL DAMNATION

STYRIAN BOOTBOYS - "Bootboys 96" EP

Fuck dude this sounds like the CHIPMUNKS doing skinhead music. Well I guess it was about time considering they already did the whole punk thing. Alvin, Simon, Theodore, you guys are great. Oh wait. This is supposed to be played on 33 not 45. Oh well I guess the world will have to wait for the Chipmunk bootboy invasion. Actually this is funnier on 33. The first song is these two tough German dudes getting all emotional over music that sounds like that song where OZZY and LITA FORD did a duet. I think it was called "If I Closed my Eyes". The BOOTBOYS song is called "Kommerz" which I think translates to "If I Closed my Eyes". Maybe it's a cover? The rest of the songs are mid-tempo CONDEMNED 84 type oi mixed with fast thrash. Pretty boring. (RM)
(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)

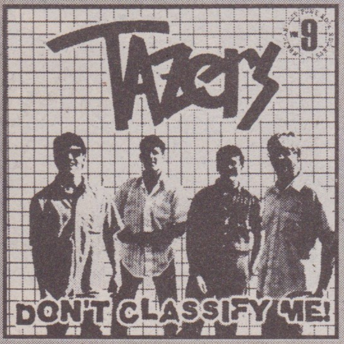
SUPERHELICOPTER
destroy

SQUAREHEADS - "Spread Your Legs" EP

More rockin' rock 'n' roll from Scandinavia, this one not quite as punk as some of the others. Catchy and all that, but a little too much fancy lead guitar work for my taste. Mid-tempo and reminiscent of the DEAD BOYS at times. One last gripe, production could have been a little cleaner. I'm not looking for overproduced crap, but this really did have kind of a muddy sound to it. Give them credit for putting a scantily clad female on the cover. Good work, men. (KK)
(Dead Cool, dead_cool69@hotmail.com)

SUPERHELICOPTER - "Rock and Roll Damnation" 10"

Wow! Not anything even remotely near what I was thinking this was going to sound like. The cover would lead you believe it could be any number of lame bands out there, but it's not. Amazing trashed out rock and roll. It's so distorted and yet sounds so damn great. Very similar to the stuff put out by Kryptonite Records. This one will be getting a lot of play at home. Fuck my roommates. I love this shit. (CK)
(c/o Roland Dahne, Starklof-6, 26121 Oldenberg, GERMANY)



SUPERHELICOPTER – "Destroy" EP

Okay, okay, I thought the "Super" prefix had been banned from all band names along with "Jesus" by (un)-popular vote at *least* five years ago. I remember the meeting, the crullers were stale but everyone was there...except these guys. Would love to kill 'em but damn, they killed me instead! This is a noisy hardcore-garage-punk EP that borders on super-heavy rock at times, veering into the dreaded Swedish hair-shake but always pulling back before the vomit reflex. The result is a really keen messed-up rock 45 that'll do quite nicely, thank you very much. Pick up the even-better 10" while yer at the "store". (RW)
(Manual Wast, Steinweg 26, 93059 Regensburg, GERMANY, triofanclub@yahoo.de)

SYLVAIN SYLVAIN & THE CRIMINALS - "Bowery Butterflies" LP

.......yet more SYLVAIN SYLVAIN back in print....and as much as I dig SYLVAIN's twangy-ass guitar sound, I really didn't dig too many of the twists and turns he took with his music....I mean he mainly played pop, but sometimes the shit started to sound like it was left off the *Grease* soundtrack..... or even worse, SHA-NA-NA.....so over all I got mixed feelings about this dude....this LP is one of those gate-fold Italian jobs.....the sound is good, the vinyl is thick.....but SYL fails to butter my balls....he was though, in my humble opinion, a better guitar player than Thunders.....any old day of the week..... (SW)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.munster-records.com)

TAZERS - "Don't Classify Me" LP

I first heard about the TAZERS when infamous collector scum Rob Chambeau called me up outta the blue one day, '87-ish, asking if I had the 45. Nope. Fab reissues house Rave Up has unearthed it, along with their '84 LP, to create this platter. Despite their legendary collectibility and cool sounding song titles ("Micro-Wave Mother," "Alcoholics Anthem" for examp), the music is pretty trad, punkish in spirit and lyrics but not super musically interesting. Non-spastic gtr solos and heaps of singalong choruses abound. The 45 title track, "Don't Classify Me" is a surf party workout. Decent non-ass kicking punk all around but I ain't gonna shell out a few bills for either of their original recs, tho as a historian I'll still nibble on this 'un. (HY)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176, Roma, ITALY, www.tiscalinet.it/ raveup)

TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION

TETTSUI/OUKA - split CD

The first song on this split single starts out as a strange cross between a RAMONES ballad and a surf instrumental, then just becomes a chanty sing-along in a language I can't understand. The other band is more rocking in the SUPERSUCKERS-HELLACOPTERS vein. Unfortunately, I don't know which is which. (DP)

(Straight Up, Kowa bid Minami-2 Nishi-1 Chuou-Ku, Saporro 060-0062 JAPAN)

JOHNNY THUNDERS - "Born Too Loose" LP

Reissue of reissued tracks that I believe were reissued. Geez, when will it end? I do truly believe JOHNNY THUNDERS is a legend and am always pleased to discover music of his that I never heard (like the ACTRESS SESSIONS), but most of this is easily available and has been reissued before. It does have an essay about JT by Nina Antonia that just ends up being a whining session about how the heroin mystique is so misunderstood and how they should have used "Chinese Rocks" instead of "Lust for Life" in the opening scene of "Trainspotting" because it would change the whole message of the movie. Yeah, whatever. (DP)

(Get Back,Via Aretina 25, 50069 Sieci Firenze, ITALY)

thee
TRASH
BRATS

TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION / VEHEMENCE - Split EP

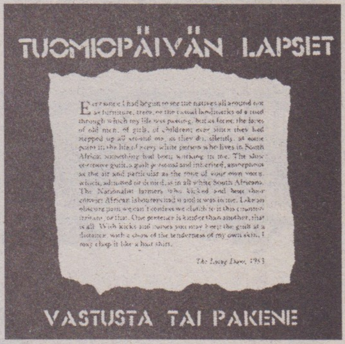
TFD features some ex-BRUTAL TRUTH members playing some grindcore that has a lot of tongue in cheek stuff going on. The vocals are a little wild for my tastes, and the songs aren't as straight forward as what I like in a grindcore band. VEHEMENCE is pure death metal from the UK. Although formula, they are still enjoyable. (MW)

(Death Still, Po Box 633, Dagenham, RM8 3AZ, ENGLAND)

TRASH BRATS - "Rocket to Heaven/3rd Generation Nation"

From Detroit, this band cranks one lackluster, uninspired original "Rocket to Heaven". It's STOOGES-style rock and roll with no edge (due mainly to the wimpy vocals) and cliche lyrics. Yawn. The flip is a DEAD BOYS cover done exactly like the original. Can you say pointless. (RM)

Law Less, PO Box 689, Hingham, MA 02043-0689)



TRYBALL - "Break Shot" CD

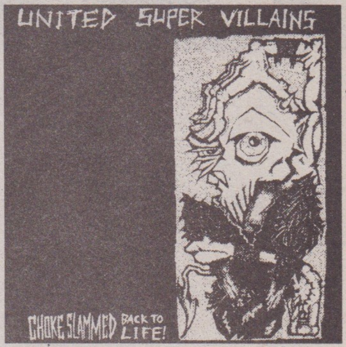
This is the best ska punk band I've heard in a very long time...and they are from Japan. Typical ska verse/punk chorus song structure but there is something sincere about their music. This reminds me of ANT-45 at times. Not essential but better than most of the shit I've been hearing. (BM)

(Hopping, Kowa bld 2F, Minami-2Nishi-1, Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062, JAPAN)

TUOMIOPAIVAN LAPSET - "Vastusta Tai Pakene" EP

I am not sure how long this release has been out because it says that the recording is from 1997. Nonetheless, this is super political crust punk from Finland. It is fast and to the point with sharp female vocals wailing about lyrical subjects like vivisection, homophobia, the environment. Solid material here. (RC)

(Consensus Realty, 1951 West Burnside #1654, Portland, OR 97209)



UNHOLY GRAVE/THE MAD THRASHERS - split EP

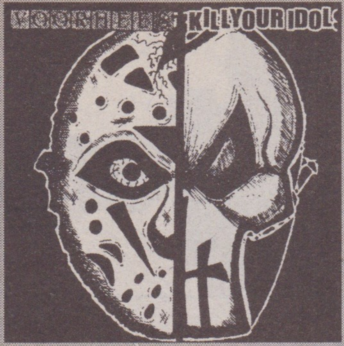
Japan's UNHOLY GRAVE do what they do best, super fast, DIY grindcore with occasional wacky vocal styles which make them stand apart. France's TMM play more crossover grindcore. There is a part on their side where they start a song saying something in French, and that's when it hits you, the French language and grindcore are like oil and water. (MW)

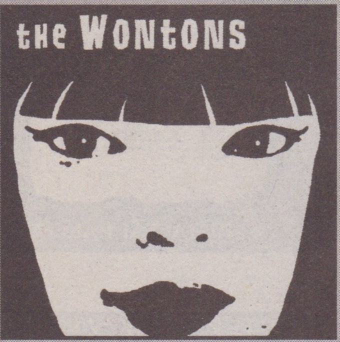
(Broken Brains c/o Bertrand Beloeil, 4 rue de Gand, 29200 Brest, FRANCE)

UNITED SUPER VILLIANS - "Choke Slammed Back To Life!" LP

So finally the *REAL* version of this comes out. Truth be told I've had a "tour" copy of this for months now, and it has seen ubër-rotation on my turntable. Fast, snotty and straight to the throat midwest hardcore (though I did hear they are moving to Philly... like you care). Definately something to look out for and purchase- and when they come to your town you better go see them. One of the better bands going these days though they don't get the press they should. Fans of such midwest ragers like GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS should check this shit out. Hell, anyone that likes their punk nasty and fast as fuck should grab this. Fuck that slow shit. (MT)

(Deranged, PO Box 543 STN. P, Toronto, ON, M5S-2T1, CANADA)





VICIOUS - "Disturbing The Peace" CD

Man these guys are all over the place! They have some EXPLOITED sounding stuff, they have a rockabilly tune, a techno intro, they say Oi! a bunch... I'm confused! Anyhow, overall this is a lemon. Save yer dough! (NF)
($8 Vicious, PO Box 76,Ashmore City, Queensland, AUSTRALIA 4214)

VOMIT FOR BREAKFAST - "Live" EP

I have to ask myself, does the world really need a live record by a mediocre French grind band? Sounds like a cat and dog having a battle royal at a badly recorded BRUTAL TRUTH show... I'll pass, but fans of total skull crushing, pot smoking, brain rupturing grind might like it... I'll just stick to CROSSED OUT, thank you very much and good night. (MT)
(Murder, c/o Oliver Lacoste, BP 11, 33023 Bordeaux Cedex, FRANCE)

VOORHEES/KILL YOUR IDOLS - split EP

VOORHEES is back, bringing with them what one would come to expect: straight ahead hardcore ala NEGATIVE APPROACH. The songs seem a little toned down in comparison to their most recent LP, but VOORHEES is still, for the most part, kicking strong. KILL YOUR IDOLS has a much more melodic sound, with more interesting guitar harmonies and anthematic choruses. Each band plays 4 songs, one of which is a cover of the other band. Decent. (SP) (Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, indecisionrecords.com)

WACK TRUCKS - "Shake This" CD

You can only steal so much from other bands before you become completely annoying. This happens pretty early on in the CD. RANCID, the DESCENDENTS, OP IVY, and so on. Now you can call me a P.C. faggot all you want, but having a song called "Bitches is Wack", even if it were a really bad joke (it's not), is rather sad. "they're the source of frustration, play it off as menstruation". I mean it's hard to say if sexism like this comes from being a complete asshole or if it's just ignorance. So, if even if this was a good CD I would have trouble supporting such a band. Luckily I don't have that problem. (PA)
(3925 Braeburn, Muskegon, MI 49441, Wack_Trucks@hotmail.com)

WASTED - "Suppress & Restrain" CD

Energized moshin' punk rock tunes with excellent bass lines, semi-snotty angry vocals and tons of guitar slides from Finland. Brings to mind a charged version of the FORGOTTEN without the tons of woah-oahs. "Tell Me Something New" is a great anthem. This is definitely worth a listen. (SR)
(Combat Rock Industry, PO Box 139, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND, www.combatrockindusty.com)

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT - "Ahora Mas Que Nunca" EP

If you have yet to hear WHN you have either been living in a cave for the last year, or are just not with it. Total Bandana-Thrash revival that is consistently good with every release, and is even more impressive live. Comes complete with a pop-up poster and seven new thrashers (one being a BGK cover). Lets fucking go (buy it)! (SP)
(Lengua Armada, 340 W. 24th St., Chicago, IL 60608, yourmother.com/whn)

THE WONTONS - "Snake Eyes/Vampire Girl"

I want to be in this band. I really dig this record and I wish they would have sent a reviewers copy along. It's fuzzed-out, hook-ridden rock and roll. The stuff I like. "Bah-bah-bah" back ups and duel singing really goes a long way with me. Kinda cliche at times but always good. I really like the dynamics on "Vampire Girl" when they drop down to just drum, bass, hits and vocals, I don't know 'bout you, but it jus' makes me wanna make some Vampire Love. Find this and check out their other releases while you are at it. (BM)
(She's Gone, geocities.com/shes_gone_records)

Y - "A Black Sheep Is Still a Sheep" EP

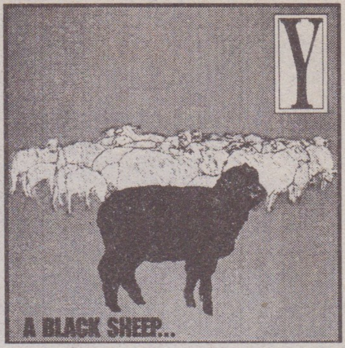
Blazing 100 mph Germanic thrash. Two years ago this would have been one of my favorite bands but now I like a little more melody in the mayhem. Still enough hooks and slower parts to get the old head banging. Comparable to DROP DEAD passing by URANUS on the highway on their way to meet STACK for breakfast. Similar to being hit the face by a folding chair. (MT)
(Excelsior H.C., PO Box 14794, Albany, NY 12212)

ZABLUJENA GENERACIJA – "Ultra Lahko" CD

Fast paced melodic punk/hardcore from Slovenia. The musicianship has that great ability to be tight yet loose at the same time, while the vocals have a nice FUNERAL ORATION feel, though they're not as talented. I wish I could get a feeling about the lyrics, but they're all in Slovenian. (JF)
(Vinylmania, no address)

ZERO ZERO SEAT / ORGAN - Split EP

ZERO ZERO SEAT is one band that most don't know about from Japan, but who kick some serious ass. Great fucking thrash with some rock hooks, but its the vocals that really grab you by the throat. ORGAN are rocking hardcore much in the same vein, yet their song stays at a slow-metal pace all the way through. Both bands utilize the chorus screams and the wailing guitar solo with class.(MW)
(Discrete, no address, JAPAN)

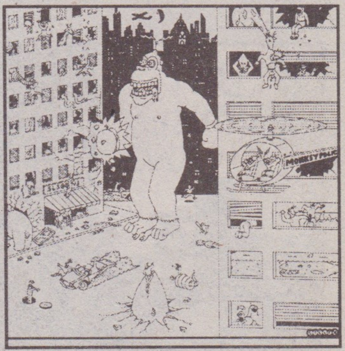


V/A - "Animal Liberation" LP

Ok, so I think I just might be one of the last people on earth who really likes comp LPs. This one is pretty high in the kick ass factor. Twenty six bands from all over the world and all over the style map donating their time to help promote the cause of animal rights. Skimpy lyric sheet made up for all the info on the plight of the animals—from the evils of vivisection to sport fishing. Standouts would be PETROGRAD , D.D.I., HOMOMILITIA, COUNTER ATTACK, DEKADENT, DIOS HASTIO, EXECRADORES, JOBBYKRUST, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES and DISKONTO. An amazing comp of bands in a time of lame ready for MTV crap "label samplers," and for a good cause to boot. Get this now! (MT)
(Boezie/Boudewijnvest, 76/3290. Diest, BELGIUM; boezie@planetinternet.be)

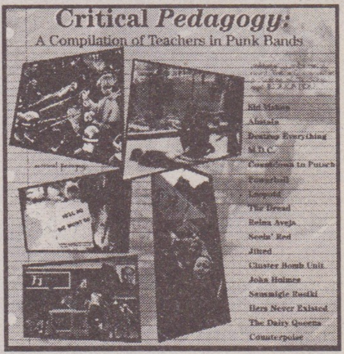
V/A – "Critical Pedagogy" LP

The subtitle to this is *A Compilation of Teachers in Punk Bands* (man, what's next? Cops in punk bands comps? Fuck school!!!) This is pretty funny: the bands include MDC, SEEIN' RED, CLUSTER BOMB UNIT, the DREAD, and JOHN HOLMES. The accompanying booklet has essays and thoughts on education. The comp has a wide variety of music from around the globe. Stand out tracks are by DESTROY EVERYTHING, LEOPOLD, the DREAD (whose project the whole thing is), and SEEIN' RED, of course. Cool idea, even if all teachers *are* bastards. (AD)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)



V/A – "Hyped to Death #1" CD

You must first read my collector's column "What We Do Is Secret" elsewhere in this issue to understand what *Hyped to Death* is all about. Then come back and read this review. Despite inexplicably kicking off the series with bands that start with "R" rather than "A", #1 is an awesome start for the series. The punk interpretation here is widened to embrace such doilies as the lo-fi garage punk bashing of MIKE REP & THE QUOTAS, the pop punk of the REACTIONS, the mannered CLASH-isms of the RED ROCKERS, the hard rock of JOY RYDER & AVIS DAVIS, and the power pop of the RUBBER CITY REBELS. 30 tracks. Just a dud or two (REGULAR JOE'S, fr'inst), the rest are way above average memorable ass kickers. A handful from '84 but most're from the oily days. My current faves on this are the REALTORS, RERUNS, and (LA) REACTORS, but that's likely to change on a weekly basis. (HY)
(www.hyped2death.com)



V/A – "Hyped to Death #2" CD

You must first read my collector's column "What We Do Is Secret" elsewhere in this issue to understand what *Hyped to Death* is all about. Then come back and read this review. Bands from the "Sa-to-Sp" part of the alphabet. SNUKY TATE ain't killer but are incompetently funny as hell. Ditto with the SILLIES and their "Is There Lunch After Death". The SCRAPS remain unknown despite Chuck's research, but their track is great singalong pop punk. Ditto with the SCHEMATIX. MEGA-WAY too many great songs on this near dudless 33 tracker to point out: my only suggestion is buy, listen, and worship your newly anointed gods... (HY)
(www.hyped2death.com)

V/A – "Hyped to Death #11" CD

You must first read my collector's column "What We Do Is Secret" elsewhere in this issue to understand what *Hyped to Death* is all about. Then come back and read this review. This vol (numbered "11" but it's really number 3 in this series) covers bands from the "Sp-to-Te" part of the alphabet. The spazzed out STAINS from Maine start things off, circa '80. A surprise comes from (the later southern jangle pop lamesters) SWIMMING POOL Q'S with their killer debut 45 called "Rat Bait", complete with horns but manages to maintain a snarling art punk stance throughout. TEACHER'S PET progs out with treated vocals

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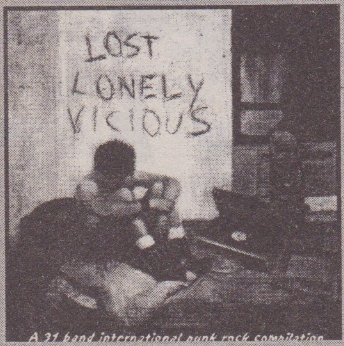
LOST LONELY VICIOUS
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and keyboards. STRAND proto-punks out with a cover of the STOOGES' "Search and Destroy". The SUICIDE KINGS time warp from an '85 release to settle nicely into an early punk sound. TERMINAL MIND embarrasses the Texas punk scene with a lame-voxed waver. STUMBLEBUNNY is a roots boogie band, stretching the def of punk to its limits. The STICKERS lamer is appropriately on the Ouch label. Not one of the better vols, a mere handfulla good'uns and lotsa unmemorables. However, well researched liner notes neatly put bands in their time and place in punk rock history so you gotta buy it anyhow. (HY)(www.hyped2death.com)

V/A – "Hyped to Death #12" CD

You must first read my collector's column "What We Do Is Secret" elsewhere in this issue to understand what *Hyped to Death* is all about. Then come back and read this review. Bands from "Th-to-U". A buncha "known" stuff, all good (TOOLS, TOT ROCKET, UNNATURAL AXE), a few handfuls of unknowns. TRACKS and MARC THOR do Beantown proud, while neighbors THUNDERTRAIN try to rock'n boogie themselves into the punk spotlight. Nothing terribly outstanding that you haven't already heard, though US CHAOS offers a classic anthem our way, "Don't Wanna Live". My faves're the UNDEAD's "My Kinda Town" and THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH's schizoid madness from 1977. Overall somewhat better than #11, but pales in comparison to #1 and 2. Don't hold it against Chuck tho, it's just *that* part of the alphabet. Still, a must-own for the completest in ya. (HY)
(www.hyped2death.com)

V/A - "Garage Pop Records Compilation" CD

Rochester NY, circa 2000. Garage pop bands. The list: VEINS, PRIESTS, HI-RISERS, QUITTERS, CHERRY GUN, RIVERIA PLAYBOYS, DUKE GALAXY & PIPELINERS, THUNDERGODS, GRINDERS, MS. RODEO USA, VILLAINS, MCFADDEN'S PARACHUTE, WHITE COTTON PANTIES, RUNS, SQUIRES OF THE SUBTERRAIN, VERTI-GOS, 9, FERTILITY RITE BROS. Whew! Well, Garage Star Search 2000 says there ain't no new MUMMIES coming outta Rochester this year, but the HI-FIVES and SMUGGLERS could get a run for their $$ from some of these guys. Mild salsa. (RW)
(Garage Pop, PO Box 88003, Rochester, NY, 14818, garagepoprecords.com)

V/A - "Hardcore Ball #5" CD

The fifth in a series of comps from Sapporo's Straight Up Records. While the first three focused mainly on the Japanese scene, the last two have widened to encompass European and American bands. While the style's have started to include more NYHC sounding and youth crew style bands, there is always a good mix of thrash thrown in. This time around you have SLANG, REAL REGGAE, COMMIN CORRECT, SEPARATION, OUTLAST, plus a ton more. One song each. (MW)
(Straight Up, Kowa bld 2F Minami-2, Nishi-1, Chuou-ku, Sapporo, 060-0062, JAPAN)

V/A - "Klub Counter Action" CD

This here is a compilation of 23 Japanese bands with styles ranging from straight forward ska to heavy thrash, SLAYER inspired hardcore and street punk. Some of the bands included are SLANG, BOLLOCKS, DAMAGED YOUTH, and are you ready for this...HOT DOG. Not bad. (RM)
(Straight Up, Kowa Bld 3F Minami-2Nishi-1 Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062 JAPAN)

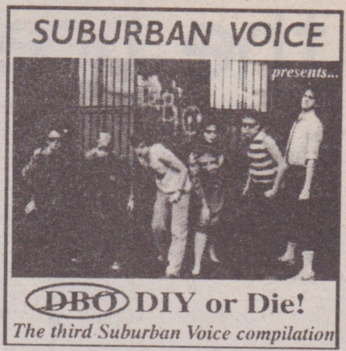
V/A - "Lost Lonely Vicious" CD

Did this come with the wrong cover? I could swear I hear the DESCENDANTS, BAD RELIGION, RANCID and the SWINGIN UTTERS. Yet the only bands I recognize on the jacket are the HUNTINGTONS and SCUM OF THE EARTH. Overall the bands have pretty good songs with professional like production. Notable performances by HAPPY UNEMPLOYED, THEE PIRATES, NEVER THE LESS, CRUX, BLASTER THE ROCKETMAN, S.S. BOUNTYHUNTER and CALIBRETTO. Note: possibly a Christian punk comp. (HM)
(Boot to Head, PO Box 9005, Portland, OR 97207)

V/A —"Punch Drunk II" CD

TKO Records has a smashing new CD compilation for you evil skins and punks. This street-rock feast contains great new tracks by the REDUCERS S.F.,the BELTONES, the BODIES, THOSE UNKNOWN, the RANDUMBS, SUBURBAN THREAT,and—hold on to your jockstraps- new material from the Kings of New Jersey Oi!—NIBLICK HENBANE—and—be careful out there—A brand new cut from the founders of the Confederacy of Scum— ANTISEEN! Fucking A!! All of the above mentioned tracks are exclusive to this CD I don't know what you losers did to deserve it but this is a good compila-

tion. You also get the TEMPLARS, RUNNIN' RIOT, and a sample of the forthcoming COCK SPARRER *Live* LP.Great! (BR)
(TKO Records, 4104 24th St, S.F. Ca. 94114)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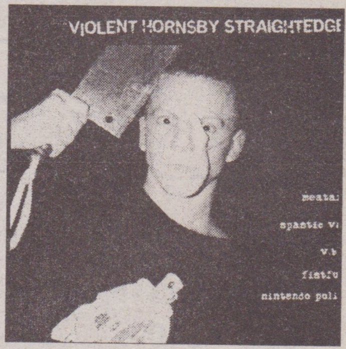


V/A - "Punks, Drunks and Other Junk" CD

Ten band compilation with no apparent theme, but Austin, Texas is heavily represented. The best o' the bunch are NOBODY'S HEROES, the CHUMPS, and the ZILLIONAIRES. The rest are JAKKPOT, COMMIES, DIMWITS, BELLIGERENT 86, DEL BOMBERS, IGNORANCE PARK, the FIRST DOWNS. (DP)
(Burnt Hairy Butt, 7 Spinnaker Street, Sandwich, MA 02563, punkscrub@aol.com)

V/A - "Russia Bombs Finland" LP

HOLY FUCK!!!!!!!! It's about fucking time!!!!!! Re-issue (legitimate?) of the *THE* Finnish punk comp.Maybe if more crucial blueprints of quality punk, like this, were available we wouldn't be swimming every month in a sea of shitty CD's all aspiring to be the next BLINK-182. Check it—KAAOS, BASTARDS, APPENDIX, RIISTETYT, TERVEET KÄDET and tons more. Totally raging and totally required. Like I said, don't know if this is a bootleg for sure or not but if you can find it at your friendly neighborhood punk distro, you can try...(MT)
(Propaganda, Box 393, 00101 Helsinki, FINLAND)

V/A - "Stop Rape Now" LP

This is really impressive. "An international female vocals punk comp to benefit 'Home Alive'"—a grass roots Seattle based group who organizes classes and workshops (including self-defense) for women. All songs and spoken word relate to women's issues and have their own style. Although mainly all bands are good, ANTIPRODUCT, MANIAC MIRACLES, SUBMISSION HOLD,and PMT stand out the most. I'm stoked that the deathrock band ANTI WORLD is on this!This is excellent and very empowering. (SR)
(Outcast, PO Box 1387, Evanston, IL, 60204-1387)

V/A - "Suburban Voice Compilation #3" CD

As the title states, this is the CD that comes with the most recent issue of *Suburban Voice* (Issue #44). This compilation shreds you apart with great tracks from DS-13, FALLEN SHORT, OTOPHOBIA, RIPCORD, the DREAD, KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS, SHOOT THE HOSTAGES, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, LAST IN LINE (who are my favorite band of the moment!!) and many many more! This is obviously a totally solid compilation that comes with a great zine. So invest your money on a good listen and read. Besides some of the proceeds go to benefit HAWC, which is an organization that supports abused women and their children. (RC)
(Suburban Voice, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903, alellen@shore.net)

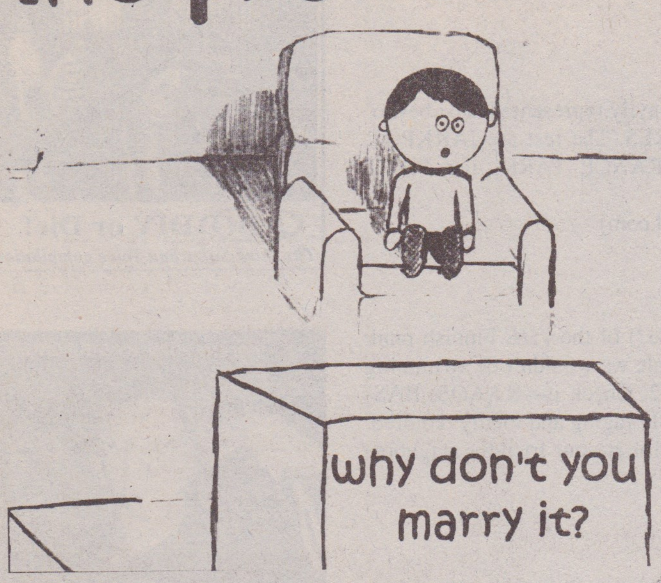
V/A - "Sudden Impact" LP

Get this...get this fucking NOW! I'm serious, what the fuck are you reading this for, stop, get a letter out, and send for this now. The title of the comp comes from a yearly festival held out in Yokohama at Club FAD put on by Kakki of FLAME. I've been dying to see one for years now, but this comp fulfills that desire. A 4 way split of some of the best Japanese hardcore right now, most of which is obscure to those who live outside of Japan. GOUKA are one of my all time favs (their split EP with DASTON is fucking awesome), and on this they kick down some of the fiercest Japanese thrash you've heard. LITTLE BASTARDS follow with some really crudely recorded crust grind with brutal vocals. The flip side has TRAPPED who's demo from 1998 blew me away. On this they kick down some dual vocal thrash/crust. To finish things off is FLAME who's debut EP on Dan Doh would have been hard to match. FLAME play solid, catchy hardcore with distinguishable vocals. Awesome, and essential.(MW)
(Office Impact, 2-28-5-302, Nishinaka, Minami-ku, Yokohama, Kanagawa, JAPAN)

V/A - "Violent Hornsby Straightedge" CD

Damn, why are Australian hardcore bands always so good? This compilation goes for the throat of the innocent listener with a barrage of ripping hardcore from MEATAXE, SPASTIC VAN, V.B.S., FISTFULL and NINTENDO POLICE. Every band on here pushes the pedal down and lets the energy fly with song after song of fast, energetic hardcore. Each band kicks in at least two songs apiece. MEATAXE was definitely my favorite band on this compilation. They take that chaotic 9 SHOCKS TERROR style and throw down five songs in less than three minutes. Fucking killer! (RC)
(Snapshot, PO Box 175 Georges Hall 2198, NSW AUSTRALIA, jay_snapshot@hotmail.com)

the pre-teens



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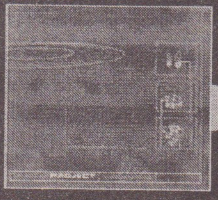

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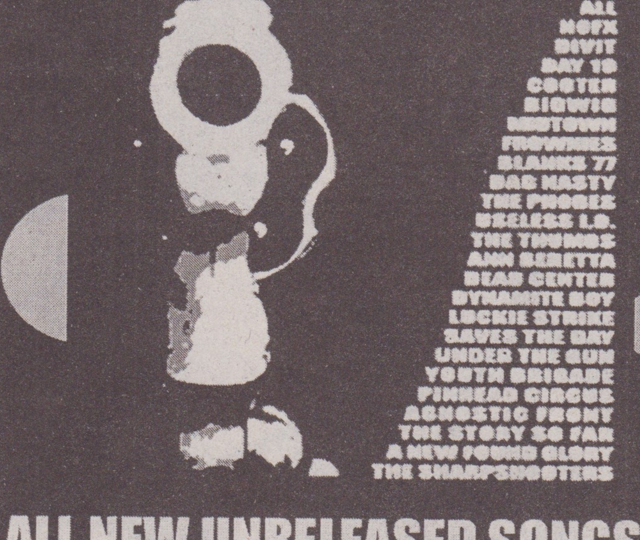
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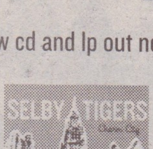

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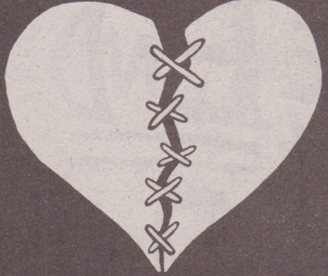

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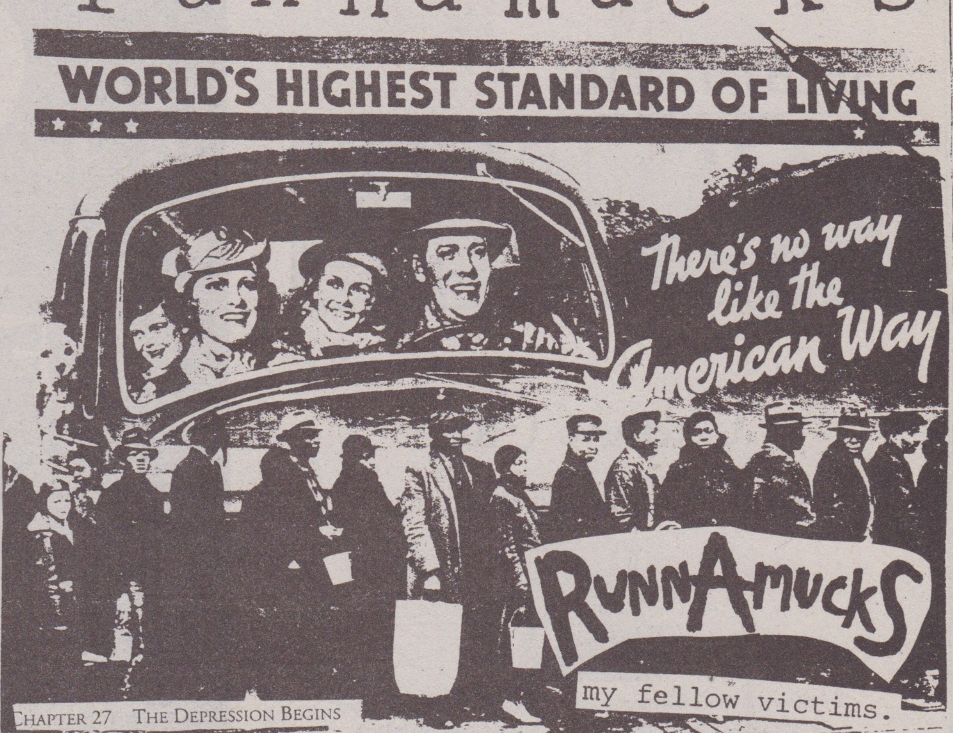
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CHAPTER 27 THE DEPRESSION BEGINS

tearing your fucking balls off with 7 blasts of straight ahead THRASH!

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MK) Mark Kessler, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

AB INSPECTOR #3 / $1
4 1/2 x 2 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
You have to be a die-hard fan/stalker of Patti Kim to get this mini-mini comic zine, because otherwise there's nothing to distinguish the supposedly "quirky" tales told here from, well, any other "quirky" zine that isn't really. She has menstrual cramps, a small bladder, and a bob. I'm not sure what the hook is. She complains about being labeled "cute" but what else do you call it (with or without contempt) when she writes, "for realz" or (about a co-worker) "biatch – just kidding, she is coo!" Annoying and way overpriced. (MN)
Box 68568 / 360 Bloor St W / Toronto ON / Canada M5S 1X1

ARROWEB #4 / 2 stamps or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
A good zine of this short length needs to pack in the content. There are two pages of columns (nothing insightful), two pages of reviews, and the rest is mostly filler—badly drawn cartoons, photocopied bus tickets and pages of "random-age" including quotes from the editor's friends with no context whatsoever. Sheila is not a bad writer at all—she just needs to do more of it. (MN)
117 Sturbridge Road / Clarks Summit, PA 18411-1067

BEANZ BAXTER #8 / $3
"The magazine of length!" the cover proclaims. How 'bout the magazine of sarcasm, alcoholism and smut? No, really—these are positive things. These are the kind of THC-damaged morons that make life worth living; they've got a vicious sense of humor and great taste in music. Reviews of beer, lists of best porno names, and interviews with Avail, the Speed Demons and Gyroscope. Pretty cool. (RD)
PO Box 2013 Hotham Hill / Victoria, Australia 3051

DIRECT HIT
DIY HARDCOREPUNK
ACTIVE MINDS/URKO 7" INSIDE
DS 13
URKO
JEN ANGEL
DROPDEAD
ACTIVE MINDS
S.O.A. RECORDS
SUSPECT DEVICE
COMMITMENT RECORDS

CLASS WAR #80 / £1 UK, £4 world
11 1/2 x 16 1/2 - offset - 16 pgs
This sure is one unruly tabloid. If you love to hate the rich, the monarchy, and the police this lively paper will be entertaining reading. There are more blurbs than in-depth coverage, but if you live in the UK, and London in particular, the news, updates, photos of plainclothes cops, etc. will be relevant as well. I thought this paper was fun, though there are serious issues being agitated about. You probably know whether or not you want this, but I would recommend intrigued or questioning British teenagers give it a try. (JM)
PO Box 467 / London / E8 3QX / England

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #14 / $1 ppd or trade
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 40 pgs
Sadly, two-thirds of this issue is goofy emails sent back and forth between the editor and a friend, talking shit on their mutual friends and suchlike. The remainder is made up of three essays in true *CS* style - sharply critical, uncompromising, and self-pitying ("whiny" many would say) - dealing with pesticides in food, the editor's opposition to breeding, and the sad state of the Spokane scene as evidenced by the attendees at a house show. I have liked this zine for years, and I liked this issue a lot as well, but if you aren't already a fan I recommend passing on this one. (JM)
PO Box 1781 / Spokane, WA 99210

DIRECT HIT #1 / £3.50 UK, £4.50 or $8 world
8 1/4 x 11 1/4 - offset - 48 pgs
This first issue looks great, but the editor previously did eight issues of *No Barcodes Necessary*. There is a little writing from the editor, some reviews and some ads but mostly it is packed with interviews. A few of them are *very* long and the less I was interested in the subject, the

more editing I felt it needed. In order of length, you get: Active Minds, Commitment Records (my favorite, fucking great interview), *Suspect Device*, S.O.A. Records, DS-13, Jen Angel, Drop Dead, and Urko. Some of the questions are pretty generic, and the Drop Dead interview is the weakest of the bunch - the email ones generally fare better. I'm very glad I got to read this, here's to you Mel. It is so expensive because you get an Active Minds/Urko 7" as well, which should be reviewed this issue. (JM)
Mel Hughes / PO Box 36 / Armagh / BT60 3PQ / N Ireland

DORIS #16 / $1.50
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
This zine, hailing from Asheville, North Carolina, is really impressive. It is rare that I actually like zines, for several reasons. Doris manages to approach writing about history, her political identity, community, and relationships in ways that overlap and interact, without putting subjects in neat little categories. Also, *Doris* lacks the dogmatic, self-righteousness that many zines approach the world with and it does not come across as someone trying to shove their analysis of the world down your throat. I have found this to be pretty rare. Issue # 16 starts with an interesting critique of/response to *Snarla* zine, historical anecdotes, and sort of poetic, geographically-oriented stories about experiences with people and politics. One of the best zines so far. (JL)
PO Box 1734 / Asheville, NC 28802

EAST VILLAGE INKY #9 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/4 - copied - 40 pgs
Unlike many zines that are "themed", this one doesn't seem to get old. You might think that issue after issue of writing about one's kids might bore or alienate readers, but I have to say that *EVI* has managed to continue to keep a captive reading audience among many people I know - most of whom are not parents. So that impresses me. When you read it, it's obvious - it's very personal and personable, and it's well-written and honest, something that there isn't enough of in the zine world. There are lots of stories about the trials of being a parent in the big city, and lots of writing about the big city, which I enjoyed as well. My favorite parts were about waiting past the due date, and waiting and waiting...and also overcoming bitch mother, and the impressive peeing powers of an undiapered male baby. This may be too cutesy for some, but as someone who doesn't want to have kids - if I enjoyed it, then you should too! (MD)
122 Dean St / Brooklyn, NY 11201
inky@erols.com

HATE #8 / $3
11 x 8 - offset - 56 pgs - Italian
This zine has a really cool lay-out with some very interesting articles, better to say, gossip on the world wide punk scene. The bands featured are The No Talents, Demolition Doll Rods, The Dirtys, Mick Collins and Andre Williams. There are no records reviews per se, but just loads of cool info on what is happening. Finally there is a scene report from Finland. Definitely a great zine! e-mail: haters@tiscalinet.it (HH)
Circ. Gianicolense 112 / 00152 Roma / Italy

IMPACT PRESS #29 / free, $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
A lot of important issues are discussed here; the military budget, religious wars, the politics of vaccine pricing, and the media's suppression of news. It's all good, if a little brief. There are reviews and ads of punk music, which seem almost tacked on to the more political content. Then again, this is free, so it's extra impressive in that light. (GF)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

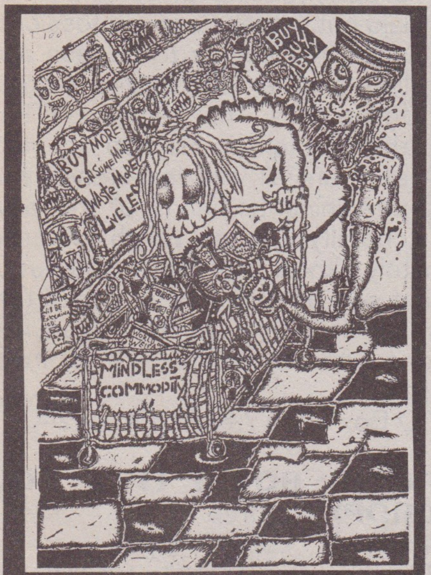
JADED IN CHICAGO #10 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 46 pgs
This is the "all Chicago" issue. Interviews with Screeching Weasel, Alkaline Trio, Sig Transit Gloria, Story So Far and The Arrivals. Lots of photos and some other tidbits on Chicago living and history. Unfortunately, there are apparently no women in bands in Chicago. (GF)
4031 Forest Ave / Western Springs, IL 60558

LOST CAUSE #1 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
Not explicitly straight-edge, but there is a clear vibe. Interviews (of the 'what's up dude?' variety) with The Nerve Agents, All Bets Off, Kill Your Idols, and Punishment. This photocopied zine also has quite a few crowd shots of eager young fans worshipping at the idol of electronic amplification. The zine thank list includes the WWF and god. (AR)
35 Lawton Ct / San Ramon / CA 94583

MARTYRS AND OTHER FUCKERS
MARTYRS AND OTHER FUCKERS
MARTYRS AND OTHER FUCKERS
Issue # 1
New
Interviews
With:
9 SHOCKS TERROR
VERBAL ASSAULT
THE NERVE AGENTS
1 buck

MARTYRS AND OTHER FUCKERS #1 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
I have to say this was an impressive

first issue. I was psyched to see an interview with Verbal Assault, who were always one of my favorite bands . This zine focuses on hardcore punk, with lots of interviews and photos (some of which suffer from bad reproduction). The other bands featured are 9 Shocks Terror and Nerve Agents, and overall the interviews are really well done. Add to that some reviews, the editor's top 50 records of all time and some personal writing, and you've got a nifty package. (MD)
157 Ramsdell Ave #4 / Buffalo, NY 14216
satanarchist@aol.com



MAYHAP #9 / 77¢ or trade
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
This is an anarchist zine with a personal slant to it - making it a lot less dry and alienating than a lot of anarcho-political rags out there these days. There's a lot of writing about the local political scene and treatment from cops in the Eugene area, and advice on what to do if you are stopped by cops. There's a story about being the son of an American Legion member and going to the Legion hall, writing about consumerism in relationship to porn (I found their critique of porn too simplistic and condescending), as well as trying to have a vegan cat (don't do it!). There's also writing about life in prison, recommended books and lots of the usual anarcho-graphics you've seen before. Decent. (MD)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

MINDLESS COMMODITY #1 / $3
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 54 pgs
Pretty good zine of the crusty variety from the land down under (Australia, duh). Covers all the bases with interviews with Fleas and Lice, World on Welfare, and Dyslexic (is this a joke- if not, it's still pretty funny). Plus there are the seemingly standard crust zine topics like a home brew recipe ("cirrhosis of the liver cider"), cooking with pot, animal rights, and god bashing. My favorite articles would be the one on how fucked up Scientology is- which discussed some of its basic concepts and the black metal article- which points out the fascist make up of said scene, and fucked it is that people condone that scene but in the same breath would totally condemn bands like Skrewdriver- consistency people. Also features a Melbourne scene report. Worth the $3 if you are at all interested in any of the bands- or even just for the cider recipe ('hic'). Good stuff. (MT)
PO Box 279 / Enmore N.S.W. 2042 / Australia

MISHAP #11 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
This zine contains original fiction, an article from a prisoner, anti-cop info and anarchist related matters. I found the stories to be really uninteresting and too long. Actually I found the whole zine to be pretty dry. (DS)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

PEPTO DIZMAL #19 / $1.50
Lots of comics, anarcho-political stuff, current events, interview with "Spit", the anarchist, pro-vegan anecdotes, and other related rants. Kind of dogmatic but worth your money if you're into anarchist/radical political culture, I guess. (JL)
PMB C - 1 / 1701 Broadway / Vancouver, WA 98663

PINK SHOELACE #4 / free
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
It's funny how something being free can up its enjoyability factor. For free, I like this zine. For a $1, it was OK. I mostly enjoyed the personal stories about high school and growing up in the suburbs. Also has reviews (record, show and zine) and short interviews with Tilt and not so famous bands. (DS)
3700 A Savoy Ln / West Palm Beach, FL 33417

PLASTIC BOMB #32 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 132 pgs - German
If one is into the German scene then this is one of the best zines to read. It is loaded with everything a good punker needs, or wants to know. First there are interviews with Down By Law, Us Bombs, Fixtures, Dee Dee Ramone and others. There is a report on Chaos Days in Hannover and the punx picnic in Neubrandenburg. There are lots of new zine, tape and record reviews and lots of great ads to go along with these reviews. And finally there are lots of cool photos and graphics. This zine is always fun to read, plus it comes as usual with a free CD. (HH)
Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
http://www.plastic-bomb.de

RAD PARTY
HEARTBREAK'S LOSE SUMMER TOUR 2000 ISSUE!
STUPID STORIES, BAD JOKES AND SICK HUMOUR...
Nº25

PLASTIC NEWSLETTER #14 / $2
11 x 8 - copied - 4 pgs - Polish
There are two pages of reviews and a couple of short interviews with the bands Benumb, Pignation and Plutocracy. (HH)
Impeachment Records / POB 42 / Pabianice 3 / Poland

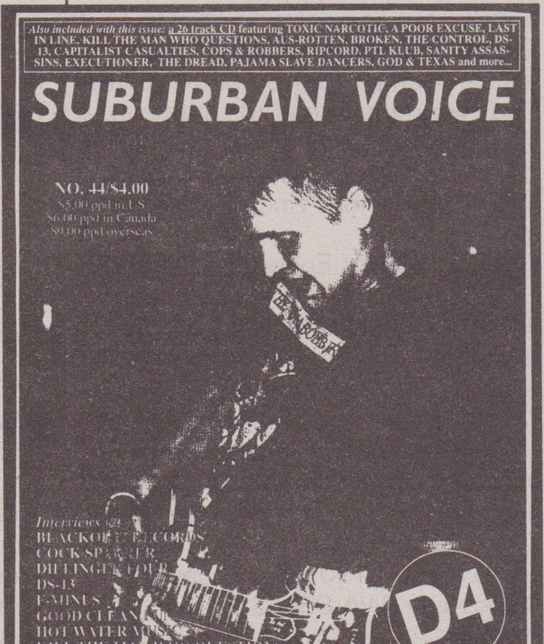
POOR AND FORGOTTEN
#5 / trade or $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 42 pgs
It's always a bad sign when the first part of a zine is a series of "horrorscopes," and the rest filled collages with a few choice observations like, "Sanity, what is sanity? A total lack of creativity," or "Wow, humanity is lame!" And seriously, the copy job is terrible, I couldn't even manage to read most of the badly-written poetry (maybe a blessing in disguise). (MN)
Taylor St Apt 3 / Milford, MA
01757

RAD PARTY #25
4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 88 pgs - French
If you're a French speaker (reader) who hasn't yet ordered a copy of *Rad Party* for fun and insight, go on, give it a shot. #25 is the "Heartbreak Issue," but it's also editor Stéphane's chronicle of a recent tour of the US East Coast with his friends in Spit. Tour diaries can be a challenge as we all know, but *Rad Party* catches your eye and attention with signature cartoons, strategically placed tiny ads and photos. A healthy dose of often self-deprecating humor tops it off. I'm not sure of the cost, but $2-3 ought to cover it. (AC)
Small Budget Productions /
B.P. #7 / 78110 Le Vesinet
Cedex / France

RASLIN AUTHORITY #1 / $1
7 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
This is mostly made up of a reprint from *Anarchy* of a Greek anarchist's court statement. There are a handful of shorter pieces concerning anarchist theory, history, Rob Thaxton and other jailed Eugene radicals, and Mexico's Biblioteca Social Reconstruir. Not a great zine, but if you haven't seen the reprints and are interested in the material it's a fair deal for the price. (JM)
PO Box 67303 / Los Angeles,
CA 90067

THE STAND APART
DEAD NATION,
97a,
KILL YOUR IDOLS,
MAIN STREET MAYHEM,
THE XRIGX,
INDICATION,
REACHING FORWARD,
...
skateboarding,
fiction,
nude pictures of your mom,
thoughts,
stories, and more!
#3
SUMMER 2000

ROBOT MALFUNCTION #1 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
If you are currently or have been a suburban punk kid who hates high school and has a dull life, you know the type of material contained herein. Just little stories about the editors friends, drinking coffee, finding metaphors for life in the way the rain hits the puddle... Esthetically I liked the typewritten words and hand-drawn graphics. In general I am not a fan of bored teenager personal zines, but this one pleased—not pained—me. Hopefully it will keep going and be great in a year but I like it all right now. (JM)
1736 Swindon Ct / Richfield, WI
53076


Also included with this issue: a 26 track CD featuring TOXIC NARCOTIC, A POOR EXCUSE, LAST IN LINE, KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS, AUS-ROTTEN, BROKEN, THE CONTROL, DS-13, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, COPS & ROBBERS, RIPCORD, PTL KLUB, SANITY ASSASSINS, EXECUTIONER, THE DREAD, PAJAMA SLAVE DANCERS, GOD & TEXAS and more...
SUBURBAN VOICE
NO. 44/$4.00
$5.00 ppd in US
$6.00 ppd in Canada
$9.00 ppd overseas
Interviews w/:
BLACKOUT! RECORDS
COCK SPARRER
DILLINGER FOUR
DS-13
F-MINUS
GOOD CLEAN FUN
HOT WATER MUSIC
KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS
NERVE AGENTS
VARUKERS
D4

ROCK N ROLL PURGATORY #2 / $3
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 48 pgs
This sure is a hell of a lot of psychobilly reading for $3, and it's all laid out in that clean, professional style that seems to be less and less popular with fanzine editors these days. The interviews (TR6, the Heptanes, Hayride to Hell, etc.) are all well researched and pertaining to bands of the psychobilly genre, which unfortunately I know way too little about. If that sort of thing is your cup of tea, you'll definitely dig this. Even if it isn't, you still may enjoy it, as I did. (RD)
PO Box 3055 / Kent, OH 44240

ROCK! ROCK! (TILL YOU DROP) #1 / free
4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 8 pgs
This mini-zine is only available by writing to the email address below. It has an interview with Pukeahontes, record reviews and a Simpson's quiz. (DS)
rockrockzine@hotmail.com

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
#49 / 55¢ in stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
It took me a while to realize this is a christian zine. I guess that's good, in that it doesn't have much direct reference to religion. Mostly columns, reviews and a piece on attending the Cornerstone festival. While some of the *MRR* folks are more accepting of the non-pushy christian types, I am not one of them. It's a inherently fascist ideology, and you can try to temper it as much as you want, but it doesn't change that for me. One could argue that anything

should be "tolerated", an appeal to being open minded, but there is also a time to figure out where you stand. Christianity is stupid, and I'm fine with that. (GF)
516 Third St NE / Masillon, OH 44646

THE STAND APART #3 / $?
8 x 11 1/2 - copied - 47 pgs
Good hardcore punk zine with decent interviews with bands like Kill Your Idols, Dead Nation (yeah!), 97a, and Main Steet Mayhem. Also an epitaph of sorts for Dead Nation and a story on how Reaching Forward came about. The history of NYHC is problematic as it is so full of holes (what no mention of The Abused or Antidote!?) that it probably would have been better left out- besides NYHC is sooooooooo overrated. Overall a good read—especially on the toilet, which to me is the true test if a zine is worth keeping around. Oh yeah they do reviews too, so flood his mailbox with records, OK? (MT)
Stijn Apart / Stuifzandsraat 8 / 3900 Overpelt / Belgium / Stijnx78@yahoo.com

SUBURBAN VOICE #44 / $4 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 158 pgs
Anyone interested in punk at all has no excuse if they fail to read this. The range, quantity, and quality of the writing and interviews can do no wrong. There's not enough space in this magazine to list all of the interviews in *Suburban Voice* but the highlights include, Hot Water Music, Kill the Man Who Questions, CockSparrer, The Varukers, and Dillinger Four. Almost half of this huge zine is reviews, between the interviews and the letters are a few columns too. The last page is great too, a collection of the hideous promo pictures that bands have sent in. Oh, and if there isn't enough already, it also comes with a CD compilation featuring, Capitalist Casualties, Aus-Rotten, Kill the Man Who Questions, and a lot more. Don't waste your time reading this review, just go get the damn magazine!(CR)
PO Box 2746 / Lynn, MA 01903-2746

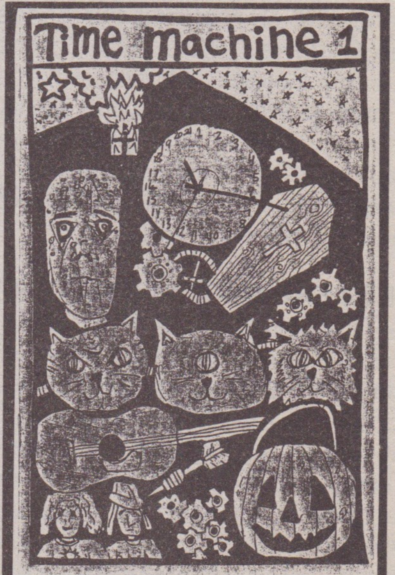
SUMMER'S OVER #4 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Okay, per the request made by the letter that I received with this zine, I have to mention that this zine is accompanied by a record by the Lysdexics and only the first fifty, lucky people who send for the zine, get the record. The zine is put out by two people, covering topics like disillusionment with punk rock, a lost jacket, and hangin' out a coffee shops with friends. Also, an interview with Todd Congelliere, a few record reviews, and a sort-of humorous stab at *MRR* are included. Overall, I found myself pretty indifferent to this zine. It was not particularly memorable or offensive, but for some reason, I felt oddly compelled to grant it a full length review. (JL)
406 W 2nd St S #3 / Melrose, MN 56352

Summer's Over
#4

TIME MACHINE #1 / free
8 1/2 x 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I have begun to dread the handwritten variety of zines that so often find there way into my hands. Contained within the, thankfully brief, pages are stories that are beyond boring and begin to venture into the completely uninteresting and self-indulgent. These are like the stories I tell my friends, that they politely feign interest in, the whole while waiting for me to stop talking. The question I have to ask is, why bother? It's one thing to chronicle the funny little anecdotes so that at a later date you can go back and reminisce fondly, it's yet a completely different thing to publish it. Albeit, the author only made fifteen copies, and this isn't the worst "personal" zine I've read, but I don't see the point in writing three and a half pages about your "fascinating" roommates. I'm sorry to take all this out on what, to be fair, is not a bad zine. *Time Machine*, represents to me exactly what I don' t want to see in zines. (CR)
No Address

TRUST #84 / 4 DM
8 1/4 x 11 3/4 - offset - 68 pgs - German
Now that the staff at *MRR* has "purified" our layout, *Trust* holds a seeming monopoly on cheesy cartoons designed to separate the sections. I enjoy the one for Demo Tapes, of a kid flossing his brain with a length of tape. Sound effect: "Glibsch." If that ain't enough to sell you, check out interviews with As Friends Rust, Pitchshifter, Dismemberment Plan, and the usual reviews and columns. (AC)
Postfach 11 / 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

WELLFAIR? #3 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Wellfair is a nice personal zine that flows gently from one person's experiences, to some friends' poems, to politics and back.



Although a bit more New Age-ish than I groove with, the editor of Wellfair seems on a good path and in this issue hits a lot of important topics (if not deeply enough). Sex and PC, experiences at WTO, Voting, Working, and some travelogues. Especially recommended if you live in the Northwest. (AR)
PO Box 95516 / Seattle / WA 98145

TRUST
NR. 84 Oktober/November 00
4.- DM
AS FRIE
PITCHS
DVD
DISMEMBERMENT PLAN
BURNING AIRLINES
GRNDNTNL BRNDS

WORST #8 / $3
11 x 8 - offset - 28 pgs - French
Another cool European zine for me this month, this one from France which features the bands Les Cadavres, H2O, US Bombs and the Bollocks. There are lots of new record reviews and plenty of cool graphic and photos. e-mail: fredz3@caramail.com (HH)
Pavemusic / BP 5195 / 57075 Metz / France

YESTERDAY'S MISTAKE #9
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
This is a personal zine that follows Ginger's train(s) of thought as she considers the label "anarchist," full moons, unrequited love, hitchhiking, poetry, and more. Nothing particularly inspiring or insightful here—if all very sincere and probably heartfelt—plus there's a very, very problematic essay comparing punks to Native Americans, i.e., punks live in squats, Indians live on reservations, both wear "mohawks" to inspire fear, etcetera. Okay, the social and political conditions and long histories of Native Americans are so far away from the average squatter that it's not even funny. Ginger addresses some of those material differences, but why write an essay like this in the first place? (MN)
1600 St Michael's #472 / Santa Fe, NM 87505

ZINE GUIDE #4 / $6 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 154 pgs
Obviously the bulk of this magazine is a collection of zine reviews and listings, thorough, easy to use, a great resources. A nice surprise to me though were the non review sections. I found the survey results (broken down by bands, sex, and zines) as to their favorite and least favorite zines to be really interesting. Apparently everyone either hates, loves, or hates and loves *Maximum*. There's also a great musicians index, a list of the most commonly written about bands, and even a person index. It's a great resources not only for those few folks out there who actually enjoy zines, but for anyone looking for resources in punk as well. (CR)
PO Box 5467 / Evanston, IL 60204

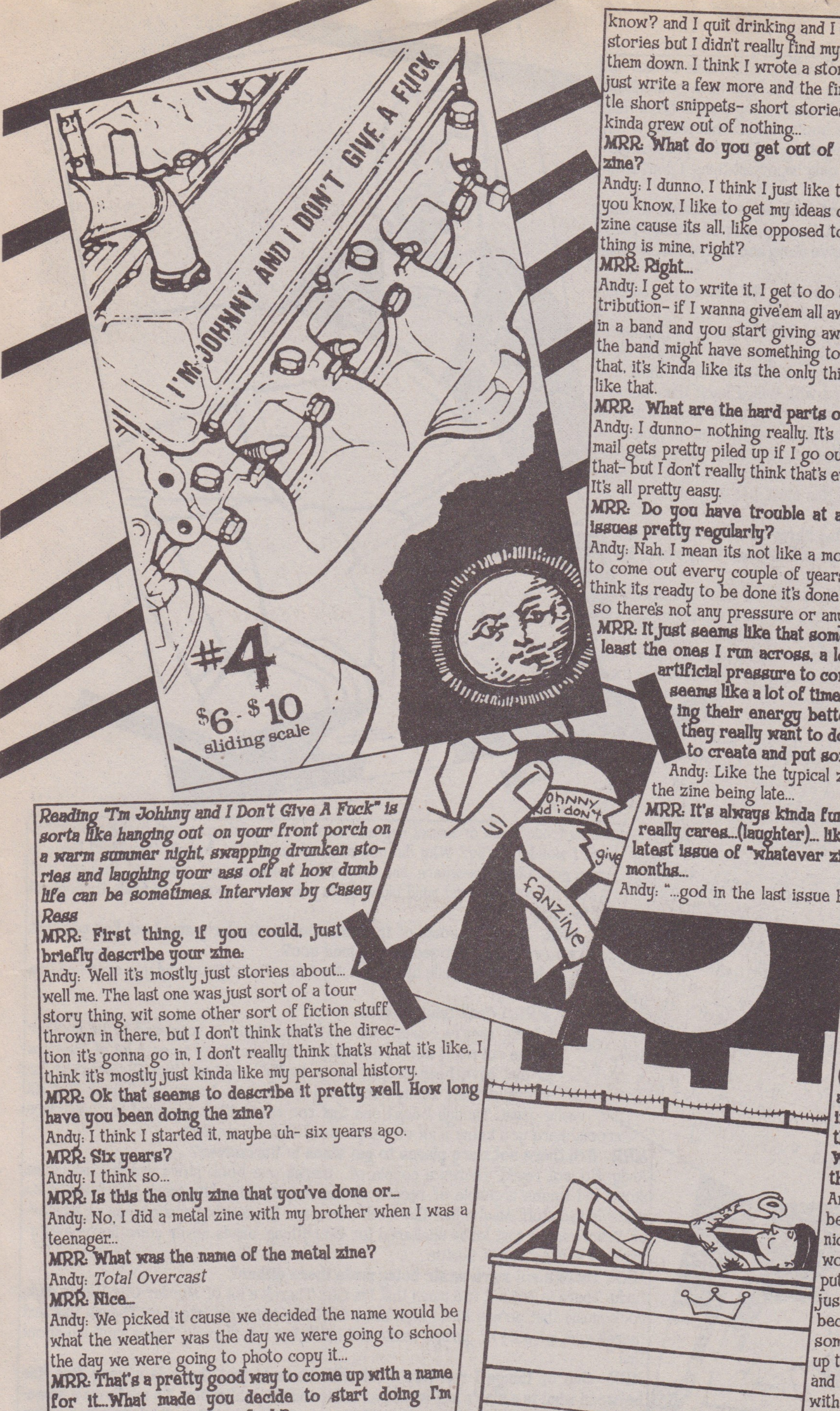
Zine Guide
#4
New Place/Geographic Location Index • Readers' 250 Favorite Zines • 440 Most Featured Bands

more listings

CHUMPIRE #135 / 1 stamp or trade
I love this one page staple more each time. Movie and show reviews, a rant against Frito-Lay, and general reflections. Nothing new, and that's a good thing.
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

LIBERATION NOW #10 / ?
Full of original art, thoughts on society and a short book list. Twelve pages of depressing stuff.
PO Box 64 / Station "C" / Montreal, QC H2L 4J7 Canada

UNITY SUCKS #3 / free
Glossy new-school newsletter, in Dutch, covers the likes of Bombshell Rocks and a handful of reviews.
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands



Reading "I'm Johnny and I Don't Give A Fuck" is sorta like hanging out on your front porch on a warm summer night, swapping drunken stories and laughing your ass off at how dumb life can be sometimes. Interview by Casey Ress

MRR: First thing, if you could, just briefly describe your zine:

Andy: Well it's mostly just stories about... well me. The last one was just sort of a tour story thing, wit some other sort of fiction stuff thrown in there, but I don't think that's the direction it's gonna go in, I don't really think that's what it's like, I think it's mostly just kinda like my personal history.

MRR: Ok that seems to describe it pretty well. How long have you been doing the zine?

Andy: I think I started it, maybe uh- six years ago.

MRR: Six years?

Andy: I think so...

MRR: Is this the only zine that you've done or...

Andy: No, I did a metal zine with my brother when I was a teenager...

MRR: What was the name of the metal zine?

Andy: *Total Overcast*

MRR: Nice...

Andy: We picked it cause we decided the name would be what the weather was the day we were going to school the day we were going to photo copy it...

MRR: That's a pretty good way to come up with a name for it...What made you decide to start doing I'm Johnny, and I don't give a fuck?

Andy: I think when I was younger I would just get drunk and tell stories about what I did- stupid things ya' know? and I quit drinking and I thought that I should keep on telling the stories but I didn't really find myself in a position to do it, so I just wrote them down. I think I wrote a story for some other zine, and I thought I'd just write a few more and the first two were just sort of these like little short snippets- short stories about dumb shit that I did, and it just kinda grew out of nothing...

MRR: What do you get out of it that makes you continue to do the zine?

Andy: I dunno, I think I just like to do it... I think... since... I like to write, you know, I like to get my ideas out that way, and I think I like to do the zine cause its all, like opposed to being in a band or something, everything is mine, right?

MRR: Right...

Andy: I get to write it, I get to do all the layout, I get to deal with the distribution- if I wanna give'em all away, I can give'em all away and if you're in a band and you start giving away all the records the other people in the band might have something to say about it. (laughter) Mostly its just that, it's kinda like its the only thing that's all mine, and I like to keep it like that.

MRR: What are the hard parts of doing the 'zine?

Andy: I dunno- nothing really. It's pretty easy. (laughter) Sometimes the mail gets pretty piled up if I go out of town, you know like dealing with that- but I don't really think that's even hard, I don't think anything is hard. It's all pretty easy.

MRR: Do you have trouble at all keeping up with and putting out issues pretty regularly?

Andy: Nah. I mean its not like a monthly thing or anything. It just seems to come out every couple of years. I just kinda work on it and when I think its ready to be done it's done and I put it out. Again, it's just for me, so there's not any pressure or anything.

MRR: It just seems like that something that happens a lot in zines, at least the ones I run across, a lot of times there seems to be this artificial pressure to constantly be putting out issues, and it seems like a lot of time, people would be better off spending their energy better, by waiting on it and doing what they really want to do rather than feeling like they have to create and put something out regularly.

Andy: Like the typical zine intro where they apologize for the zine being late...

MRR: It's always kinda funny cause I don't think that anyone really cares...(laughter)... like anyone is really crying about the latest issue of "whatever zine" has come out in like the three months...

Andy: "...god in the last issue he said it would be out in February and it's already March, what's going on?!"

MRR: (laughter) There's a lot of concern by the readers there I'm sure... they definitely wanna here about how they broke up with their partner and how it effected them being able to do the zine. (laughter) I guess specifically about your zine and maybe zines in general- what sort of role do they play in the punk community? What purpose do you think that they serve?

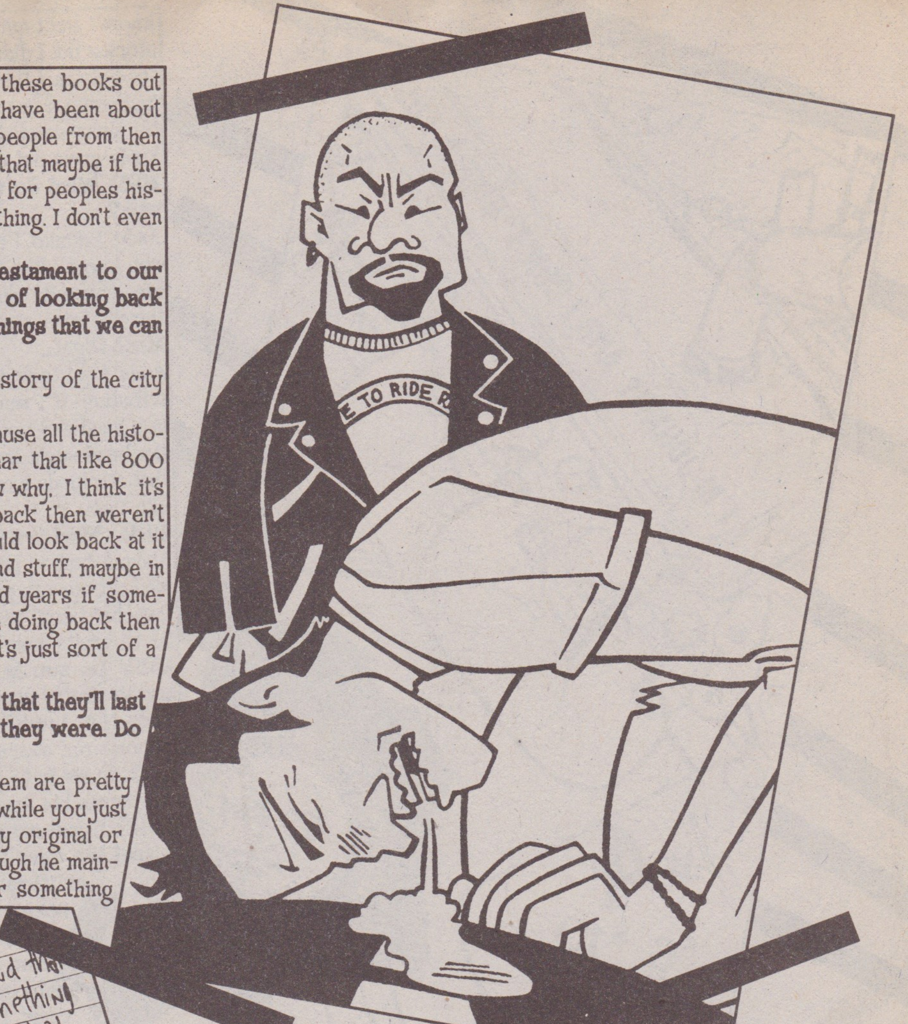
Andy: I think a lot of zines are cool because they're this instant communication about things that normally wouldn't be said. Like a lot of zines put an emphasis on stuff that would just kinda disappear, maybe it's because it's just not important or something that some kids are all fired up that something happened at a show and there's this lasting thing. I think with my zine, it's important to document our history, rather than 20 years from now you look back and are like "what was punk in the '90s?" You look at all these books out now about punk in the '70s, and its like "...oh it must have been about this, or this is the way it is..." cause a few surviving people from then went into publishing an published these books. I think that maybe if the zines are out there and lasting you can get a good feel for peoples history. I think maybe, that for me, is the only important thing. I don't even know if it's that important.

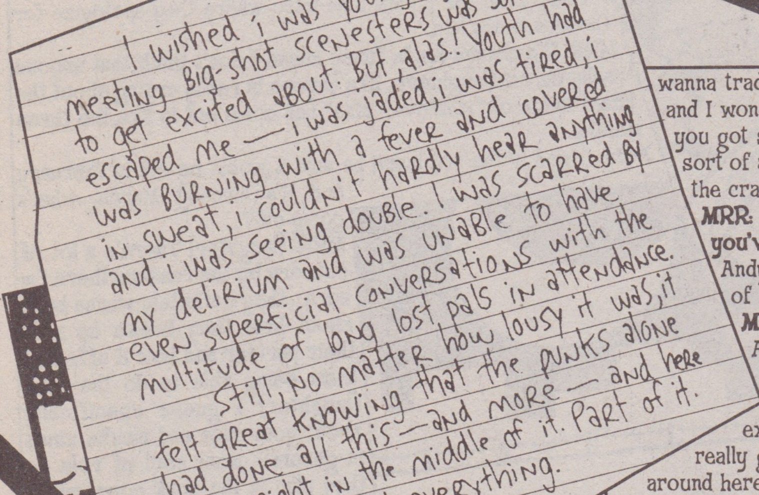
MRR: I think that it's really important to keep a testament to our times and what we're doing. I think that, through way of looking back on the past and learning from what we've done, and things that we can continue to do...

Andy: Yeah, I've been into a lot of, just recently, the history of the city I live in, Vancouver, kinda of about the history of unemployed peoples struggles. It's kinda of difficult cause all the history is these mainstream news papers and you just hear that like 800 unemployed men rioted in the park, but you don't know why. I think it's a shame that people who were involved with things back then weren't keeping track of it and I wish there was a way we could look back at it now. So hopefully what we're doing now with zines and stuff, maybe in another... but see I don't even know that in a hundred years if somebody's looking back to see what the down and out are doing back then like are they going to be able to find this stuff, but it's just sort of a step in that direction.

MRR: Hopefully someone will keep zine libraries so that they'll last that long- or at least someone will remember what they were. Do you enjoy reading zines generally?

Andy: No not really. (laughter) I mean A number of them are pretty crappy, but the beauty of it all is that every once in a while you just get this like, total gem that just moves you or is really original or great and you would never see this writing come through he mainstream press or the mainstream book companies or something like that. I read a lot of zines, a lot of people send me zines or they wanna trade them or something and a lot of times they're just fucking horrible and I wonder "Why? Why did you need to write that down?" (laughter) I guess you got start somewhere, and maybe for the ones that come out that are just sort of awesome and mind blowing it's just sort of worth it to wade through all the crap.




I wished i was young again and that meeting Big-shot scenesters was something to get excited about. But, alas! Youth had escaped me — i was jaded; i was tired, i was BURNING with a fever and covered in sweat, i couldn't hardly hear anything and i was seeing double. I was SCARRED BY my delirium and was unable to have even superficial conversations with the multitude of long lost pals in attendance. Still, no matter how lousy it was, it felt great knowing that the punks alone had done all this — and more — and here i was, right in the middle of it. Part of it. RUNNY NOSE and everything.

MRR: What are some of the zines that particularly stand out for you that you've really enjoyed or inspired you?

Andy: Umm... I really like those *My Little Twin Sister*, did you ever see one of those?

MRR: I don't think I have...

Andy: They're really cool, and I think there is supposed to be another one out really soon. I like those, I like the *Doris* zines. A lot of the ones that have been around for a really long time, like *Dishwasher* for example, that's really interesting every time I see that. I think that it's really great. Though I don't see that too often. It's kinda hard to find things around here you know, a lot of people send them to me and...

MRR: Are there not many places to get zines in Vancouver?

Andy: No, not really. There's a couple of... there's one book store and one magazine store and maybe a couple of record stores, but its all pretty much just focused on records and stuff. Maybe like the locals zines and the few big music zines or whatever. Vancouver is just kinda sheltered for everything, bands never come here- everyone just sorta stops in Seattle...

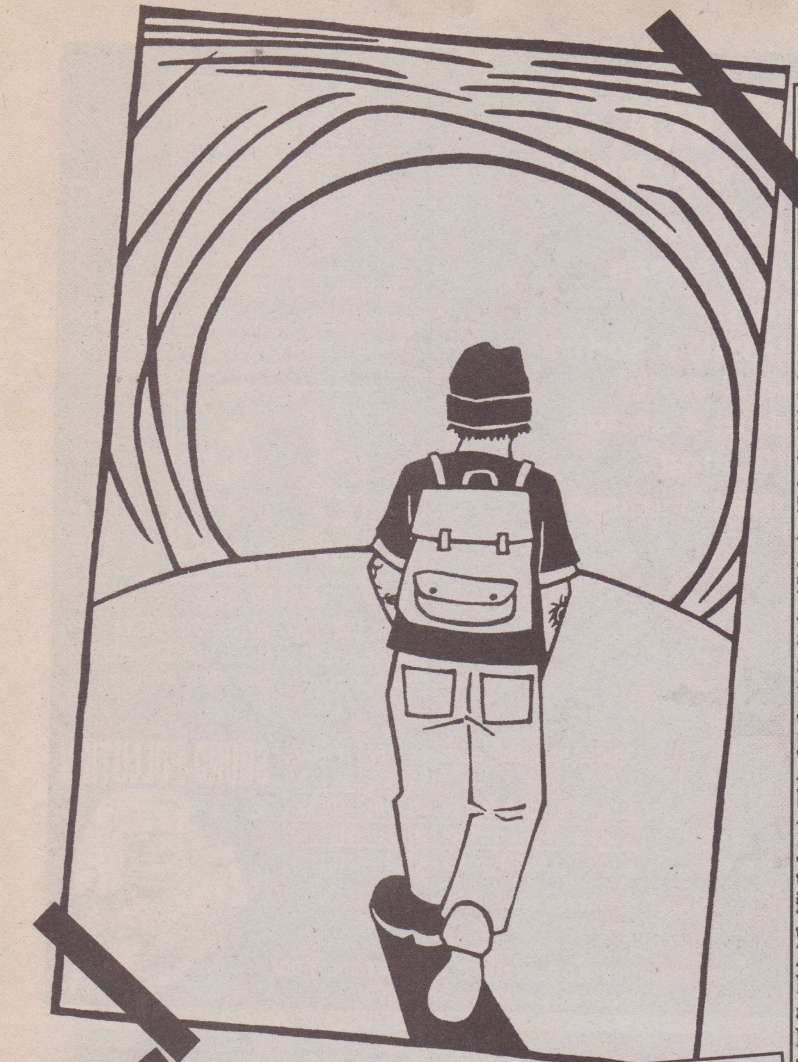
MRR: There's not much music being made there either?

Andy: There is but not too much that I'm into. There's a lot of Murder City Devils style rock music that people kinda like, but I don't too much get into that. There's that and there's a lot of sort of garage music and stuff, but I don't really know anything about that.

MRR: One of things I run into a lot with zines is that there is a very fine line between what is a zine's and what's an independent publication. To me there's something very different between those two, so what's your idea of what makes a zine a zine? I ask you cause the last issue...

Andy: ...It looks like a book...

MRR: It's a little book.



Andy: I think maybe a zine might be... I'd like to say it was like one person just does it you know? You do it, you write it, you publish it, you put it out, you distribute it and you do everything with it, it should be a zine, but you can do that with a book too. So I don't really know, maybe a zine is sort of like a folded stapled thing. (laughter) I don't know if its the content or if it's the physical thing itself...

MRR: I think the for me the litmus test is that it has to have some sort of connection to punk... not necessarily about music or about politics directly but it has to be coming from that sort of background or what ever. I need to feel that sort of connection or else its just like a street sheet sort of thing. What other projects do you have going on and what other sorts of things do you do besides the zine?

Andy: I play in a band, we go on tours and make records and things like that. That's about it. I had a job but I sort of lost that last time we went on tour. I'm kinda working on my novel, a straight up fiction thing, but I don't think that will ever be finished and if it does I don't really know what to do with it, I don't know if I would be into... I mean with the last zine I did, the book style one, is kind of a big headache and if I wrote the novel...

MRR: Is the novel written in the sort of the same style as the zine is?

Andy: Well it's 100% fiction, like its all made up, but it is kinda similar. It's kind of punk rock related- I mean it's not about punk rockers or anything but I think that people who are into punk rock would be more apt to be into it than like your parents or something.

MRR: I don't think I'd even want to read a fiction book that is about punk rockers... Are there any new issues of your zine coming out anytime soon?

Andy: Nah...

MRR: No? How long did it take you to put out your last issue, to write it and everything involved with it?

Andy: About two years, between number three and number four.

MRR: That's a pretty big chunk of time. I can imagine it's a good feeling to take a little time off from it.

Andy: I don't even know if I've taken that much time off, it just takes me a really long time, cause I'm really slow. I can only write a little bit here and there and only under certain circumstances. When my band goes on tour I can never write and we were on tour for like four months this year.

MRR: Where did you tour?

Andy: We did the U.S. and then we went around Europe as well. It seems like we just got back from Europe but I've been home for a couple of weeks and it doesn't really feel like I've been home.

MRR: When you write, do you write specifically for the zine or do you just sort of write and whatever you feel could go into you put into it and the other stuff is just sort of written specifically just for you?

Andy: The last couple zines I kinda had a chunk of time that- like number four was about the tour so I just went and wrote about the tour and all that other stuff just sort of went and jump in there by itself. The one before that it was about a specific set time I was writing about. Sometimes I just write these weird little fiction stories and I've been collecting them up and making these fake authors up for them and putting those out in these other little zines. I think I'm going to have another one of those out really soon.

MRR: Would it blow your secret to tell what the names of these are?

Andy: Those are called *Freaks, Geeks, and Pipsqueaks*. There's two of those already and they're really small.

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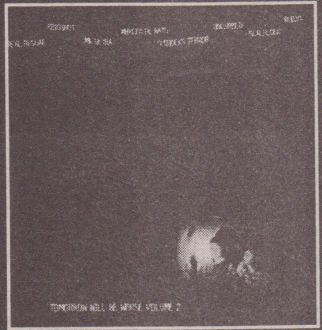

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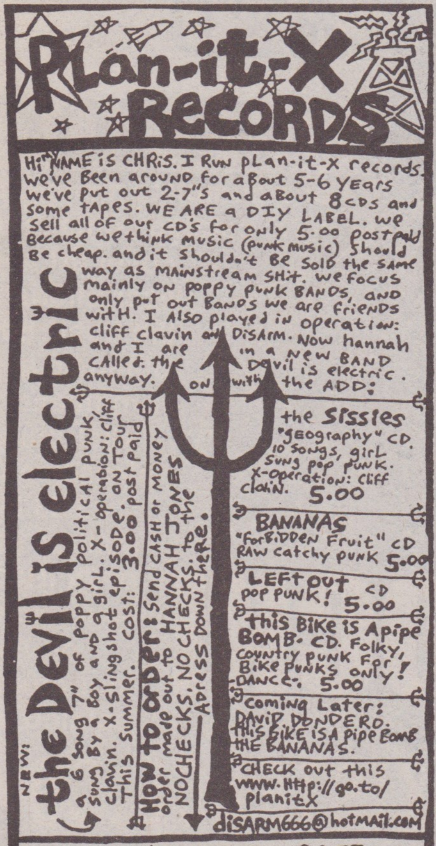

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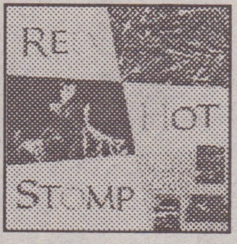

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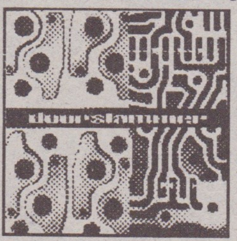

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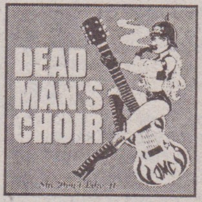

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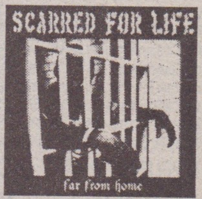

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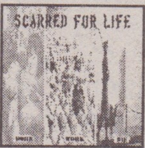

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On-line catalog: http://www.silverdiscs.co.uk/asp/wrench.asp

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Yeah, *you*—draggin' that Fender Strat with the blanket wrapped around it...I'm talkin' to *YOU!*

So, you finally got the band together and you're giggin'. You've scrawled out enough tunes so you only have to play them twice to get through the night—even your dog likes 'em. You're ready to cut the tape, press the vinyl or burn the CD. Your cousin's stepsister's husband's girlfriend (*I won't tell*) draws some pretty freaky stuff and you need to get it printed. Who ya gonna call? *Beetlejuice, Printmaster of the Underworld!*

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So send us your artwork, disks or films, and we'll print it right—*deadly high quality at deathly low rates.* Or send us what ya got, and for a nominal fee, we'll make it look good (sorta). So call us right now—and I'll stop calling your sister... *honest... really—I swear...*

Beetlejuice
Printmaster of the Underworld

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STUDIOS LLC

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Voice (608) 242-1611 • Fax (608) 242-1615
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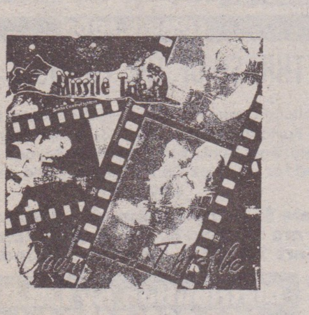

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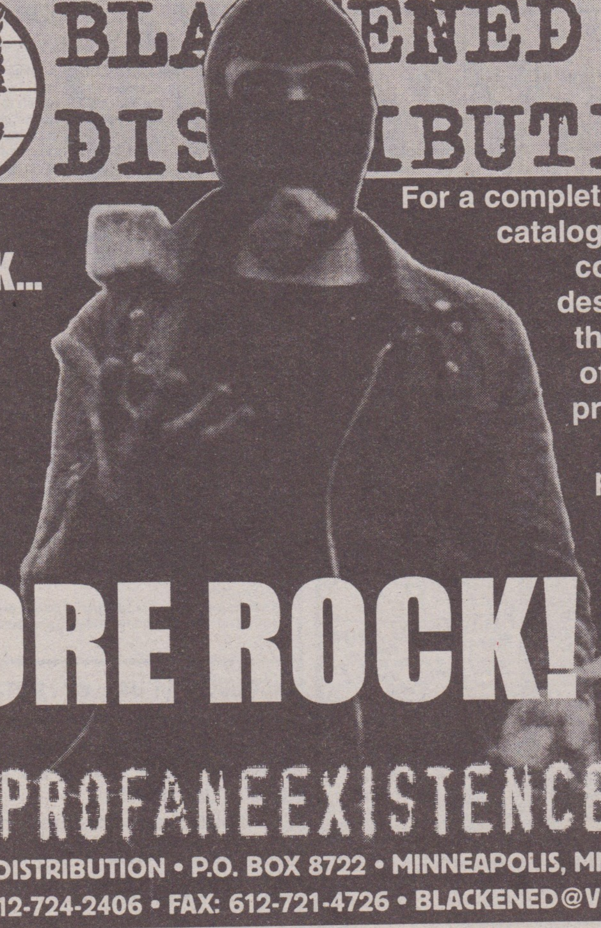

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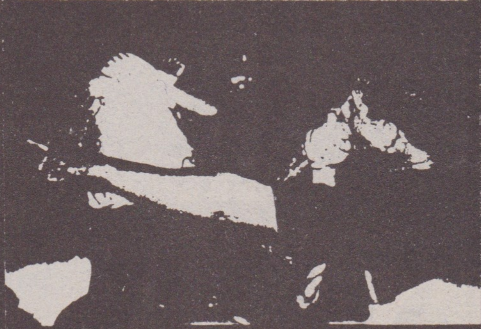

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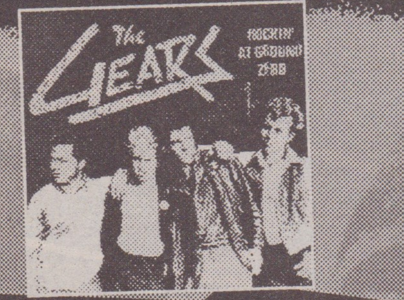

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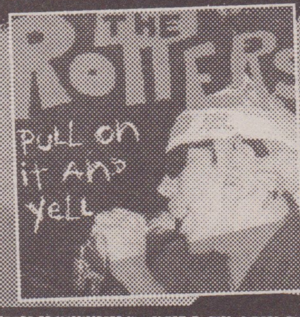

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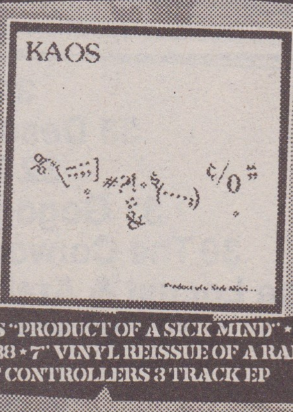
THE CONTROLLERS • BA1148 LP/CD MASQUE HOUSE BAND AND EARLY LA PUNK PIONEERS.

THE DOGS "FED UP" • BA1152 LP/CD • LEGENDARY DETROIT /LA TRANSPLANTS.



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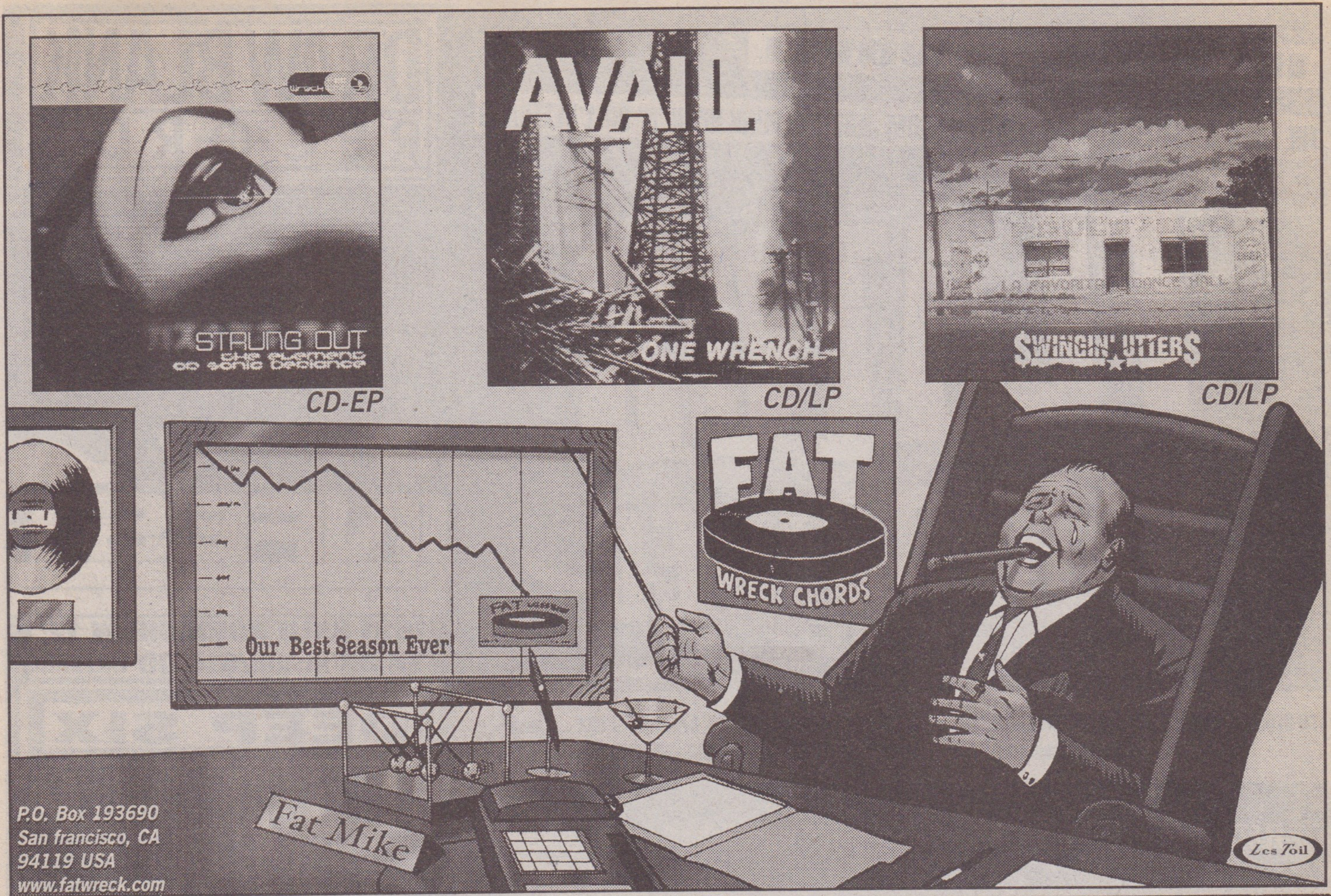
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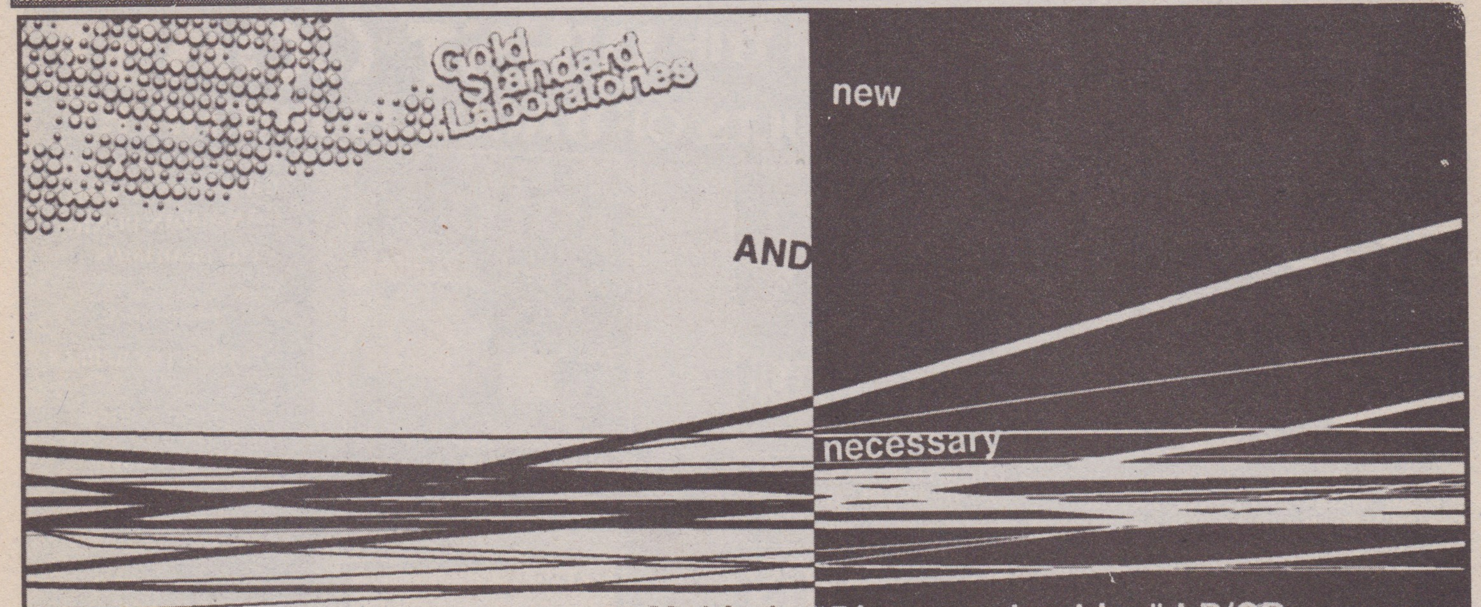
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34 Mohinder "Discography+Live" LP/CD
33 Dead and Gone "Shiny & Black" Double 7"
32 The Locust "Remixes" Double 12"
31 Gogogo Airheart Self-titled LP/CD
30 The Convocation Of... "Remixes" 12" EP
29 The Locust & Arab On Radar Split 7" EP
28 Subpoena the Past "Conjure Itch" 12" EP
27 Le Shok "We Are Electrocution" LP
26 Outhud & !!! "Remixes" Split 12" EP

CLASSIFIEDS

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. Really, it's true.

CRUSTY RECORDS is currently accepting submissions for our next compilation. Only punk rawkers need apply. Crusty comp Vol. 1 & 2 still available. $7.00 each. Deadline September 15th, 2000. Crusty Records, PO Box 59, 895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver BC, V5N 4A6, Canada.

CHICK MAGNETS first full length entitled "Low Budget Superheroes" available now. Only $10.00 ppd. Best described as if Buddy Holly sang for the Ramones, they'd be called the Chick Magnets. Crusty Records, PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC, V5N 4A6, Canada.

VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Propagandhi, Business, GISM, Specials, Zounds, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict, Rancid, GG, Dickies, Descendents, Operation Ivy, Disorder, Ruts, Misfits, Subhumans, Dwarves, Leatherface, Turbonegro. SAE (UK), 2IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list : Dave, 50a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

ANY GERMANS with HiFi Stereo VCR willing to tape "Rockpalast" (WDR) for me: I'll pay you or trade my live punk, garage, ska video. Over 1200 items at www.fupunk.bizland.com. YaBenti, Box 67585, Spadina West, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 3B8, Canada.

FOR SALE / TRADE. Rare punk rock vinyl and more. Few hundred titles available. www.coldsweat.8k.com

VIDEOS FOR SALE! Bad Brains, Black Flag, Citizen Fish, DKs, Dwarves, GBH, G.G. Allin, Jawbreaker, Misfits, Neurosis, OP Ivy, Propagandhi, Rollins, 7 Seconds, Samhain, S. Weasel, Social D., Subhumans, Vandals, Youth Brigade, plus a hell of a lot more! Write to Mike Macdonald P.O. Box 68 Bishop, CA 93514 for a complete list.

FREE 3-SONG CASSETTE #6 from Skidd Freeman, The Master of Chaos. Send request to Skidd Freeman, P.O. Box 4281, East Lansing, MI 48826. Or email: skiddfreeman@webtv.net (one per hou

GG ALLIN MERCHANDISE: The real deal. Includes videos (many masters) from 81-93 as well as Hated, Gas Station & funeral, headstone poster, t-shirts, GG doll many cds, cassettes, singles, prints of GG's artwork, 8x10 photos & Murder Junkies stuff. Don't settle for second best. In business over 10 years. $1.00 for large catalog. Merle Allin / 72 Union Avenue #1 / Rutherford, NJ 07070. Call (201) 372-0182

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LA TROVA DEL EXESO Mail order in Spanish. Hundreds of titles "Antidogmatiks / Ostia Puta / Decibelios / Rip / Zicatris / 24 Ideas / Rtos de Porao metal / ska / punk / hard core LP's CD's 7"s write to: La Trova Del Exeso / 676 W 20th Street / San Pedro, CA 90731

"WE ARE YOUR FAVORITE Bands" punk/hc compilation CD featuring: Common Enemy (ex-Bomb Squadron singer), No Xscape (ex-C-Nile Youth), the Strugglers (seen on the Warped Tour) and more. Only $5.00 (ppd)! Payable to: Cedric Crouch c/o Spine Punch Distro / PO Box 163 / Barto, PA 19504

IRRITABLE, UPRISING, CUMSTAING I'm looking for The Dogs/ Slash Your Face and Crime/ Frustration Murder by Guitar with Sleeve. I also looking for Crime flyers, posters, button or a press package please. Write or call 206-748-0874 Rob Frishkoff, 502 Minor Ave., N#6, Seattle, Washington, 98109.

PUNK & HARDCORE shows on video! Maxpages.com/Punkvideo.

ITALIAN PUNX 33 y.o search CONFLICT - DISCHARGE videos. Also punk rock '77 videos from England are welcome. I made a punk zine called "Conflict" for 3 number, I got some LP and 7" ('76 - '83 UK) and some live video (LURKERS, DICKIES, SUBS..) from Italian gig. So, new contacts are welcome for exchange (not for sale). I play bass, if you wanna write me, do it. I hate punx like NOFX, GREEN DAY, BLINK 182...Ceschini Riccardo / Via Don Cesare Scala 12 / 37020 Rivalta Veronese / Verona Italy

SELL YOUR BODY THE STRAP-ONS "Geeking Dream" 25 song CD with songs like MY DAD SMOKES CRACK and STRAP-ON SALLY for only $9 ppd. Send to CNF PO Box 8241 Norfolk VA 23503. Bodies in the streets Limbless Torsos begging to die. Remember Strap-Ons are now illegal in Virginia! www.thestrap-ons.com

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. $20 a year membership. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE, PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: info@worldforfree.com or via the web: http://www.worldforfree.com

FREE CABLE PUNKS! Laid off punk cable worker tells all! Build your own descrambler with just 7 parts you can buy at Radio Shack. Easy 7 step instructions anyone can do. Fast service, will receive in two weeks guaranteed! Send $10.00 well concealed cash or make M.O. Payable to Christian Aliperti. c/o Ed Duckfield P.O. Box 157 West Sayville N.Y. 11796 DIY Punks!

FREE HBO, PLAYBOY, Showtime.. build your own descrambler with just 7 parts you can buy at Radio Shack. Simple seven step instructions anyone can do! Fastest service, you will receive in two weeks guaranteed! Send ten bucks well concealed cash or make M.O. payable to Christian Aliperti. c/o Ed Duckfield P.O. Box 157, West Sayville N.Y. 11796 D.I.Y. Punks!

SPINE PUNCH MUSIC is now organizing it's first experimental music compilation CD. If you're into ambient/noise/anti-music please send submissions (preferably on cd-r) to Spine Punch Music, P.O. Box 163, Barto, PA 19504

WANT TO SEE A SHOW, get off your ass! Complaining about how your scene sucks, shut the fuck up! I am searching for a movie on VHS. Help me out ok. I've spent years looking for it. The movie is called CANDY. Rated R, '68, with Richard Burton, Marlon Brando, Ringo Starr, etc. If you have this on VHS, please write with description of condition; willing to offer good price for it. Please write me at: Kristopher Jolly/3114 School St./ Des Moines, Iowa/ 50311. ps - indie movie shops, get in touch.

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DO-IT YOURSELF PUNK/HARDCORE RESOURCE MAGAZINE NO. 9, 2001

For eight years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you have sent in listings for, and many of you have utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or just using to keep in touch.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of punk/hardcore DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of info, and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing (remember some libraries and computer stores have net-connected computers).

In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings from the web site database in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), all listings in the database dated previous to May 1, 2000 will not be included. If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL web site to insure that your listing is accurate and will be printed in issue #9. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have by snail mail.

LISTINGS

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing) Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Hall Capacity/Lodging or Food Provided?/Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc.)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC Shows and Times
RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc.

DEADLINE: FEB 1, 2001 - DUE OUT: APRIL 1, 2001

SUBMIT!

Mail Submissions:
Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St. #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303

Web Submissions:
http://www.byofl.org
(perferred method)

Send Ads to:
Maximum Rocknroll
PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA
94176

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!! <----- READ THIS

1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that it,s dated later than May 1, 2000.
4) Be brief! We,re not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
5) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it,ll only take you a couple of minutes and you won,t have to hunt for a stamp.
6) Don,t use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the web site, we,ll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
7) We don,t need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
8) Don,t send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you,re in-just for the ones that are really active!
9) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene,s listings done, but....
10) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Internet is your friend).